

AMMUNITION FOR FINAL DRIVE-ON BOOZE



LOUIS ALBERT BANKS D.D.

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**AMMUNITION FOR FINAL
DRIVE ON BOOZE**

AMMUNITION FOR FINAL DRIVE ON BOOZE

AN UP-TO-DATE ARSENAL
FOR PROHIBITION SPEAKERS

BY

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

*Author of "Saloon Keeper's Ledger," "Seven Times Around
Jericho," "The Lincoln Legion"*



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TO MY FRIEND

THE HON. JOHN G. WOOLLEY, LOYAL COMRADE
OF THE LONELIER EARLY DAYS OF STRUGGLE,
AND VALIANT FELLOW SOLDIER IN THE LAST
MARCH TO VICTORY, THIS VOLUME IS LOV-
INGLY DEDICATED.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

A FIRST WORD

THIS is the New Epoch—please God, the Last Epoch—in the fight against the liquor traffic in America.

The speaker of to-day who is going to be felt effectively in the strife must use the arguments and speak the language of to-day. He will find here what he needs to equip him for the last drive on the enemy.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

Boston, August 1, 1917.

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THE GREAT COMMONER ON REASONS FOR PROHIBITION

[The following address presents in substance the line of argument followed by William Jennings Bryan in the sixty speeches made in Ohio during the week of Oct. 25 to 30, 1915.]

OPPOSITION to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors rests upon the proposition that alcohol is a poison which, taken into the system, weakens the body, impairs the strength of the mind, and menaces the morals. This proposition is either true or false. If it is false, then the cause of prohibition fails, and not only the cause of prohibition, but all regulation of the liquor traffic. If this proposition is sound, it will be difficult to find a valid reason for permitting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

We challenge the opponents of prohibition to meet us on this fundamental proposition. Will they accept the challenge? No! Because all history supports the doctrine that alcoholic

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drinks are injurious. If you will consult your Bibles, you will find that 2,500 years ago Daniel, a Hebrew captive in Babylon, asked that he might be permitted to prove the superiority of water over wine. The prince who was charged with the care of Daniel and his three companions was instructed to feed them with the meat from the King's table and to furnish them wine such as the King used, but, yielding to the eloquent appeal of Daniel, the prince gave them ten days for the test, and when the time was up he was compelled to admit that Daniel and his companions were "fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the King's meat." From that day to this the test has been going on and never once has it been decided in favor of alcohol.

But you need not rest on the experience of the past; you can test it to-day. Select one hundred young men from any country or from any clime—no matter under what form of government they live or what language they speak. Divide them into groups of fifty each; let one group use alcoholic liquor and the other group drink water only, and those who drink water will win the honors in the colleges, take the prizes on the athletic fields, and prove their superiority in every line of business.

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UNCLE SAM'S LOVE OF YOUTH

If you visit the naval school at Annapolis, Md., you will find there more than eight hundred young men, the pick of the country, selected from every congressional district in the United States. They are being trained at Government expense for Government service, and Uncle Sam is anxious that they shall show the maximum of efficiency and capacity. These young men are not allowed to use alcohol during their stay in the college. Why? Because the Government believes that alcohol is harmful. If the opponents of prohibition think that the use of alcohol is a benefit, why do they not attack the Government's policy and compel the college authorities to give alcohol to the students? And if alcohol is injurious, why is not every father and every mother as anxious about the welfare of a son as Uncle Sam is about the welfare of the boys intrusted to his care? But it is not necessary to multiply illustrations. Experience has everywhere and always been against alcohol. It has been not only accused but convicted of being an enemy of the race.

All hail to the drink of drinks—to water, the daily need of every living thing! It ascends from the earth in obedience to the summons of the sun, and descends in showers of blessings. It gives of its sparkling beauty to the fragrant

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flower; its alchemy transmutes base clay into golden grain; it is the radiant canvas upon which the finger of the Infinite traces the rainbow of promise. It is the beverage that refreshes and brings no sorrow with it—Jehovah looked upon it at creation's dawn and said "It is good."

BUSINESS WORLD AGAINST INTOXICANTS

It is so well known that the use of liquor is indefensible that the business world is throwing its influence against even the moderate use of alcoholic drinks. The man who drinks is the last one to find a job when employees are wanted and the first one to lose his job when employees are being dismissed. This economic pressure is being brought to bear against alcoholic liquors throughout the industrial world. If any of you think that drinking is a business advantage to any man anywhere, let me suggest a test which you can apply between now and election day; and if your vote is governed by the test, you will vote for prohibition on next Tuesday. Here is the test: Go to the best friend you have and ask him for a recommendation; tell him to make it as strong as possible. After he has said all the good that he can of you let him write at the end of the recommendation three words—write them in red ink, so that they will be sure to be seen—"And he drinks." Then take the recommendation to any man who has money enough to em-

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ploy another and watch his face when he reads the recommendation—and then wait for a job. No brewer, distiller, or saloon-keeper ever added those words to a recommendation given to a friend—find such a recommendation if you can. If the men who make liquor and sell it know its effect well enough never to put in a recommendation that the man recommended drinks, why should anybody else think it an advantage in business?

If you think that a saloon helps a town, answer this question: Did you ever know a “wet” town to put the number of saloons on any sign-board or in any advertising literature? The number of banks, business houses, factories, colleges, schools—all these are mentioned as attractions, but not the number of saloons or the amount spent in them. Why?

If the use of alcoholic liquor is an injury and if this fact is universally known, why is its sale as a beverage licensed? The arguments against the saloon are as conclusive as the arguments against alcohol itself.

IF A BENEFIT, WHY THE TAX?

Let me pass on to you an argument which was given to me by a retired farmer in southern Nebraska. He moved into a village to spend the latter days of his life and soon after he had reached the village was solicited to sign a peti-

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tion for a man who wanted to open a saloon there. He refused to sign the petition, and, when asked for his reason, replied that the town did not treat the saloon-keeper fairly. The applicant for a license had heard many other reasons, but never having heard that one given before, he asked the man to explain. The explanation was like this: "You want to start your saloon for the benefit of the town, don't you?" "Yes," replied the would-be saloon-keeper. "You think it will bring trade to the town and improve business, don't you?" "Yes," said the man who wanted the license. "Well," said the farmer, "if your saloon will help the town, draw trade, and improve business, they ought to give you a bounty instead of making you pay a high price for the privilege of starting a saloon."

Can you escape this logic? You know that the saloon is not a legitimate business in the sense in which you apply that term to other business enterprises. If a grocer wants to open a store in your city, you welcome him as you do the man who wants to start a hardware store, a bank, a restaurant, a butcher shop, or any other place of business, except the saloon. But if a man wants to start a saloon you meet him at the city limits and say to him, "You can not open a saloon in this city unless you pay the city \$1,105 a year, and even then you must submit to certain restrictions. The butcher shop can open at any

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hour in the morning, but your saloon can not open before a certain hour. The restaurant can stay open as long as it wants to at night, but your saloon must close at a certain hour. Everybody else can sell anything else to anybody at any time, but if you open a saloon in this town you must not only comply with the restrictions named, but you must agree not to sell to anybody under age or overdrunk." Why do you make this distinction between the men engaged in other businesses and the man running a saloon? Because you recognize that the saloon is an injury, and, therefore, you subject it to different treatment from that accorded people in other business.

THE ABSURDITY OF LICENSE

How absurd it is to license a man to make men drunk and then fine men for getting drunk. I heard this illustrated many years ago, and I know of no better illustration of the inconsistency of the policy. A man said that it was like licensing a person to spread the itch through a town and then fining the people for scratching.

Suppose a man applied for a license to spread hog cholera throughout this country, would you give him a license? No. He could not bring enough money into the country to purchase a license to spread disease among the hogs. Why, then, will you license a man to spread disease among human beings—disease that destroys the

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body, robs the mind of its energy, and undermines the morals of men?

What excuse do the representatives of the brewery, distillery, and saloon give for opposing prohibition? They formerly insisted that any interference with the sale of alcoholic liquor was an attack upon individual rights, but that argument has been so completely answered that we do not hear much of the personal-liberty plea now. No man can assert as a right that which interferes with the equal rights of others, neither can any man insist that respect for his rights requires the toleration of a system that invades the more sacred rights of others. No man can claim that his right to drink intoxicating liquor requires the licensing of a saloon which pollutes the locality in which it is situated and brings want and misery and violence into the homes around it.

And I call you to witness that the brewer and the distiller understand the saloon; they are not willing to have a saloon located near them. As a rule, they live in the fashionable part of the city and would not sign a petition for the location of a saloon near where their families reside. They know it would reduce the value of their property and subject their children to an objectionable environment. No; they will not have a saloon near them, but they will locate their saloons among the poor, knowing full well when

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they do so that their saloons will absorb the money that their patrons ought to spend on wife and children. They not only impoverish the poor and multiply their sufferings, but they increase the death-rate among the children. Who will defend them before the bar of God when they are confronted with the violation of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill?"

AS TO COMPENSATION

And yet we are now told that society ought to reimburse the liquor dealer if prohibition causes him any financial loss. Superlative impudence! There are two answers to this insolent demand. One is that prohibition does not take from the liquor dealer one foot of land that he now owns; it does not remove one brick from any building that he occupies. It simply requires him to put his land and building to a different use. Will any man complain that you lessen the value of his gun because you say that he must use it on game and not on human beings?

If you close a saloon, the building stands there as useful as ever, with the possible exception of the fixtures. Let the saloon-keeper turn his building into a bakery and sell bread to the people who have gone hungry because the money that ought to have bought bread has been used for drink. Will the brewer suffer? His building can be used for other purposes. In prohibi-

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tion States breweries and distilleries have been converted into packing-houses, pickle factories, and into plants for the manufacture of non-alcoholic drinks. At Salem, Ore., a brewery is now used for the manufacture of loganberry juice, the substitute for grape juice in that state. I believe in conversion. The most important conversion is the conversion of the individual from sin to righteousness. Among the nations the most important conversion is the promised conversion of the swords into plowshares, and in business I know of nothing better than the conversion of an alcohol plant into a factory for the production of something which is helpful and wholesome.

But there is another answer to make to the demand for compensation. Let the liquor dealer compensate the mother for the son he has taken from her; let him compensate the wife for the husband of whom he has robbed her; let him compensate the children for the father whom he has first transformed into a brute and then driven to suicide. Let him compensate those whom he has wronged by restoring to them the priceless value of homes ruined and lives wrecked, and then society will be glad to compensate him for whatever pecuniary loss he may suffer by the closing of a business which he knew to be harmful—a business which can not thrive except as the community suffers.

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Does the liquor dealer intend to make restitution for what he has taken in the past? No! He is not even willing to protect society from the evils which daily flow from his business.

LET THEM IMPOUND THE TAILINGS

A few years ago I was traveling in the mountains of Arizona and my attention was called to a muddy pond by the side of the road. It was so different from the clear mountain pool that I inquired about it, and this was the explanation: In the early days the stamp mills poured the tailings into the mountain streams, but the people below complained that the water which they had to use was polluted. This complaint resulted in the passage of a law that compelled the stamp mill to impound its tailings, and now when the precious metal is extracted from the rocks the worthless stuff that remains is impounded and the waters that flow down the mountain streams are pure.

Why not make the brewer, the distiller, and the saloon-keeper impound their tailings? They draw the young men of the country into their places of business, they crush them, they disfigure them, they extract from them all that is precious, and then they pour the tailings out upon society—they make society pay for the insane, the pauper, and the criminal. Instead of asking society to compensate them for the small

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pecuniary loss that they may suffer from the abolishing of the manufacture and the sale of intoxicating liquors they ought to be grateful for the favors which have been shown them. They have by far the best of the bargain, even on the low plane of dollars and cents. They have taken from society immeasurably more than they have paid back to society.

TO BUSINESS MEN

A word to the business men of Ohio. Why do you enter into a copartnership with the brewer, distiller, and saloon-keeper against the people with whom you deal? Your trade, especially that of Cincinnati, is with the territory south of you. The city of Cincinnati built a railroad into the South for the purpose of developing commerce with that section. The Southern States with which Ohio has business dealings are now dry, with the exception of Kentucky, and in that State a large majority of the counties are dry, Kentucky having the county unit, which Ohio abolished last year. In the State of Ohio 504,000 voted for prohibition last year, and yet a considerable majority of the large business men of the State have been unwise enough to enter into copartnership with the saloon, a business which is not only the open enemy of the home and a corrupting influence in politics, but is destructive of economic strength and efficiency.

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A year ago the business men of the larger cities of Ohio joined the liquor interests in dis-franchising the farmers of the State. You then had the county unit and the farmer had a voice in determining whether saloons should be licensed in the county, but you have taken that right from him at the bidding of the liquor interests. You have returned to the city unit, and instead of limiting the sale of liquor to those living in the city—that is, to those who are responsible for the granting of the license—you permit a saloon-keeper in a town to sell to the inhabitants of all the country round about. You allow the saloon-keeper to fill a country boy with alcoholic liquor and send him out into the country to spread terror in his neighborhood, and yet you deny a vote to those whose peace is disturbed and whose lives are menaced.

THE SALOON A NUISANCE

Why is a slaughter-house a nuisance? Because its noisome odors can not be confined to the land on which it is situated. And who has a right to complain of a slaughter-house? Everyone has a right to complain as soon as the odors of the slaughter-house reach him. And why is a saloon a nuisance? Because its evil influences can not be confined to the block in which it is located or to the city which licenses it to do business. And who has a right to complain of a saloon? Every-

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one who lives within the radius of its evil influence—everyone who suffers from the use of the liquor which it sells.

You need not be surprized if these disfranchised farmers administer political punishment to those who have deprived them of the right to protect themselves against the saloon. Last year their choice was between the county unit and State prohibition; to-day with the county unit gone their only hope is in State prohibition, which establishes a still larger unit and gives security over a greater area.

AN INJUSTICE TO GERMAN-AMERICANS

A word also to the German-Americans. A great many of the citizens of Ohio are of German birth or ancestry, and an effort has been made to identify them with the liquor interests. The German-American brewers have done injustice to those of their name and race by the attempt to make it appear that prohibition was an attack upon all German-Americans, whereas it is simply an attack upon a business. The liquor question raises a moral issue, and no real friend of the German-American will attempt to draw a line between him and the rest of the country on a moral question. Already the German-American organizations are giving voice to the rising protest against the selfish and sordid attempt which those engaged in the liquor busi-

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ness have made to turn the liquor question into a race question. The German-American Alliance in New York has within a year adopted a resolution demanding that representatives of the liquor traffic speak for themselves and not for the German-American Alliance when they appear before legislative bodies. And the German-American Alliance of the United States at its national meeting at San Francisco a few months ago, instead of declaring against prohibition, declared in favor of reforming the saloon.

The alliance is to be congratulated upon its refusal to be made the mouthpiece of the brewers in their fight against prohibition, but the plea for the reform of the saloon comes too late. It might have been effective a few years ago, but the saloon has sinned away its day of grace. It made itself the ally of the gambling-house and the brothel; it allowed itself to become a bureau of information on crimes and the center of every political and social disease. It is too late to begin the work of purification; if it is to be washed and made clean, let it be at the morgue when it lies in state with its victims.

“BLIND TIGERS”

The opponents of prohibition, having been driven from every other position, have fallen back upon their final stand, namely, that prohibition does not prohibit. They tell us that the law

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can not be enforced; that liquor will be sold anyhow. They are the only element of society that announces in advance that it will not obey the law; it is the only element that boasts of lawlessness, but even here the facts are a complete answer. Statistics show that in this State there is more illicit selling in wet counties than in dry counties. Only a few months ago the saloon keepers of Cleveland sent a delegation to the governor to complain of the selling of liquor without license. Those who paid the license protested against those who were selling without sharing the burden of the tax.

But the very language which the advocates of the saloon use in describing illicit sales shows that they understand the nature of their business. When they speak of the place where liquor is sold without license, what name do they use? Do they call the place a blind sheep or a blind goat? No! They call it a "blind tiger." They name it after an animal which is ferocious by nature—they know the nature of the saloon. Well, if a tiger was after my boy, I would rather have it a blind tiger than one which could see. Wouldn't you? If a tiger is blind, you must look it up; if it can see, it can look you up. The man who sells without license must dodge around and keep himself concealed, but the licensed saloon plants itself in the most conspicuous place and sends out its invitation to all.

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LIKENED TO A RATTLESNAKE

One of the men imported into Ohio to defend the saloon has gone even further than those who talk of blind tigers. He asks, "Would you not rather keep a rattlesnake in a glass case than allow it to run loose in the alley?" But why keep a rattlesnake at all? Why not kill it? How many families would be willing to keep a rattlesnake in the house, even in a glass case? It must have something to eat, and those who feed it are always in danger of being bitten. But to liken the saloon to a rattlesnake—what a confession! And what an apt illustration it is. It must have been by inadvertence that the speaker selected man's earliest enemy on earth, for was it not the serpent that deceived the first pair in the garden? And has it not lived ever since under the curse then pronounced upon it? Is there not additional reason to-day why the seed of the woman should bruise this serpent's head? Is not woman to-day the greatest enemy of the saloon? All praise to the good women of the country whose love for their children and interest in their country make them an increasing influence on the side of temperance and in support of all legislation which has for its object the protection of society from the effects of alcoholic liquor.

The voters of Ohio have an advantage to-day

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over those who voted on this subject a year ago. A year ago the people of this State knew how ruinous alcohol is to the individual, to the home, and to society. They knew of the enormous burden which the worshipers of the god of drink fasten upon the country. Two billions and a half a year for intoxicating liquor. Think of it. Nearly twice the cost of our Federal Government, and nearly three times the cost of education in this country from the kindergarten to the university. Is not this appalling? In two years the drink bill would gridiron the United States with macadam highways twelve miles apart east and west, north and south, and yet instead of this money being used for good roads it is being used to pave the way to perdition.

WAR FURNISHES NEW EVIDENCE

Yes; a year ago the voters of Ohio knew the arguments that can be made against alcohol in time of peace; but during the last twelve months the war in Europe has thrown a ghastly light upon the evils of intemperance. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the cause of the war or as to its conduct, all must agree that the nations at war believe that they are in a life and death struggle and all are appealing to the patriotism of their people. And yet patriotism, that impulse, intangible, invisible, but eternal, which has throughout the ages led countless

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millions to offer themselves a sacrifice upon their country's altar, is no match for the appetite for drink. Loyalty to Gambrinus and Bacchus and Barleycorn is greater than loyalty to King or Kaiser or Czar. The belligerent nations have been compelled to give attention to the subject of drink. Russia has abolished the sale of alcohol throughout her vast domain; France has legislated against the sale of absinthe; Germany has lessened the hours of the saloon and lowered the alcoholic content in beer; and Great Britain has laid restriction after restriction upon the saloon, lessening the hours and forbidding treating. Why shall we not learn without war what the war has taught the European nations?

THE BEST PREPARATION

There is talk of preparedness and some urge us to get ready for war. I do not agree with those who think we are in danger, but I am willing to join them in one kind of preparation. If this Nation is ever attacked, our supreme need will be men—men whose brains are clear; men whose nerves are steady; men who have no appetite that will rob them of their love of country in the Nation's crucial hour. Why not prepare by driving alcohol out of the United States? Then if an attack comes, every American will be a man ready to do a man's duty and their bodies will be a wall around our land.

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GROWTH OF PROHIBITION

And now a word as to politics. I am a Democrat. I began making Democratic speeches thirty-five years ago and have been in every congressional campaign since, except the campaign of 1898, when I was in the Army. I have been on the firing line all these years—the only peace I have had was when I was a soldier. I have been in national politics for twenty-five years and it is now nineteen years since I commenced to run for President. I have been interested in reforms and have rejoiced to see some reforms successful, but it has taken a long time. It took twenty-one years to secure the popular election of United States Senators; it took nearly eighteen years to secure an income-tax amendment to the Constitution, and the fight for the initiative and referendum has been going on nearly that long. Events are moving more rapidly now, but I have never known any reform to grow as fast in five years as prohibition has grown during the last five years, and it has grown more rapidly in the last year than in the four years preceding. We now have nineteen dry States and ten of them have gone dry within the last eighteen months.

No Democrat need apologize for being in favor of prohibition. Of the nineteen prohibition States ten of them go Democratic at every election, and other Democratic States will soon be added to

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the list. Republicans used to make fun of us Democrats; they used to say that they could tell a Democrat by the color of his nose or by the wobble of his walk. They can not make fun of us now. The Democratic States are leading in the fight and the Republicans must help to make Ohio dry if they want to be in the same class with the Democrats. It will be a benefit to both parties to get rid of the liquor element, which owes allegiance to no party and is interested in no principles of government. It is solely concerned with the money to be derived from the sale of liquor. The time has come to rid all the parties of the domination of this element which disgraces the party while it controls it and betrays it if its control is resisted. Let me make a proposition to the Republicans of Ohio. If you will do your best to drive the liquor interests out of your party, I will do what I can to rid the Democratic Party of the liquor interests—and this is not a matter of sentiment; it is a matter of necessity. There are great questions to be dealt with and we can not expect any aid from those whose only interest is in the liquor business. And then, too, if one party expels the liquor interest the other party is compelled to do so as a matter of self-protection. If we drive the liquor interests out of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party receives them, then the Republican Party will get all of our bad men,

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and Heaven knows it has enough bad men already. If, on the other hand, the Republican Party drives out the liquor interests and we welcome them, we will get the bad men of the Republican Party—and we haven't room for any more bad men than we now have.

MEET COMBINATION WITH COOPERATION

Why not meet combination with cooperation? The liquor interests combine against society; why should not the Democrats and Republicans cooperate against the liquor interests? Let us for one day lay aside the tariff question, the trust question, the money question, and other national questions upon which we differ and unite to free the State from the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor, and then we shall be ready for the larger task which is not many years off—the task of ridding the Nation of alcohol, its worst enemy, and of the liquor traffic, its greatest evil.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE ROAD *

I HAVE been listening to the voice of the greatest of the prophets. Twenty-five hundred years have shorn it of no resonance. The freshness of the unspoiled intellectual morning of the world still breathes in every cadence. The urge of elemental power still vibrates in every tone.

You, too, have heard it many times. But it will be good spiritual strategy for us to open up the sounding galleries of our cloyed and tired modern minds together, and let this ancient, level-headed Titan pitch the opening note of this convention.

His thesis is a perfected democracy. His contention is that democratic government means distribution of right, of power, of opportunity, of responsibility, and that distribution is fundamentally a road problem. His objective is the merger of religion and politics, for the development of a God-centered civilization wherein "all the nations of the earth shall be blest," and which already is crudely and potentially anticipated in cosmopolitan America.

Listen and let me read to you article one, section one, of an inspired constitution for a Christian democracy, in any age:

"A high road shall there be. It shall be called

* From an address delivered by the Hon. John G. Woolley, of Madison, Wisconsin.

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the road set apart for righteous dealing. The foul thing shall have no legal foothold there. Wayfaring men, tho fools, shall not go wrong thereby.”

We can not make the whole wide plain of life fool-proof, to be sure—and the fool we have always with us. We can not make it brute-proof either—and many men, as yet, are mere noxious animals. We can not compel men to be clean, honest, sober, industrious. But we can keep an authoritative suggestion of clean, fair, forward-looking character constantly and increasingly before the eyes of the people and beneath their feet, in the lay and upkeep of the King’s highway, flying, from end to end, the bannered warning of the law: “No thoroughfare for thieves.”

TRUE MERIDIAN BASE

There you have the true meridian base line for democratic social engineering, certified by elementary common sense, the plain facts of history and the highest Scriptural authority.

Rocks are the bones of any nation. Soils are the muscles where the fires of progress never die. But roads are the arteries, veins and capillaries that cleanse, nourish and knit together the human particles and make the body politic a living soul.

Roads rule this world—not kings nor congresses, not courts nor constables; not ships nor

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soldiers. The road is the only royal line in a democracy, the only legislature that never changes, the only court that never does injustice, the only police force that never sleeps, the only army that never quits, the first aid to the redemption of any nation, the exodus from stagnation in any society, the call from savagery in any tribe, the high priest of prosperity, after the order of Melchisedec, without beginning of days or end of life. The road is the umpire in every war, and when the new map is made, it simply pushes on its great campaign of help, hope, brotherhood, efficiency and peace.

The Roman empire has been dead for centuries. But Roman roads still stretch their mighty arms in full beneficent efficiency untouched by time; for kings may come and dynasties may go, but roads reign on forever.

The union of England and Scotland, two hundred years ago, was not effected by the fighting of their armies or the bargaining of their kings, but by the laying of the great north road from London to Edinburgh and on northward to the sea.

Civilization is first of all a good roads proposition. Highways have always determined the location of colonies, the swarming of new communities, and the increase and utilization of the public wealth. The seven seas and the rivers that make into them are the inter-continental

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highway, laid by the Almighty, in the heart and members of the globe, to suggest and effect a world-wide inter-soul commerce—to organize the great whirling, windswept, wastrel world and fulfil it. “Thy way is in the great water!” says the Psalmist.

RIGHT OF CONSCIENCE

So New England came to the new world and planted the political right of conscience around the rim of Massachusetts Bay, up the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, because the great, cosmic, level, self-repairing Atlantic road was open thither. So French simplicity and thrift crept up the St. Lawrence, while La Salle, Vancouver, Marquette and Joliet sought out the head waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. So imperturbable Dutch thoroughness possessed New Amsterdam, the Hudson and the Mohawk. So the Cavaliers took up the watershed of the James. So the Catholics sailed into the Patapsco with the flag of ancient and infallible authority. And so the Quakers preempted the Delaware in the name of divine and human friendliness, the finest political doctrine ever framed.

Then, for a hundred and fifty years, the Westering star of empire hung aground upon the Appalachian mountain tops, and the dead hand of hereditary privilege held us hard and fast, across

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three thousand miles of sea, because it had the power of the road.

Then we began to stretch the sea by building roads. Quaker Philadelphia, Dutch New York and Puritan Boston ran together, on the great turnpike. As the nineteenth century was opening, Henry Clay, the Columbus of internal improvements in America, promoted the national road from the District of Columbia to the Ohio River. Then Cumberland Gap was negotiated into the heart of the Southwest, and the barren briars of barbarism began to bear the roses of religion and reform. Then the Santa Fé trail bored through the wilderness, the desert and the Rocky Mountains, into the land of gold. Then the Oregon trail crept down Snake River to the mouth of the Columbia, and a new race of men, Americans, a new form of government, a representative democracy, a new nation, with a new name, America, were born, and a new world was in new hands, for good or ill.

From these instinctive beginnings of American development, up to the baffling perplexities of these days of ethical adventure, it has been the magnetism of the road that drew and drilled and ruled the people.

Our internal history is a romance of trapper's trails and corduroy bridges across the marshes, then of canals and railroads, then of telegraphs, telephones and pipe lines, then of the miracle of

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aeroplanes, and the Phœbus Chariots of harnessed lightning flashes racing across the sky, and now, at last, of the welding of the two oceans at Panama into the greatest act of creative energy since the morning stars slid singing down their shining ways. The conquest of the sea, the earth, the sky, and thus the organization of the new world of matter, mind and spirit, always proceeding by the slow, sure, unceasing, unswerving law of the road.

EPOCH OF BETTER ROADS

The march of the continent, up from savagery to the right of time in world-wide civilization, has camped upon three economic levels—the road, more roads, better roads—every new altitude discovering new horizons of vision, power, and obligation. This is the epoch of better roads. The frontier has gone. The whole land is a grid-iron of what Isaiah calls “paths to dwell in,” and the problem of the union of politics, economics, and religion—the real business of democracy—takes on new phases, higher and more difficult phases. Night has fallen on the Babel tower of quantitative America. It is the morning dawn of qualitative democracy, in matter and in spirit.

In the Southwest, awhile ago, I saw acres of melons going to waste in the fields, for lack of transportation. In the Northwest I saw the fruit of many orchards rotting on the ground. In the

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West I saw them burning corn and hay for fuel. The stoves and swine were eating up the choicest products of the soil, for which men, women and children were suffering in the cities, while the incorporated swine of Wall Street were eating out the vitals of the railroads themselves, that were the keys to the problem. That situation calls simply for better roads, and the answer is coming visibly and rapidly, in lower grades, fewer curves, more double track, less stock-jobbing, honester railroading, so that the shivering prairies may have coal at call and in abundance, and the hot homes of the city cheaper bread and meat and fruit, freer freedom, more remunerative labor, more abundant life.

The Christian era was launched as an agitation for a better road. When John, the forerunner, unlimbered the field battery of his mighty eloquence, on the bank of the Jordan, his challenge was not to greater ceremonial devotion, to tighten up the cork jackets of the elect, but to aggressive, broad, concrete, fundamental political action, to save and to prevent the wastage of humanity. He did not call his country to more washings, fastings, public prayers. They had already washed the color out of their religion, even as we have done. They had already fasted the red blood out of their atrophied convictions, as we do here. They had already degraded prayer to a bad habit, as some do now. They had al-

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ready tithed mint, anise and cummin, until the dry rot of moldy formalism had eaten all the bread corn of civic virility, as even now we do. They had in effect set up the working maxim that scapegoats exalt a nation, and laid the foundation of the modern doctrine, that a crime that controls votes and pays a liberal rake-off to the revenue can be taxed and protected as a business, with no great reproach to any people. They had made the degradation of the masses natural and automatic, as we do to-day.

CAST UP THE HIGHWAY

“Cast up the highway!” That was the Jordan statesman’s proposition. Break the bandit businesses that prey on manhood, on the King’s highway. Close up the lurking places of the villages—the “blind pigs”—where human hyenas puff at piety and pity and lie in wait to catch the weak and poor. Move up the accent on the covenant, from rams and new moons and sabbaths and assemblies and incense and nonsense, and, on the honor of a godly man and to the honor of a manly God, make good as “peculiar” democrats!

It was no accident that the eloquent reformer whom Jesus called “more than a prophet”—a constructive statesman—centered his appeal on “the way of the Lord,” not a new definition of his indefinable character, not a new creed con-

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cerning his unfathomable mind, not a new liturgy wherewith to worship in a church, but the old way, laid out in nature, charted in revelation, but ruinous and perilous, then and now, from lack of patriotic work and care—*transportation facilities* in order, help, mercy, justice, peace, good-will among men, so that His covenant can be *seen*, “running with the land,” from the capital to the last outlying colony, “from the rivers to the ends of the earth.” Make his *paths* straight. Level down the hard hills. Level up the rough valleys. Gather out the stones of stumbling and offense. Make straight living the line of least resistance. Make poverty, monopoly, corruption, ignorance, vice and crime abnormal and difficult. Make the public policy a visibly wide-open hospitality to health, happiness and a fair chance all around. So that all men—everybody—the weak, the poor, the reckless, the defective, as well as the strong, the rich, the prudent, the well-born, shall hear “wisdom cry on *the street*,” and *see* the salvation of God in the life-line of civil government, in actual, physical operation before their eyes, their feet, their imagination and their will. Make temptation, the subtlest, busiest spirit of the earth, cease to wait exclusively on failure, and employ it as the servant of more abundant life.

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most constant and comprehensive answer to all the major problems of democracy. Look at the map! The backward countries are the roadless countries.

MULTIPLIES EFFICIENCY

The road is the supreme psychologist of public teachers, and prime minister of public rule. It is the main stream of popular tendency. It is the field-marshal of enterprise. It fixes prices; it opens markets; it raises social standards; it concentrates public sentiment; it multiplies efficiency; it conserves energy; it even regulates the law of supply and demand.

The good roads movement now sweeping over the land is not the selfishness of automobile owners or manufacturers. It proceeds from the highest patriotism and on the deepest economic law. The government can not break and enter the hearts and homes and business of men, to control and improve them. But it can make a good road, mentally, morally and materially, and so maintain and honor it as, in a great measure, to rule the land by suggestion—the greatest, justest, gentlest force on earth, or in heaven, over the minds, manners and motives of men.

It goes without saying that the big business of democracy, or Christianity, which is the same thing, is not force but service, and the road is a vast, permanent, public, physical expression of

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that idea. That is what a road is, service. It does not preach nor drive, chide nor punish. It simply suggests and waits and serves. It is the patient, irresistible meekness that is to inherit the earth. It is the master key to good government. They say that the enactment of public sentiment into law ought to be slowed down, to wait on the temper for enforcement. That is true. But the unit of enforcing ability is the *road* and not the remote corners of the community, where, rightly and necessarily, the parent, pastor, physician, teacher, are the body-servants of progress.

They say that Prohibition does not prohibit, and neither does it, in the secluded places, where piety, philanthropy, morality and affection are deployed in the long siege for human redemption. But on the road the sovereign is a weakling if he does not have his way.

ROAD FOR POLITICS

The school is for instruction and discipline. The church is for moral suasion and for prayer. The home is for love and admonition. The hospital is for mercy, patience, skill. The shop is for bargaining and fair exchange. The farm is for laborious faith in God. But the road is for politics and thin-lipped law and power.

The cry of the world is for help. Everybody needs it. Everybody can give it. The call is

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loudest from the neediest. The obligation of the strongest is the greatest. If you could lay your ear upon the bosom of humanity to-night, you would hear at every thrust of the great, sad heart the syllable: Help! Help! Help! And it is the highest duty and the deepest joy of life to respond in sane, sure ways, without imposition on the one hand or impertinence on the other. And, speaking broadly, the only scheme of help that is certain not to be a blunder or a tyranny is the road, which does nothing but suggest and help, and helps only those who try to help themselves. How can I help? That is the great question of manliness, of love, of patriotism, of religion. Not, How can I rebuke? That is the petty prayer of the prig and the Pharisee. How can I help? That is the riddle of social existence; and the road is the answer. Being rich, how can I help with money? Being poor, how can I help without money? Being strong and untempted, how can I transfuse strength into the stricken soul? Being a husband, how can I help my wife? Being a parent, how can I help my child? The needy one is, perhaps, your son. You begot him without his will. You owe him everything. You love him perfectly. What can you do? Nothing much, except to keep the home life high going and early set his feet in a plain road that leads somewhere. Nagging will do no good. Beating will not avail. Money will probably ruin him. The

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road is the answer. It is your country. There, too, the road is the answer. Great men answer in great ways and lesser men in lesser ways, each after his kind. Stevenson answered with the railroad and revolutionized the business of the world. Morse answered with the telegraph—a wire road for correspondence, that obliterated time and distance. Bell answered with the telephone, a road of semi-precious metal that would carry the very tones of anger, truth and sympathy. Field answered with the submarine cable—an insulated road on the bottom of the sea, that dragged the continents from their far moorings and made them sail together like a fleet. Marconi answered with the wireless—a daring road in the magic of the ether, that brought the desolate, wild wastes of the sea within call of shore and ships and succor. Roentgen answered with the X-Ray—a road of violet light through flesh and wood and stone.

SALVATION FOR ALASKA

Alaska lay for centuries in a welter of worthless wealth. Intrepid explorers surprized its secrets of gold, silver, copper, coal, water power, wood and soil, and returned to pound upon the doors of the capital, saying, "Salvation for Alaska!" And only just now, after half a century, Congress answers with an appropriation of forty

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millions and an order to the executive: "A highway shall be there."

The world lay darkling in superstition and the farce of futile forms. Jesus Christ walked forth from the wilderness and the darkness and, with the calmness of omnipotence, said: "I am the way"—a road through service to knowledge and universal dominion. This law of the road antedates America, Jesus, John, Rome, and all the prophets. It is written large in the very article of evolution. Primitive plants have no sap channels. The difference between an oak tree and a cactus is that the oak, responding to various positive and negative conditions of light and heat, has developed a wonderful internal road system for the distribution of the vital protoplasm of the earth. So the oak lords it in the forest, mills, buildings, and furnishings of the world, while the cactus hoards its scanty drops with barely life enough to protest with its thorns.

Now let us move up abruptly to the summit of the subject—the ethics of the road, where, happily, the whole nation is beginning to arrive. I have indulged myself, perhaps, at too great length in these material and historical reflections in order to lay in the broadest and deepest foundation for the particular argument to which the circumstances of my own stormy life have committed me and which is the life blood of this convention.

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The highway of American life, instead of being the universal inspirer and helper of the people, debases, misleads, mires, maims and murders multitudes. The pathway to prosperity and independence has too many blind alleys, that turn out to the scrap-heap, the prison, the mad-house and the grave. And just as along with every muscle of the body runs an attendant nerve of clean, gray brains to give it power, purpose and moral direction, so there is a broadening white line of public sentiment that is the soul of the road, and in these culminating, fascinating days lights up the highway philosophy with the legend, seen so often now, in cities, shops, ships and railway stations, "Safety First."

MUST BE MADE SAFE

The road, where men must walk in weakness, weariness and ignorance, must be made safe. It must be made free from preventable sink-holes, where life, fortune and character stick and smother. We, of orderly lives and steady habits, familiar with every rut and rotten plank in the brief ways we travel, are apt to forget the stream of men behind, who do not know, who can not know, who travel in the dark and in emergency—the reckless, the defective, and, to our shame, to known bloody, ravenous, gray wolves of human kind, that make loot and lechery the purpose and business of the road. But if prompter delivery of

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mail and merchandise, and to diminish the tally of crushed bodies of men, broken legs of horses and shattered wheels of wagons, are important, as certainly they are, the blighted prospects, dissipated ideals, broken homes and stranded souls of men are more important, and these are equally perils of the road. For while only the strong and gifted few break new roads, all men follow roads. They are created to do it. The running-gear of human movement is flanged, so to speak, like car wheels, and tends to keep to the way. And it is by no means an extravagant generalization to say that, as the road is, so are the people, in any country. And a Christian road is indispensable to Christian civilization.

By "a Christian road" I mean simply a road that tends to save the lost and the confused. Any railway manager will tell you that even necessary switches are a peril to the line and so are sparingly put in. But the highway of American life fairly bristles with open sidings, falsely showing safety lights, that run, point blank, into the ditch, without one atom of counterbalancing utility. I have crawled out of the wreck to devote my broken life against one of them—the worst of them—but your clear minds will make the analogy to them all.

The ghastly tragedy of organized, standardized, commercialized vice on the one hand, with the pitiful farce of empirical charity on the

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other, is, at the last analysis, but a story of the degradation of the road, where character, as well as feet and hoofs and wheels, must travel.

SALOON SUPREME EXAMPLE

The saloon is the supreme example, because it is the only licensed turnstile into the criminal dumps and pitfalls that make up the hell of human damnation while alive. It is peculiarly a road problem. Where the most men and the weakest men and boys must pass, the painted door is set swinging, to catch the poor, the ignorant, the reckless, the homesick, the discouraged, and silently shut them into the reek of a leprosy that eats off the fingers of opportunity, eats away the lips of truth, eats out the eyes of ambition and the heart of hope. Just at the point where Christian civilization ought to brace and cheer a faltering man, it shunts him downward by the legalization of the saloon.

The liquor trade, with a brazen, brutal magnificence of effrontery, offers to submit to police surveillance its organized boy-baiting, wife-beating, larceny and homicide, and pay any price for the infamy, because it gets an easement on the public road, and gets the power of the road to draw or drive the human game to its decoy. But two hundred and fifty years of failure have demonstrated that the public cowardice that will make such a bargain with such a gang to do such

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a business is incapable of enforcing even the ridiculous restrictions it imposes.

The liquor trade asserts that outlawry swells its sales. It lies, like the premeditated criminal it is, for it fights at any odds for a license, at any price and on any terms of infamy to itself, because the right of way goes with it, which is the chief asset of any footpad.

LIES OF LIQUOR TRADE

The liquor trade asserts that Prohibition breeds "blind pigs." It lies. Licensing areas are the habitat of such defective swine. But, at any rate, they are not creatures of the road at all, but of the back lots, cellars, caves. It is the road that we must fight for first, and decent politics can keep that clear. There are still wolves in the woods, but they dare not hunt in the road. There are still rattlesnakes in the rocks, but they do not coil in the street. There will still be saloons in the cellars, but they are skurrying from the road. There will be potstills in the mountains, but not in the road. There will still be decanters on the sideboards of careless or selfish people. But the road ought to be and is going to be made safe from the whole treacherous thing. "No lion shall be there, nor shall any noxious beasts go up thereon. They shall not be found *there*. But the redeemed shall walk there *safely*, and the ransomed

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of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.”

The twentieth century opens a new vision toward the fulfilment of that prophecy. The old politics represented by——. But stop: I will not defile this hour with their names. The old politics flouts that vision, and sticks to the old level, serving and being served by the saloon. But the new politics, represented by such men as Daniels, Cummins, Clapp, Sheppard, Kitchin, Kenyon, Webb, Bryan and Woodrow Wilson, already mounts the rise to plant Old Glory on the heights of progress. The decent citizen must meet the liquor traffic there at the forks of the road, and make good, with local, State and national Prohibition and officers to match.

I congratulate my country that it is now in the act of accepting the argument here made. The licensed disregard of life and character has become abhorrent to decent minds. The pusillanimous prostitution of the police power to the use of spoilsmen and the threats and demands of public poisoners is passing forever. The arrival of this great, elastic, non-partizan league of Christian men, at the front of the age-long fight for a safe road, has set us free from the drag of old partyism, and new partyism as well, and opened wide the everlasting doors of political opportunity to independent voters everywhere. Intelligent Christian cooperation saturates the old

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guard of Prohibition. Conservative, business America is lining up for "the safety of the people," which is the highest law, and the Church of Jesus Christ, that has led us all for twenty centuries, still leads.

ALL THE TIDES SWEEPING TOWARD PROHIBITION *

THIS is the new epoch—please God, the last epoch—in the fight against the liquor saloon in America. The reinforcements that have come to us in the last few years have changed the whole outlook for the temperance reform. Only a few years ago when we went into a town to carry it for no-license, or into a State to canvass for Prohibition, we not only had to fight the saloon—that is dead easy. I do not know anything easier to whip than a liquor saloon if you can get it by itself. It has nothing to say for itself, and it has no brains with which to say it.

But we never had a chance to fight the liquor saloon alone anywhere until very recently. The most powerful and respectable business forces in every community were arrayed with it. The big merchant was always against us; the big banker was against us; the big real estate man who wanted the town to boom was on the other side;

* From an address by Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

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if there was a man there who owned a mill or factory, and employed a lot of labor, he also was against us. Oh, there were rare exceptions, but they were rare, like white crows. And in all our early temperance victories we were compelled to win our fight over these most powerful and respectable business influences in every community.

Now, if you will take the country over as a whole, this situation is entirely changed. Let me give you a signal illustration of that fact. I was in the LaSalle Hotel, in the city of Chicago, when the National Council of Safety met there for several days in their annual meeting. There were five hundred representative business men from all parts of the country. They represented firms and corporations that employ more than a million men. Now they were not a band of humanitarians, there wasn't a preacher among them, not a sociological reformer. They were just five hundred hard-headed business men out after the dollar, and they were there to counsel together how they might safeguard their business so as to make more money. On the last day of their session a resolution was introduced which awoke more enthusiasm and aroused more earnest discussion than anything else they talked about, and yet every speech was for it, and when it came to a vote it carried unanimously. That resolution was a declaration that they would absolutely eliminate strong drink from every one of their

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more than one million employees, and voiced their enmity to the liquor saloon.

My friends, you could not possibly have passed a resolution like that in a business convention of that sort ten years ago. But these men were eager and alert to pass it. And that is the expected thing these days. Take the case of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Board of Trade, which a few months ago, with great enthusiasm and cheers, passed a resolution petitioning Congress to submit national Prohibition to the States for ratification. I venture the assertion that if, even six or seven years ago, such a thing had been attempted, you could not have got into the Pittsburgh Board of Trade with that resolution with a kit of burglars' tools.

What has made this wonderful change in the attitude of the large business interests of this country toward the saloons?

Well, it has come about through certain very definite and simple reasons which appeal at once to your common sense, and which show that this change of alignment was imperative on the part of business people and in the very nature of things will be permanent. It has been brought about through a changed attitude of the public mind in this country in the last two decades toward men and women and children. This changed public sentiment concerning the worth of the average individual has crystallized into

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employers' liability laws, which are now all but universal in America. These laws have changed the conditions under which most lines of business can succeed. For instance, only a few years ago it was a great deal cheaper in any part of the country to grind up a lot of people in a mill or factory every year than it was to put in safety appliances, and they did it, too. Unless a man was really a good man, who looked at the matter from a brotherly standpoint, he let accidents take care of themselves, and he took the shortest cut to the most dollars. When there was an accident in his mill or factory and people were hurt, or some one was killed, he felt bad about it, of course; he was a man, he was human, and he felt sorry, and looked solemn, and very piously called it the providence of God, and let it go at that. But now things are different in almost any part of the country; if a man is hurt in a mill or factory, the firm that owns it has to foot the bill. If a man is killed there, the widow comes in and collects five or ten or fifteen, and I know a lot of cases this last year where she got twenty thousand dollars for him.

Now, you see, that cuts right straight at the root of profits. It limits the amount in dividends at the end of the year, and it has changed the business man's theology all over this country. They have a lot to say in the newspapers about how we preachers have been changing our theol-

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ogy, but we are standpatters compared to the way the business men have been changing their theology in the last ten years in this country. Why, the man that only a few years ago, when there was an accident in his mill and some one was killed, was ready to call it the providence of God and try to forget it—he won't stand for that at all now. He wants to know what's back of that providence of God that killed that man, that he has got to go down in his pocketbook and pay for. You see the point, don't you? I can assure you that he sees the point.

Well, as soon as these laws began to pass in a number of the States, we began to have a very earnest investigation made into the question of accidents, and we soon found that there were some two million injuries in our mills and factories every year, and that some thirty-five thousand people were killed annually in these accidents.

Then the business interests of the country began to make a very careful investigation into what caused accidents, and they soon found out, what many of us have been sure of for a long time, that more than three-fourths of the trails ran straight back from the accident to the saloon door. As soon as the business people, under this new régime, were sure of the truth of that fact, we began to have a third kind of temperance meetings held all over the United States. We

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have had two kinds for a long while. One of them was attended by sweet-faced, pious-looking women, with little white ribbons tied in the buttonhole of their coats or pinned on the front of their dresses, and the other was attended mostly by preachers, who met in synods, and presbyteries, and conferences, and passed resolutions and offered prayer. With those two kinds of temperance meetings you have been long familiar.

But during the last ten years, and particularly during the last five years, we have had multiplied a hundred to one a new kind of temperance meetings in every State in the Union—meetings where there were no preachers and no women. This new order of temperance meetings is attended by railroad directors, and directors of steam mills, and great manufacturing establishments, trustees of mining interests, and great lumber plants, and all sorts of business conferences and conventions. Why, my friends, you can't get together a lot of business men anywhere to-day, not even excepting the brewers, who will not talk more temperance than anything else while they are together. Now all this is hurrying us to National Prohibition.

Every psychological tide in our modern life is to-day sweeping toward Prohibition. Take that cry for *efficiency* which is now on everybody's tongue and on everybody's pen. It is new, mod-

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ern, up-to-date. None of you can remember that back of five years ago you ever saw in any great magazines, or a powerful newspaper, a serious article on that question of human efficiency, as we now emphasize that phrase. It has come up out of the increased cost of living in our day, out of the added pressure on our modern life, which has driven us to a scientific attitude toward life, a determined effort to find out just how much human force there is in a man or a woman, and to get it all out, and not let any of it go to waste, and if we find any of it is going to waste, to stop the leak at any cost. That is the modern attitude toward life. If you want to see it at its climax, you must go across the ocean where men are fighting for their lives. There you will see it raised to the highest power. This cruel war over the seas is a great temperance lesson and a great temperance gain. It is stupendous. There is nothing like it in all history.

At the beginning of the war Lord Kitchener declared that whatever else was sent to English soldiers, there would not be a drop of strong drink. If he could have organized the English working men on the same basis, England would have been in an infinitely happier condition to-day, and we would not have Lloyd George uttering his desperate cry that England is fighting three enemies: Germany, Austria and drink, and that "drink is the worst of the lot"; on which

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our own Mr. Bryan very shrewdly comments that England has found out that the aeroplane that drops bombs from above and the submarine that shoots torpedoes from beneath, bad as they are, are not nearly so dangerous as the schooners that slide across their own English bars. It is the opinion of the leading public men of England that she must come shortly to absolute Prohibition, and in that she is only following the example of other nations.

France has been breeding a peculiarly idiotic race of drunkards with that strange drink of hers, absinthe, for many years. Her medical and scientific people have thundered against it, but nothing practical was accomplished until they came up against the wall of the German army, and had to have men with steady nerves, who could see straight, and shoot straight, or the nation must die. Then it only took a few hours for the government to abolish that drink for the war. Since then the French Congress have abolished it forever, and are prohibiting all kinds of intoxicating drinks for the rest of the war.

Some of you remember how only a few years ago it was the world sensation for many days when the Kaiser went dry. He got scared about the drunkenness of his officers in the army, and became a teetotaler even from beer. He preached total abstinence from one end of Germany to the other. When the war broke out, they soon locked

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up all their distilleries and cut down their brewers to half strength in their beer. Since then one thing after another has been eliminated, until that half-strength beer is all there is left.

But Russia leads the procession. Never since that other Czar, sixty years ago, set 50,000,000 of serfs free with one ukase, has there been anything to compare with the work of the present Czar in the redemption of Russia from strong drink. When the Czar closed every saloon in the empire at the beginning of the mobilization of troops, it was thought by himself and by everybody else to be only a temporary expedient. But a wonderful thing happened. You see, over there where the government bought the grain from the farmers and brewed and distilled the liquor as a government proposition, and sold it in the same way, when the Czar closed all these saloons there was no liquor left to blind-tiger or boot-leg within the country. Well, it only takes about a week to soak all the drunkards out in a nation if they can't get any more liquor. The second week they are pretty nervous and restless and uneasy. The third week they are powerful empty and hungry, and begin to look for a job. As millions of men were going away to war, there were plenty of jobs to go around.

So the actual result was that by the beginning of the second month every drunkard's family in all Russia was getting three square meals a day.

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The men were industrious and happy, the women were more smiling and cheerful than they had been since the honeymoon. The children had their faces washed, the towns were cleaning up, and the jails were emptying, for nobody was being arrested in Russia. And this good news came in to the Czar from all over the country. During the second month deputations came to see him from every big town in the empire, praising him and begging him to continue the good work. And as week after week passed with the news getting brighter each week, he had a vision that it was the great opportunity of his career to do a lasting good for his people and at the end of the third month he sent forth that final ukase declaring it to be the governmental policy of Russia henceforth that alcoholic drinks shall be forever prohibited from the Russian Empire. That is the greatest single act for human betterment that has occurred in this world since any of us were born. And now comes the Finance Minister of Russia to show us that in six months under Prohibition, even while bearing the fearful burden of war, the people of Russia have laid away more money in the savings banks than they ever did in a whole year in time of peace in the days of the saloon. It is the miracle of the century.

Now this is working everywhere. Rumania has put away half her saloons within a year. Norway and Sweden are fighting for National

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Prohibition. In our own country you remember how our Secretary of the Navy last year shoved every beer mug, and wine bottle, and whisky flask off of every Government ship with one stroke of his pen, cleaning up our navy in ten minutes. There was quite a howl over here on the coast for a few weeks, but so far as I am able to hear any more, the genial howl of Colonel George Harvey, of the *North American Review*, is the only howl that has not been silenced.

Now, have you stopt to ask yourself the question, How do we come to have this universal harmony in the midst of world-wide strife? With the nations at each other's throats, how does it come that German and English and French and Russian and American are all singing one tune on the temperance question? While disagreeing about everything else, they are all agreed in this determination to choke the liquor saloon to death. The answer is very evident. That one word *efficiency*, with which we started, is the key. They must have the best soldiers they can get. They must have the best sailors they can find. They must have men with full tide of manly force, or the nation must die. And they all agree that the liquor saloon is the greatest master of manly force the world ever saw. And this same struggle for efficiency is at work on every railroad, in every steel mill, in every crockery plant, in every great mine and factory and mill and

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shop in America, pushing us in this country to National Prohibition.

There is another tremendous force which is cumulative and getting more powerful every day, which in America is hurrying us toward Prohibition. And that is that we have Prohibition in so many places, and we have had it so long in some places, that they can't lie about it any more and get away with it. While we only had scattered dry towns, and all around were wet, when we only had a State here and there, a thousand miles apart, that was Prohibition, and the ill-gotten millions of the brewers and distillers could be brought in to break down the enforcement of law, it was comparatively easy to make the great business world doubt whether Prohibition was not a disturbing factor in finance, and whether it was possible to build up a great rich State where wealth could be rapidly acquired and stably held under Prohibition. But you can't make that lie stick any more. We have had time now to build up great commonwealths, some of the richest in the world, where wealth is more equally distributed than in any State on earth since the birth of Jesus Christ, under Prohibition, and intelligent business men will not swallow the old lies about Prohibition destroying the business life of the community. With the contrast staring them in the face of every fourth farmer in Kansas sporting an automobile while an adjoining

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State only has one automobile to every hundred farmers, the old lie has ceased to work.

My friends, this is a great age in which to live, if you long for the kingdom of sobriety and righteousness to come on the earth. There never was a day when the outlook for a sober nation was so bright, or when the change to better things was coming so rapidly as now. Only twenty years ago, when I was pastor in Boston and used to go out through New England making Prohibition speeches, I used sometimes, when I was especially daring and optimistic, to tell this little personal story: How my father's people settled in Virginia long before the Revolution and remained there until my grandfather moved over into Tennessee, where my father was born. While he was still a little boy, they went on into Arkansas and remained there until he was a man grown. Then, in 1851, the group went across the plains to Oregon with ox-teams. They were six months on the road from St. Louis to Portland. And over there in those Oregon woods, where I was born and brought up, my father, who was much of a philosopher in his day, used to have one particular gospel which he liked to rub into everybody, and that was that, if a thing was good enough to come true, it could come true quicker in America than anywhere on earth. He used to illustrate that to me in this way. He would say: "Now, my boy, I was grown almost

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to be a man before I ever heard the prophecy down where I grew up that there would ever be universal freedom for the slaves in this country, and yet there was not a gray hair in my head when there was not a slave under the flag."

Well, only twenty years ago, I used to tell that story when I was particularly daring, and add to it that I was grown almost to be a man before I ever heard the two words, "National" and "Prohibition," coupled together, but that I hoped to live and not be very gray-headed when there was not a legalized liquor saloon under the American flag. Well, you have no idea how shocked good people were only twenty years ago at what they thought was a sort of malicious optimism in those words. Twenty years ago this year in Tremont Temple in Boston, one Sunday afternoon before a mass temperance meeting of over three thousand people, I was one of three or four speakers who made addresses, and I closed my speech with that utterance. A very distinguished minister of that day was introduced to follow me. Dear fellow, he is dead and in heaven now, and knows better. But he was greatly provoked with me for having made what he thought was a wildly extravagant and impossible utterance. He began his speech by saying: "I like to see a man hopeful, I like to see a man optimistic, but I like to see some wisdom attached to it. If Banks lives to be old enough to

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see the day when there will be no licensed liquor saloons under the American flag, he will be old enough to give Methuselah points."

Now, the dear fellow was a good temperance man, but he was just as hopeless about the liquor problem as that. And do you know there were millions of good people in this country only twenty years ago who were as hopeless about the saloon problem as that? I can remember how we used to pray about it in the prayer-meetings in those days, and how we used to talk about it in the revival meetings, as tho the only thing that preaching and good people could do about it was to patch up a poor drunkard here, and soak out a poor old sot over there, and try to persuade him to die while he was sober, so we could get him into heaven. Oh, the nightmare of it! The saloons were damning a hundred boys behind our backs to be just like him while we were soaking him out. They thought that was all we could do about it.

Thank God! we lived through that. There is not an intelligent man or woman in America talking that kind of stuff to-day. You can not find an intelligent editor of a liquor newspaper anywhere who believes that the liquor saloon has more than ten years of life left in it. A big brewer over in one of the Western States managed to find a sucker a few weeks ago and traded off his brewery stock and got out of business. A

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bright newspaper man went to interview him to find out why he was getting out of business so early in life, being comparatively a young man, and he very solicitously asked him if his health were failing. "Oh, no," said the ex-brewer as he grinned, "it is nothing of that kind; but you see I am not exactly a fool, and I know enough to get out of the house before the roof falls in." That is the way they are all thinking about it these days. "We who are about to die salute you," is the attitude of the saloon to-day, from one ocean to the other. My friends, some of you have been long in the battle. Through the long years of the fight, often with many forebodings, and deep discouragement, we have been crying out, "Watchman, what of the night?" But at last, with great courage and assurance, we are able to cry back, "The day breaketh, the dawn is at hand."

THE ROMANCE OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE MOVEMENT *

THE dictionaries give several great qualities to the romantic. The first of these is that it appeals to the imagination. Another element of the romantic is the quality of heroism. Still another is the marvelous. The Anti-Saloon League

* From an address by Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

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movement has all these characteristics which make for noble romance. It was born in the dreams of great souls.

The Anti-Saloon League, as we know it, has but just come to its majority, but it is a giant of worthy and heroic parents. Or, to change the figure, it is a plant not out of dry ground, but out of soil heroic and romantic, plowed and harrowed by a band of men and women as heroic and devoted as ever battled for righteousness since the world began.

There is no page of romance more splendid than the woman's side of this great reform. The world will not soon forget that first march of the woman's crusade at Hillsboro, Ohio, two days before Christmas, forty-three years ago, when a band of timid but determined Christian women rose from their knees and arranging themselves two and two, the shortest women in front, leaving the tall ones to bring up the rear, went forth into the street, to drug stores and saloons and hotels; they pleaded and sung and prayed, until saloon after saloon was closed at their entreaties. It was a divine contagion that spread throughout the land. In hundreds of towns and villages, from one ocean to the other, Christian women followed their example. Sometimes they were abused and mobbed; in some places they were arrested and thrown into jail; but it was a divine work, and God was in it, and great good was ac-

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complished. That Woman's Crusade was the soil out of which grew the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and out of that sprang that marvelous woman, Frances Willard.

At every step of this great reform woman's devotion has added romantic spirit to the Anti-Saloon movement. When the Prohibition amendment was in the balance in the Kansas House of Representatives, the vote was taken at midnight. The roll of ayes and nays was called, while every ear in the vast assembly that filled the galleries and corridor was strained to catch each man's response, as he answered to his name. Busy pencils kept the tally, and when the voting ceased, a sigh from many a temperance man's heart accompanied the words: "We've lost our cause by just one vote." But look! A woman, gentle, modest, sweet, advances from the crowd. What! Is she going down that aisle, where never woman trod before, and in among that group of party leaders? Yea, verily; and every eye follows her with intense interest, and the throng is strangely still as she goes straight to her husband, takes his big hand in her little one, lifts her dark eyes to his face, and speaks these thrilling words: "My darling, for my sake, and for the sake of our sweet home, for Kansas' sake, and God's, I beseech you, change your vote." When lo, upon the silence breaks a man's deep voice: "Mr Speaker, before the clerk reads the result, I wish

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to change my vote from No to Aye." How loud rang out the cheers of men. How fell the rain of women's tears. For love had conquered, as it always will at last; and the voices of the people heard in Kansas said: "Give us Prohibition for home and children's sake." So for a whole generation Kansas has led the van, and given good cheer to every fight, and help to every victory, and one little woman saved the day.

We must never forget either, when we are recalling the romantic story of this great movement, the heroism and fidelity, the dauntless courage and the unselfish devotion of the pioneers of the Prohibition party. However we may differ in regard to the wisdom of their political methods, every true man must take off his hat to the marvelous, heroic service of men like John P. St. John, Samuel Dickie, Clinton B. Fisk, Isaac K. Funk, Charles Meade, Adna B. Leonard, John B. Finch, Sam Jones, and a multitude of others of whom the world was not worthy, who have, many of them, gone over to the great majority, but who in their darker day and time kept the fire alive and the torch brightly burning, and in conjunction with their sisters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union prepared the soil out of which has grown this gigantic combination of power for righteousness which we know to-day as the Anti-Saloon League of America. It is not too high honor for us to pay them to say

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that they worked without us, but we never could have been what we are without them.

And the Anti-Saloon League of America—it, too, has its romantic story. At about the same time, in different parts of the country, Alpha G. Kynett and Howard H. Russell conceived the same great thought of an inter-partizan, inter-denominational movement that should gather and concentrate the cooperative and combined force of American Christianity into the great war against the saloon. Kynett was soon called to his reward, a brave, cheerful-hearted, great soul; and to Howard H. Russell God gave the honor—and at first he had a lonely struggle—to organize and set to work the new-born league against the saloon. It is not for me to undertake to tell what the whole world knows of the story of the last twenty-two years, but having seen it all with the perspective of the past, I can not help saying that no movement in modern times has had more romantic and heroic and marvelous characteristics than this. To some of these men the world owes a great debt. Of the patient, persistent, unselfish and sacrificing devotion of Howard H. Russell we can not say too much. Of the wise, balanced, burden-bearing, statesmanlike service of Purley A. Baker it is hard to say enough. As we needed them, God has raised up men for our day and emergency. Our noble Bishop Wilson, our witty and eloquent Sam Small, that young

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genius with the shoulders of a giant, strong to carry the Atlas-like burden of our finances, Ernest Cherrington, the heroic John G. Woolley, brought over like myself from the Prohibition party, the gallant Hobson, the eloquent Patterson, a Saul we captured from the enemy and transformed into our St. Paul, Bane of the keen blade, the versatile Kelser, the brilliant Wheeler and the indomitable Dinwiddie, and all that army of splendid state superintendents from Oregon to New York, and Maine to Texas, and Florida to Washington, men who have won their spurs as masters of assembly in other fields, and now lay their all upon the altar of this greatest battle for modern civilization. And time would fail me to tell of Glenn and Smith, Landrith and Landis, Morrow and Swadener and Stearns and Stelzle, and many others as worthy, who through their faith and heroism are wiping out saloons, making dry the wet places, and stopping the mouths of blind tigers.

And behind all these who stand in the public eye, and on whom is laid the responsibility of leadership, we do not for a moment forget that great army of noble pastors in all the churches who in season and out of season stand loyally by this great cause; and the still greater army of splendid business and professional men who give not only their services and their influence, but who pour out their wealth to print Prohibi-

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tion literature and sustain the movement, without which everything else would fall to the ground. If we could know the story of all the subscriptions that are made every year by faithful and heroic laymen to carry this great cause to triumph, it would be full of romance and inspiration.

If there be any that ask in these days, "Why the necessity of the Anti-Saloon League of America in this critical hour of this great reform?" this is my answer to them. This is the age of combination. The personal age has disappeared forever. There was an age that the Old Testament tells us about when, if the armies of good and evil were drawn up against each other on the plains, and the result hung in the balance, a David could come down from his father's sheep ranch in the hills and cut off the head of Goliath, and the whole army of the Philistines would run. That day has gone forever. The vicious things in our American life to-day fight under the banner of the liquor traffic with a vast backing of ill-gained wealth. The breweries, the distilleries, the liquor saloons, the gambling hells, the brothels, the white slave gangs, every loathsome creature of all the horrid brood that despoils our American life to-day fight together as pals under the leagued banner of the liquor traffic, with a thousand millions of money. If you arrest a white slaver in Alaska or San Fran-

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cisco, or lay your hand on a brothel in Montana, or a gambling hell in Nevada, the whole piratical gang, with their hundreds of millions of wealth, will fight to save the scoundrels to the ends of the earth.

Now against a combination like that, unscrupulous as that is, and financed as that is, no one church can count for anything alone. Hence the imperative necessity of the Anti-Saloon League of America. That for twenty-two years has been growing into power until it has reached out into all political parties, and yet become partizan in no party; has reached out into all churches, and yet become denominational in no church; has gathered into its heart and muscle the vitality, the conscience, the intelligence, the patriotism of the whole American people to such an extent that it has proved its power to take the leadership and bear the brunt of smiting the liquor saloon to death in ten States in a single year. This is the Anti-Saloon League of America, the mightiest burden-bearing league for the public good that the world has ever seen.

And now we are in the midst of the greatest epoch we have known. We were never so optimistic. The sky was never so full of cheer. But on the other hand, the battle was never so fierce, the burden never so heavy, and the demand for vision and courage and resourceful energy was never so great as to-day. Notwithstanding our

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tremendous victories in the last two years, we can not hold the ground we have won—and go on to permanent and complete triumph in National Prohibition—without still more strenuous endeavor. We must dedicate ourselves anew with all the devotion of our souls to the great heroic contest of the year that lies before us. We should hear the nation calling to us for the very highest and noblest efforts of which we are capable.

THE RELATION BETWEEN PROHIBITION AND HUMAN CONSERVATION *

For several generations past the people of this nation and their public servants have made the dollar mark their coat-of-arms, they have followed gold, they have worshiped gold, they have served gold, and neglected human interests, and until recently most of our legislation has been in the interest of coin and commerce. Cattle, sheep, hogs and horses, in the public marts of the nation, have been worth more than men. Stocks, bonds, houses, lands, crops and currency have had a higher value than boys and girls in the popular estimation. The Government has been willing to furnish an expert to cure a hog of the cholera, a horse of the glanders, or a cow of tuberculosis, while permitting hundreds of human beings to die daily of neglect. But the time

* From an address by Dr. A. C. Bane, of Westerville, Ohio.

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is rapidly approaching when we will think more of men and women than we do now of hogs; when we will cherish man as of superior value to mere things.

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If you would develop and preserve a race that is virile in mind and body, you must destroy the liquor traffic, for alcoholic liquor is degenerating the race. If you would assure a normal birth to childhood, you must destroy the liquor traffic, for the drinking parents are producing defective children. If you would prevent child labor, you must destroy the liquor traffic, the chief cause of child labor. If you would make it easier for the youth to do right, and more difficult for the youth to do wrong, you must destroy the liquor traffic, their greatest tempter from the path of rectitude. If you would reduce the death-rate and lengthen human life, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which increases our death-rate by 30 per cent. If you would make the housing of the poor sanitary and attractive, and thus preserve their health and lives, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which is the chief contributory cause of bad housing. If you would solve the problem of the unemployed, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which throws and keeps more men out of employment than does any other cause. If you would reduce industrial accidents to the minimum and enforce the modern slogan "Safety First,"

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you must destroy the liquor traffic, which is the chief cause of industrial accidents. If you would meet the present-day demand for efficiency of service, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which reduces both mental and physical efficiency. If you would reduce poverty to the minimum, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which produces most of the paupers. If you would reduce crime to the minimum, you must destroy the liquor traffic, the chief cause of crime. If you would reduce gambling to the minimum, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which chiefly encourages this vice. If you would reduce the number of insane and mental imbeciles, you must destroy the liquor traffic, their chief producer. If you would reduce the number of divorces and maintain happy homes, you must destroy the liquor traffic, the greatest wrecker of homes. If you would stamp out the social evil and white slavery, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which is their chief contributing cause. If you would add to personal comforts and wealth, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which is the greatest waster of incomes. If you want commercial prosperity, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which is always a wealth consumer and never a wealth producer. If you would reduce the expense of government, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which produces the delinquents, defectives and dependents that require public support and con-

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trol at great annual cost to the taxpayers. If you would have clean politics and good government you must destroy the liquor traffic, which is the greatest corrupter of politicians and government. If you would equip and maintain a strong army and navy of defense, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which, according to the statement of the surgeons of our army, makes 76 per cent. of the applicants for enlistment physically or mentally unfit to serve. If you want a people of righteous and clean personal morals, qualified for the best service to God and humanity, you must destroy the liquor traffic, which is the greatest corrupter of morals. There is but one thing in America worse than the liquor traffic, and that is the public sentiment that tolerates it. The destruction of the liquor traffic is therefore the paramount duty of this generation, if we would conserve humanity.

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BABIES AND THEIR VESTED RIGHTS *

BABIES have several vested rights.

1. They have the right to be born with a sound body and a sound brain, rather than defective in vitality or mentality, because of the alcoholism of their parents.

2. They have the right to be born of parents who by sobriety and industry will be able to rear them outside of the shops, mills and factories until they are fully developed, both physically and mentally, to enter into the struggle and competition of life.

3. They have the right to be born in an environment that will not deliver them to the reform institutions and the penitentiaries in their young manhood and young womanhood.

4. They have the right to get their early political purposes and principles free from an environment of hypocrisy and duplicity practised and promoted in and about the saloons.

5. They have the right to be born of fathers who are not denied admission to the lodges of the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and other fraternities.

6. They have the right to be born of fathers who will give them the counsel and wisdom of a ripe old age, rather than of fathers who enter

* From an address by the Hon. John J. Lentz, of Columbus, Ohio.

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premature graves because of the many diseases due to alcoholism.

7. They have a right to be born of fathers who spend no part of their lives in prisons and penitentiaries.

We have had all kinds of philosophical discussions and all kinds of bloody revolutions to secure the Rights of Man, but never yet a scientific consideration of the rights of the new-born babe. Up to this time the vested rights of babies is an undiscovered and unexplored continent. Up to this time the vested rights of babies has found no place in the chapter headings of the law books; has found no place in the millions of syllabi of the hundreds of thousands of decisions reported by the Supreme Courts of the world.

There is overmuch talk in the arguments of the lawyers and legislators and the decisions of the judges about the vested rights of railways in our streets and highways; also about the vested rights to farms and corner lots and brick and mortar; but never a syllable about the vested right of a baby to be born sober and free from the degeneracy of alcoholism, such as idiocy, epilepsy, St. Vitus dance and other degrees of defective mentality; and free from such physical weaknesses as manifest themselves in an increased death-rate in early childhood and impaired health, strength and vitality throughout life should the child live beyond infancy.

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Every scientific investigation furnishes facts and figures demonstrating that children born of drinkers of alcoholic beverages show a much larger percentage of mental diseases and physical defects than do the children born of total abstainers.

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Dr. Josef Schweighover, an Austrian investigator, published in 1912 the conclusions of his researches along the lines of alcoholic degeneracy among the people of the Duchy of Salzburg in these words: "The study shows that the children of drinkers develop mental diseases much oftener than the children of parents who are themselves mentally diseased, but not alcoholic. An existing tendency to mental weakness becomes fixt under the effects of alcohol, while without it there may be recovery. Seventy-five per cent. of the insane patients in Salzburg had notorious drinkers for parents."

Prof. Rudolph Demme, of the Jenner Hospital for Children in Berne, carefully compared the sixty-one descendants of ten totally abstaining families and found that five died in infancy and six were mentally defective, and fifty, or 82 per cent. of them, were normal. With these he compared the fifty-seven children born of ten drinking families, and found that twenty-five of them died in infancy and twenty-two were men-

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tally defective, leaving only ten, or $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., who were normal.

Dr. W. C. Sullivan, medical officer in his majesty's prison service, Great Britain, made a study as to the children of one hundred and twenty drunken mothers, and described the conclusions in these words: "Of six hundred children born of one hundred and twenty drunken mothers, three hundred and thirty-five (55.8 per cent.) died in infancy, or were still-born, several of the survivors were mentally defective, and 4.1 per cent. were epileptic. Many of these women had female relatives, sisters or daughters of sober habits and married to sober husbands, whose children's deaths in infancy were but one hundred and forty-three (23.9 per cent. as against 55.2 per cent.), and it was also observed that in the drunken families there was a progressive rise in the death-rate from the earlier to the later born children. Dr. Sullivan also found in a study of four hundred and forty-four children that of the first born eighty children from one hundred and twenty alcoholic mothers, 33.7 per cent. died. Of the second born eighty children, 50 per cent. died. Of the third born eighty children, 52.6 per cent. died. Of the fourth and fifth born one hundred and eleven children, 65.7 per cent. died, and of the sixth to tenth born ninety-three children, 72 per cent. died."

Professor Bunge, of Basil University, studied

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the conditions of children of fathers of alcoholic habits and found that the defectives, including idiocy, epilepsy, feeble-mindedness, St. Vitus dance and others, were as follows: Out of two hundred and nineteen children of occasional drinkers 2.3 per cent. were defective. Out of one hundred and thirty children of moderate regular drinkers 4.6 per cent. were defective; out of sixty-seven children of regular heavy drinkers 9 per cent. were defective, and out of fifty-three children of drunkards 19 per cent. were defective.

Mr. Salzlechner, a teacher of wide and varied experience, reported to the Hungarian Government his conclusions in these words: "The children in those places where there are more opportunities for drinking are mentally less gifted. Those where alcohol is less used are more talented and of better quality morally. It is a frequent complaint that the youth of wine regions are raw and coarse."

In examining into the history of two thousand, five hundred and fifty-four idiotic, epileptic, hysterical or weak-minded children in the institution at Bicetre, France, Bourneville found that over 41 per cent. had alcoholic parents.

Bezzola and Hartman report in substance the same result of their examination of the idiots and criminals in Switzerland, saying: "A large proportion of the idiots and criminals in Switzer-

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land were conceived during the season of the year when the custom of the country leads to a disproportionate consumption of alcohol.”

In another study made by Dr. Sullivan, of Great Britain, he reported that an investigation of the children of twenty-one drinking mothers showed that 55 per cent. died under two years of age; while of the children of twenty-eight sober mothers only 23 per cent. died under two years of age.

Another vested right of the baby is to have its father and mother live to a mature and ripe old age, so that the child grown into manhood or womanhood may have the counsel and instruction that comes with the ripe and philosophic years of its parents. Alcohol is an insidious poison, and it is estimated that in the American Republic it is annually sending sixty-six thousand of our people to premature graves.

Why multiply and elaborate with further statistics and data? Haven't I made it plain that a new Fourth of July is due, and a new Declaration of Independence is necessary? Isn't it a legitimate question to ask whether babies have any vested rights? How can we equalize the baby of the poor man with the baby of the rich man? How can we equalize the baby of the moderate drinker and the drunkard with the baby of the total abstainer? How can the baby have equal opportunities for life, liberty and pursuit

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of happiness, if it be born of an ignorant mother and an ignorant father, or of a drinking mother or a drinking father? Surely the answer must be plain, that it is as much the duty of the government to protect the new-born babe from poverty and ignorance and child-labor, and from alcoholism of its parents, as it is to protect our cities and homes with better plumbing and other sanitary conditions.

We quarantine our ports of entry against cholera, yellow fever, the bubonic plague, smallpox and the like. Isn't it more important to protect our babies against alcoholism and the microbes of ignorance, superstition and prejudice, and thus prevent those who are nearest the level of the chimpanzee and the baboon from establishing the intellectual, social and political inheritance and environment of the baby? Isn't it about time that those of us interested in and aware of the power of government, the opportunity and responsibility of the State, should awaken to a sense of realization that it is our duty to give at least as much attention to the breeding and rearing of babies as we do to the breeding and raising of Percheron horses, Holstein cattle and Berkshire hogs? . . .

What is a baby? Shall we think of it with Ellis Parker Butler in his beautiful word picture: "On the sunniest slope of the garden of Paradise the trees stand in long, pleasant rows.

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The air is always balmy and the trees forever in bloom with pink and white blossoms. From a distance the trees look like apple trees, but close at hand you see that the pink and white blossoms are little bows and streamers of ribbon and that the boughs are swaying gently with the weight of many dimpled babies. Walking up and down beneath the trees are kind old storks; and as they walk they turn their heads and look upward, to see where there may be a sweet pink and white baby ready to be carried away out of the garden into the big, strange world. It is a vast garden and there are many trees and many storks, and every moment there is a whirring of strong wings and a stork has passed out of the confines of the garden with the dearest gift that Heaven can give to woman."

Or shall we think of it with Massey: "A sweet new blossom of humanity, fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth."

Or with Byron:

"A lovely being scarcely formed or molded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Or with Pollock:

"As a living jewel dropped unstained from Heaven."

I like these portraits of the baby, and hope to see our Government express itself in the near future in the same humane spirit.

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If American civilization is to be true to the high purpose expressed in the Declaration of Independence, then indeed must you and I concede in the face of these statistics and data which I have submitted, that a new-born babe is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as well as were our colonial ancestors, and no baby can have either liberty or the pursuit of happiness if its soul is crushed by the gross, selfish and material conditions imposed upon it by a brutal and an ignorant environment.

Nothing in this wide world, nothing in this boundless universe of space and time, is so delicate or so impressionable as the soul of a baby, and instead of society building its prison walls of stone higher and thicker around the full-grown criminal to hedge him in, let us remember that this has been the method and the program of those who brought upon the world the degeneracy of the dark ages, and let us learn from this lesson in history to try some other plan which can certainly do no worse than we have done in the past and can easily do much better.

Let us begin to develop the unexplored country of the vested rights of babies. Let us build high the walls of love and affection around each new-born babe, protecting it and its five senses from every vibration and every impression that could possibly besmirch or contaminate a pure soul.

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Let us treat the baby as if it were a message direct from the God of the universe. Let us receive it and welcome it to this life, and let us nurture it as we would an angel direct from the throne of God.

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THE PRICE OF A DRINK *

IF the results of drinking were purely personal, then the complaint of the wets that the anti-liquor forces are trying to interfere with the personal liberty of drinkers might carry with it some force; but drink is sold on the installment plan—first payment is made when you get the drink, the others when the drink gets you!

The greater part of the payments are made by those who do not drink.

The price of a drink ranges from a dime to damnation—the drinker pays the dime and humanity pays the damnation.

The immediate payment is made in cash, some of the delayed payments are made by the drinker in brawn and brains, ambition and efficiency, morality and decency, duty and honor; but you and I, altho we never touch liquor, must pay the price of a drink in loss of trade, in loss of profits, in damage suits in one way or another,

* From an address by Major Dan Morgan Smith, of Chicago, Ill.

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depending upon our business, profession, or occupation; but no one is exempt. The merchant pays in loss of trade, for the moderate drinker of to-day is the drunkard of to-morrow, and drunkards do not buy liberally of groceries, clothing, shoes, or of anything else, except liquor. If we be manufacturers, we help pay the price of a drink when our machinery lies idle because the operator is sobering up; help pay the price when fewer workmen report Monday than were working the preceding Saturday; pay in sluggish brains and trembling limbs; in damage suits caused by carelessness or inefficiency of drunken workmen; pay in lessened output than the payroll justifies us in expecting.

True, employers of labor are seeking to avoid this great drain upon their profits by discharging the drinkers; but a man permanently out of work becomes a charge upon the taxpayers, and the manufacturer is a taxpayer. Supplanting trained workmen with untrained men is expensive, and yet is less expensive than to put up with the drinker.

The union men are paying installments upon the price of a drink, for ultimately wages and hours of labor must be based upon the earning capacity of the workman, and the earning capacity depends absolutely upon willingness, health and ability, upon efficiency; and science leaves no doubt that even one drink lessens efficiency.

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Farmers pay their installments, even tho no person on the farm were to drink, for the farmer pays for the drink of the miller who grinds his wheat, and of the clerk who sells the flour to the middleman and who stands between the maker and the consumer. The farmer also pays because of the lessened demand for the products of his farm; but pays most of all in taxes expended to support the cities' poor and criminals—the victims of drink.

Professional men help pay, because the drunkard pays no professional fees.

Every taxpayer is assessed to pay the price of a drink, and let us not forget that every renter, every buyer of anything, is a taxpayer. The taxpayer's money is used to pay the judges and juries that are trying, with so little success, to stem the tide of crime that is unquestionably attributable, in the main, to the use of drink. The taxpayer supports the penitentiary that is largely populated with men who violate the laws either when drinking or after drink had made them moral lepers. Men who should know assert that 75 per cent. of crime can be directly traced to drink; that 33 per cent. of the inmates of asylums are there because they, or their ancestors, were poisoned by drink. Social workers assert that a large number of women walk the street because the use of liquor has lessened their resistive powers, blunted their moral senses, or excited their sexual desires.

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Are these percentages true? Do these statisticians know what they are talking about? I do not know; but if there be in any penitentiary one person who is there because the government permits the sale of liquor; if in some asylum there is one person who is spending all of life muttering foolish nothings; if in all the world there is one girl—just one little girl—who has kissed her mother good-by and can never come home again, because of drink, then I am in favor of NATIONAL CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION. If these things be true, and I believe them to be true, I want to see this country so dry that a rattlesnake's bite won't dig up a drink between oceans.

No small part of the price of a drink is paid by the drinker's family. His wife pays in lost happiness, deprivations, shame and tears; his children pay in lack of opportunity, in lessened advantages, and, worst of all, in physical infirmities, mental deficiencies and moral degeneracy. Many children come into the world doomed to have stunted bodies, warped minds and blunted moral senses because they were sired by a drunken father.

Cities pay their installments in waves of crime, lowered standards of conduct, the unwarranted, pernicious and controlling influence of the liquor interests in politics. Cities pay for the inefficiency and dishonesty of men elected to office by

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the interest that makes but one inquiry of the office-seeker—"Are you a wet?"

States pay the price of a drink by the passage of vicious laws and the defeat of needed legislation by legislators whose election was made possible by the activity of the liquor interests in politics.

The National Government helps pay the price of a drink by putting its seal of toleration upon the sale of this damning article to its citizens; by ignoring the fact that a government, as an individual, can not be pure if the source of its income is impure; by pleading the need of its treasury—thus *weighing dollars against decency*.

THE RESPECTABLE SALOON *

THE reason why Sodom was doomed to destruction was because it was so utterly and irretrievably bad that nothing could be said for it. The same is true of the saloon; it has done evil and only evil all the days of its life. Now and then we hear of a "respectable saloon"; but there is no such thing. It is impossible in the nature of the case. The business which it carries on is of such a character that nobody can respect it.

If we take our stand in the doorway of a

* From an address by Dr. David James Burrell, of New York City.

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saloon, we shall see behind its counter the figure of a man in short sleeves, sleek and unctuous. This is the "barkeep." Last year, in our country, he gathered in over that counter more than twelve hundred millions of dollars, for which he passed out nothing but shame and misery. We shall see crossing his threshold a multitude of men who go in sober and come out drunk; a vast procession, reeling, hiccoughing, staggering—whither? To the jails, to the insane asylums, many to the poor-houses, dragging with them pale-faced women and weeping children. On they go, reeling, mumbling, driveling out of the saloon into the world, to wreck their lives, ruin their homes and burden society. On they go, by way of the potter's field into the night—that awful night from which returns a voice: "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God!"

The saloon is the enemy of man. It bloats his visage, reddens his eyes, seethes his flesh and makes a cesspool and common sewer of the body which was intended to be a temple of the living God. It corrupts his heart, enfeebles his will, paralyses his conscience and sends him through the gutter to the grave. It dulls his moral sense, ruins his character, robs him of his self-respect and eliminates him from God.

The saloon is the enemy of the home. It puts out the fires upon the hearth, empties the barrel and the cruse, transforms the natural protector

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of the family into a fiend incarnate, clothes his wife in rags and dooms his innocent children to suffering and shame. In an article on the "Tenement Houses of New York," in one of our recent periodicals, are two pictures of neighboring apartments. One is the home of a widow. The room is clean and comely. Her face is sad, but lighted by a sweet hopefulness. Her children are playing merrily beside her. The other apartment is next door and the house-band is a drunken brute. His wife is there, bowed down and shamefaced, cheeks sunken and pinched, a poor, despairing thing. His children are ragged and unkempt. The shadow of the brute is over them all.

The saloon is the enemy of the workshop. The American working man is the best and most prosperous on earth. The yeoman of England, with his five acres of ground, is not to be compared with him. The French peasant, drest in wooden sabots and smock-frock and owning a little vineyard on a sunny hillside, is not to be compared with him. The German farmer, content to live from hand to mouth, is not for a moment to be compared with him. He expects to make his way, and is resolved that his children shall be happier and more prosperous than he. All this is true of the sober workman. But the majority of the laboring class in our country are habitual patrons of the saloon. The outlay

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in America for drink is estimated at two billion, five hundred million of dollars per annum, and the largest part of this comes from the pockets of the working men. Two hundred and fifty dollars *per capita*! Allow yourself to think for a moment what a tremendous increase there would be in the health and comfort and happiness of our entire country if only our working men could be persuaded to let the drink alone for a year!

The saloon is the enemy of the State. To talk of municipal reform is mere gasconade so long as there are ten thousand dramshops in one city legalized to corrupt our politics by mobilizing the vicious and purchasable vote. Six thousand of them are owned under chattel mortgage by a syndicate of brewers and distillers; a syndicate controlled by an executive board of twenty men. What does this mean? If five ballots—a moderate estimate, surely—be credited to each saloon you have thirty thousand voters (easily the balance of power) under the domination of twenty men! And such men! While this continues what, in common reason, is to be expected of it?

The saloon is the enemy of the church. It builds up an impassable wall between the soul and Calvary; it engenders a bitter hatred for the things that are true and lovely and of good report; it bars the way to the sanctuary and heaven like the red dragon that guarded the

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gates of the Hesperides. And in New York City there is one church (open on Sunday) for every five thousand people, and one saloon (open seven days in the week) for every hundred and twenty-five!

Well, what is to be done about it! Nothing? Shall we fold our hands and say, "The saloon as an institution has come to stay! It is a necessary evil and we must endure it?" This is moral cowardice. What if it has come to stay? So have smallpox and yellow fever. So have theft and murder and adultery; but shall we, therefore, take no measures to prevent them?

WILL THE WORKING MAN LOSE HIS JOB AND HIS PERSONAL LIBERTY IF THE SALOONS ARE CLOSED? *

THE working man fears being out of work more than he does going to hell. He knows what it means to walk the streets looking for a job. The liquor interests have capitalized upon this fear, and by presenting a staggering array of figures which seem to prove that a calamity will follow the abolition of the liquor traffic, they have persuaded large numbers of working men who never enter a saloon to vote for its retention.

But the argument that the working man will

* From an address by Rev. Charles Stelzle, of New York City.

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lose his job if the liquor traffic is abolished is based upon the absurd proposition that if the liquor dealer fails to get the money now spent for beer and whisky nobody else will get it. To listen to the defenders of the saloon, one would think that nobody likes grapes and cherries and apples unless they come in the form of booze.

It is assumed that the farmer who now sells his grain and grapes, his apples and cherries, to the liquor interests will be compelled to destroy them, when the fact is that figures furnished by the United States Government clearly indicate that the ability of the American farmer to raise enough grain to adequately supply this country is gradually decreasing.

From 1899 to 1909 the acreage in the United States used for raising cereals—corn, wheat, oats, barley, rice—increased 3.5 per cent. The amount actually produced increased only 1.7 per cent., altho the population of our country during this period increased 21 per cent. At this rate it will not take long for the population to catch up with the farmer. Meanwhile the value of these cereals increased 79.87 per cent.

Neither will the railroad man suffer. Only about 2 per cent. of his freight business is furnished by the liquor industry. He will get as much business, and as much money for the transfer of a given amount of grain, whether that grain is shipped to a brewer or a baker. As for the

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transportation of the finished product, as well as the raw materials which the liquor industry now furnishes, there is no doubt that other industries will benefit from the transfer of trade from liquor to some other commodity.

More working men lose their jobs because saloons are open than would be the case were the saloons to be closed. As some one has well said, "When liquor puts a man out of a job it unfits him for another job. When no-license puts a saloon-keeper out of a job it makes him a wealth-producing working man instead of a wealth-destroying working man. It is better that the saloon-keeper should lose his job and get a better one than that dozens of his patrons should lose their jobs and be unfitted for any job."

The Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1913 indicates that for every one million dollars invested in six practical industries, the following number of wage-earners are employed—liquor, seventy-seven; iron, two hundred and eighty-four; paper and printing, three hundred and sixty-nine; leather, four hundred and sixty-nine; textiles, five hundred and seventy-four; lumber, five hundred and seventy-nine.

The ratio of wages paid to capital invested in this group of industries is as follows: liquor 5.6 per cent.; paper and printing 21.3 per cent.; leather 23.5 per cent.; textiles 23.9 per cent.; lumber 27.1 per cent.

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The liquor men argue that some industries employ even fewer workers for every million dollars invested than does the liquor industry, but were one to make a complete analysis of all the industries in question, with reference to the capital invested, the number of workers employed, the ratio of wages received to the amount of capital invested, and the value of the raw materials required, the liquor industry would make a very poor showing.

The slightly higher rate of wages paid in the liquor industry as compared with some other industries is more than overbalanced by the enormous death-rate of those who manufacture and dispense intoxicating liquor. The recent Medico-Actuarial Mortality Investigation, made under the auspices of forty-three of the leading Life Insurance Companies of the United States and Canada, indicates that the death-rate of brewers in this country is 52 per cent. higher than the "expected deaths" in this industry. While that of waiters in restaurants, hotels and clubs, where liquor is served, is 77 per cent. higher than the "expected deaths" in this group. That the death rate in some other industries is also in excess of the average death-rate for all occupied males is not an argument in favor of the liquor business. The liquor industry can not hide behind others' sins.

We spend in this country about \$2,000,000,000

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for intoxicating liquor. About the same sum is spent for bread and clothing. If the \$2,000,000,000 now spent for liquor were to be spent for bread and clothing, it would give employment to nearly eight times as many workers who would collectively receive five and a half times as much wages. It would require over \$650,000,000 worth of additional raw material than the liquor industry now uses—that is, more than five times as much raw material, the production of which would add greatly to the number of workers who would thus be employed.

We undoubtedly receive through taxes on the liquor business large sums of money, but it has been said by reliable authorities that liquor is responsible in this country for 25 per cent. of the poverty, 19 per cent. of the divorces, 25 per cent. of the insanity, 37 per cent. of the child desertion, and 50 per cent. of the crime. In the last analysis who pays for all this? The working man. He pays his taxes, no matter who else evades them, and a very considerable percentage of these taxes is used to care for the wreckage of the liquor business. The working man carries upon his back all non-producers, and those who are cared for by the State are non-producers. The working man is making a heavy contribution to maintain the liquor business and its by-products, even tho he may not patronize the saloon, and even tho he receives no benefit

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from the saloon business, either directly or indirectly.

We have been told that a man has a right to drink as much beer and whisky as he pleases—that he has as much right to drink a glass of whisky as you have to drink a cup of tea. However, you never heard of a man killing another while he was under the influence of tea. In this country there is no such thing as absolute liberty. You may exercise your liberty only in so far as it does not interfere with the liberty of your neighbor.

We talk about the “simplicity” of a democracy. As a matter of fact, a democracy is the most complex form of government. In the United States we have one hundred million inhabitants, every one of whom regards himself as being as good as his neighbor—if not a little bit better. Every one of us must consider the well-being of the rest of the hundred million. In law and in civilization the first consideration is not the individual, but society. Therefore anything that the individual may do which injures society is not permitted. The working man may not spend his wages as he pleases—the law compels him to support his wife and children. He is compelled to send his children to school, even tho he, himself, may not believe in education, for these children are the State’s as well as his own. Every housekeeper is compelled to maintain her kitchen

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and her backyard in a sanitary condition. If she doesn't, the sanitary inspector will get after her.

A man may not do with his own body as he pleases. Suppose he tries to kill it—to commit suicide. If he succeeds, Billy Sunday says he'll go to hell. If he fails, he'll go to jail. And yet if the United States Government should decide to go to war with Germany or any other nation it assumes the right, if necessary, to send him to the front to be shot down. He belongs to the State as well as to himself. We have recently passed most stringent laws against the sale and use of certain kinds of drugs, because of the great injury which their use inflicts upon the human mind and body.

If the State should decide that the saloon is a menace, and that it dispenses poison, then society has a right to say that the saloon must go, no matter how it may affect anybody's personal liberty. We accept the restriction which the State imposes upon us in other relationships. Why not accept it with regard to the saloon, especially since it has been so clearly demonstrated that the interests of the saloon are always opposed to the interests of the working man?

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PROHIBITION AND THE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY *

THE liquor dealers say that their property will be destroyed, and a large number of men thrown out of employment; but there will be no property destroyed—only its use prevented for an immoral business, and there will be for the most part only a change of employment, and the process of adjustment will be rapid.

According to the Federal Census of 1910 there are only 62,000 persons engaged in the liquor business in the United States, and more than this number were killed outright in just three battles of the Civil War.

Three million slaves were liberated in the South, of the average value of \$1,000 each, and other property of all descriptions was wholly destroyed, and millions of debt were piled upon the States, for which they received no benefit by the saturnalia of misrule which existed after the surrender, but the Government never counted the loss of life and treasure, and the South soon rallied her physical and moral forces, accepted the results, and is marching on to the music of the Union to a higher and richer destiny.

In this moral and economic battle we are waging, the States have done their part in creating

* From an address by Former Governor Malcom R. Patterson, of Tennessee.

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public sentiment, in disorganizing and crippling the forces of the liquor traffic; but if their splendid work shall be complete we must strike at the central power.

It is related in fable that a hideous, many-headed monster inhabited the Lernean bogs. It emitted pestilential vapors from its nostrils, darts of fire from its eyes; it terrorized and devoured the people and ravaged all the shores of Argos. One of the tasks set for Hercules was the extermination of this terrible creature, and it was thought that he, as all others, would fail and meet his own destruction. But full of confidence, armed with his mighty club and animated by the hope of relief he might bring the people, Hercules went forth to give battle. He at last came upon the monster and in the contest which ensued he found to his amazement that as fast as he struck off one head another grew in its place. He then discovered that one central head was the source of intelligence and direction, giving to the others the power of reproduction, and the efforts of Hercules were concentrated and redoubled to knock this central head from its neck. As the fight became more furious, a crab was sent up from the sea to pinch his heel and divert his attention. But Hercules found time to kill the crab and with the mighty blows of his club he succeeded at last in knocking off the central head, which he buried deep in the earth, and over its

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grave rolled an enormous stone so that it could never rise again. Having lost the power of reproduction, the other heads were soon dispatched; and when the people heard of the death of the monster, there was loud rejoicing for their deliverance, and Hercules was proclaimed their savior.

This fable, coming from the mists of antiquity, is a fact of the twentieth century civilization; and Truth, like Hercules, has been set a mighty task. She has gone forth armed with the sword of justice, to redeem a land from the monster of the liquor traffic, as many-headed and hideous, as pestilential and terrifying, as that which lived in the Lernean bogs. Like Hercules, she discovered that the heads of the monster, too, have the power of reproduction; that whenever one head is severed, it sprouts again, and she has found the central head which gives life and power to all the rest.

The subsidiary heads which are thus endowed rear themselves in the forty-eight States of the Union and the central head, sleepless, watchful and malignant, rears itself above the Capitol at Washington and derives its life and fatal power of reproduction from the protection and privileges of the Government.

Truth is waging a glorious fight for the people; but as the fight grows fiercest, the critical crabs of personal liberty and States' rights have been

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sent up from the sea to nip her heel and divert her attention; but Truth will find time to dispose of these, and, like Hercules, she will complete her task, and not till then, when she cuts the central head of the liquor traffic from its root in the National Government, buries it, and rolls the heavy stone of outraged humanity over its dishonored grave.

Then the other heads of this modern monster, having lost the power of reproduction, will die, and the people, like those of Argos, will proclaim Truth their savior and honor her name forever.

OUR COUNTRY'S CRIME AGAINST THE CRADLE *

THE paramount problem of the nation is the problem of the child, for the child is the nation in embryo. The influences that touch the children of to-day will determine the character of the nation of to-morrow. In the child we see the future man and the future mother; we see our future commerce, our future home, our future church, our future school and our future republic.

In the American cradle lies the nation's chief wealth, her largest responsibility, her surest defense and her greatest glory. We should cherish

* From an address by Dr. A. C. Bane, of Westerville, Ohio.

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the child as the material out of which we mold citizenship.

As I study child life, especially in the great congested centers of population, I am forced to the conviction that thousands of our children deserve a better birth, better parents, a better home, a better education and a better environment.

There has crept into this nation a malignant enemy to American youth. A serpent has coiled in the American cradle, and momentarily threatens the vigor, character and life of every American child. A foreign foe, armed with a bottle, has been permitted and authorized by our Government to invade every home in the Republic, and for gold, to assault the health, morals and very existence of every baby that blesses our homes, and thus to imperil the future of the nation itself. It is the traffic in alcoholic liquors, personified as John Barleycorn.

The liquor traffic hurts the child, first by hurting its father and mother. Thousands of children are born into this world with poisoned blood, disordered nerves, weakened bodies, and enfeebled minds because of the drink habits of their parents. You may never have been drunk in your life, but if you drink alcoholic liquors you are apt to transmit to your offspring an enfeebled body or mind and handicap them forever. When you look upon a deformed, blind,

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idiotic or feeble-minded child you are generally, tho not always, looking upon the fruit of drink. Liquor is blighting the offspring of drinking parents and degenerating the race. The question of the relation of drink to degeneracy is receiving more public consideration to-day than ever before.

It has been found in Germany, after years of investigation, that of the children born to totally abstaining parents 82 per cent. were born normal, while 18 per cent. were born defective or degenerate; but it was also found that of the children born to regular hard-drinking parents, only 17½ per cent. of them were born normal, while 82½ per cent. were born defective in body, mind, or both.

In Great Britain, of sixty-one children of ten abstaining families examined, fifty were found normal and but eleven defective, while of fifty-seven children of ten heavy drinking families, forty-seven were found defective and but ten normal.

Dr. Levy, of Paris, has recently investigated fifty-nine children of twelve abstaining families and found fifty normal and but nine defective; he also examined fifty-nine children of twelve intemperate families, and found but nine normal and fifty defective or degenerate through their parents' use of liquor.

Scientists in our country have declared that

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65 per cent. of the defective children are made defective by the liquor consumed by their parents or by themselves. Dr. Alexander MacNichol, of New York City, declares that 91 per cent. of the school children of hard-drinking parents in that city are suffering from some functional or organic disease. The Deputy Commissioner of Education in New York State said in a public address on May 18, 1916, that of 2,000,000 children in the public schools of that State, 1,000,000 of them were physically defective. Dr. Foster, of Oakland, California, Director of Health and Sanitation in the public schools of that city, reports that 62 per cent. of the pupils, on examination in 1915, were found physically defective.

What is the future of the nation when 62 per cent. of her children are physically defective? If the defectives among children curst by liquor in our great cities were not counterbalanced by the virile children who live in the country districts not infested with saloons, we would soon have a race unfit for the duties of either peace or war. Unless we stop the use of alcoholic liquors, within a few generations our defective citizens will outnumber the normal and healthy. Then this Republic is doomed.

Dr. MacNichol declares that the number of insane and feeble-minded in this nation has increased 950 per cent. in the last fifty years, largely through the use of alcoholic liquors. Forty

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per cent. of the increasing thousands of feeble-minded children incarcerated in our State institutions had drinking parents. You need no greater reason to fight this traffic.

Liquor is the chief cause of our large infant mortality. Our best medical authorities declare that for every child of totally abstaining parents that dies before reaching two years of age, five children of drinking parents die. Dr. Sullivan declares that 55 per cent. of the children of alcoholic parents die under two years of age. Dr. Knox, of Johns Hopkins University, says that 58 per cent. of all the children born to hard-drinking mothers die before reaching two years of age.

Eighty years ago, when Sweden was a heavy-drinking nation, two hundred babies out of every thousand born died in their infancy. To-day, when Sweden is a strong temperance nation, but eighty babies die out of every thousand born.

In Bavaria, the greatest beer-drinking nation on earth, three hundred babies out of every thousand are born dead, and an average of 69,000 more annually die before they are one year of age. Poisoned to death by the alcohol consumed by their parents. Yet the brewers advertise beer as a "health drink."

In Greater New York one-seventh of all the babies die before they reach one year of age, and this number equals one-fourth of all the deaths in that city. If our livestock lost by

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death as large a proportion of their young, there would rise a universal protest, and a universal effort would be made to prevent it.

The United States Government reports show that the number of living children decreases in proportion to the amount of liquor consumed by their parents, while the number of dead children correspondingly increases. To prevent this criminal slaughter of innocent children should be regarded by our law-makers as their first duty.

The liquor traffic is forcing thousands of children to live in conditions of squalor and poverty; in hovels where there is no sewer nor sunlight nor pure air. They are forced to live in these unhealthy quarters because their parents have wasted their substance for drink and hence can not afford a better home. Such children sicken and die in their infancy. Two hundred thousand babies annually die in this nation, and Jane Addams says one-half of them are preventable deaths. Every drop of blood in our veins should recoil at this slaughter of innocent children by the legalized saloon until we are ready to fight in their defense.

The liquor traffic curses thousands of children with unworthy parents, parents who are unfitted to train them for citizenship, parents whose example in the home bespeaks a profligate child. Recently in California a Superior Judge sentenced a boy to life imprisonment for the death

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of a sixteen-year-old girl. On the same day the same Judge, in the same court-room, committed that boy's father to an insane asylum as a hopeless inebriate through drink. Such a father could give to society only such a son.

Thousands of children annually are deserted by drunken parents, thousands more are taken away from their parents by order of the court because they are unfit to train them. Ninety per cent. of the neglected and dependent children in San Francisco were made dependent on public charity through their parents' drunkenness. An average of about 5,000 babies are smothered to death annually in America by the overlaying of drunken mothers.

Sixty-nine per cent. of the nation's drunkards learned to drink before they were twenty-one years of age; 75 per cent. of our juvenile offenders are offenders as the result of their parents' drink habits; one-third of the divorces are caused by drink, and the children thereby suffer; 22 per cent. of the children of alcoholic parents are suffering from the great white plague, tuberculosis. Drink makes parents utterly unworthy and unfit to bear or to train children, and we will soon be forced to say that men and women must cease to drink or cease to marry.

The liquor traffic gives to thousands of children a vicious and immoral environment in which to live, lowering their ideals, robbing the boy of

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his manliness and the girl of her modesty, and developing in many of them criminal traits. The street is their only playground, and their only associates are the unmoral or immoral. We wonder sometimes why so many of our boys and girls go wrong. The wonder is that under such environment as the saloon creates in our great cities so many of them remain true to God and to the standards of righteousness. To such children the gateway to dissipation and crime is always near and accessible. This explains why the majority of criminals become such before they are twenty-five years of age. One saloon located in your community will curse your children and your children's children, both physically and morally, for generations.

The chief cause of orphanage is drink. In some cities 60 per cent. of the orphans were made orphans by the drink habits of their parents. While we live in our comfortable homes, the American people are to-day rocking a cradle that holds 860,000 liquor orphans, all robbed of their parents by drink. Children were born for homes, not for institutions, and the traffic that robs childhood of its home is childhood's chief foe.

Liquor is chiefly responsible for child labor; there are 2,000,000 children under sixteen years of age in this country working for wages in the sweatshops and factories. Most of them have

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been forced to work because liquor has incapacitated their parents for earning a living. They are thus robbed of an education, robbed of their childhood play, made old before their time and forced into improper associations by the most cruel influence in American life, the organized liquor traffic.

In New York State little children, yes, babies four years old, were found working in the vegetable canneries. The parents of some of those children would get them up at five o'clock in the morning in order to get them ready and to work by seven o'clock, and in the rush season would work them till nine o'clock at night, and when these babies would fall asleep at their work, their mothers would slap them to wake them up that they might earn a few more pennies with which to eke out a miserable existence, because a brute of a man who had promised to support his family was drunk and his babies had to work to support him. The quickest way to stop child labor is to unite to destroy the liquor traffic.

Liquor is robbing our children of an education. Dr. MacNichol, who has examined 50,000 school children in New York City, declares that the children of drinking parents, and the children who are allowed to drink beer and wine with their meals, are the dullards in schools. They can not keep up with their classes because their brains are stupefied by alcohol. On investigation, I

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found in California that the liquor traffic robbed seventeen out of every one hundred children of a grammar school education, and robbed forty-seven out of every one hundred of a high school education. This is explained by the fact that the liquor habit lessens the ambition for an education, that many parents refuse to send their children away from home to a high school if it is located in a city of saloons, and that many when they reach the high school age must stay out of school and work to help support the family because liquor has unfitted the father for supporting his family.

In Prohibition states and cities a much larger per cent. of the children of school age are attending school than in States and cities cursed with saloons. In Maine, under Prohibition, 86.7 of the children of school age are actually attending school. In wet San Francisco but 55 per cent. attend school—while in Indianapolis but 66 per cent. of the children of school age are attending school. Nineteen thousand children of school age in Indianapolis are out of school, or one in every three.

Prohibition Kansas reports the smallest per cent. of illiteracy of any State in the Union. In Kansas City, Kansas, within six months after the saloons were closed, six hundred boys and girls between twelve and sixteen years of age started to school for the first time in their lives.

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They had been forced to stay out of school to help earn a living for their mothers and little brothers and sisters because drink had incapacitated their fathers, but when the saloons were closed, those fathers straightened up and became men and supported their own families, hence their children could then attend school.

An institution that robs our children of an education is putting upon them a double curse. It keeps them in ignorance, and from the ignorant and uneducated classes come the criminal class. You seldom find a college graduate or a high school graduate a criminal. So the liquor traffic robs our youth of the education that equips for the highest usefulness, and educates them for crime. How can the lovers of children longer tolerate this curse?

The liquor traffic deprives our youth of that measure of mental and physical efficiency that qualifies them to meet the highest and most sacred obligations of citizenship.

Their capacity as wealth-producers is diminished, and they become a vast horde of wealth consumers.

They are unable to add to the moral character of the nation, but rather become contributors to all the personal and national vices.

Our youth are unfitted by liquor to be defenders of the nation's flag or of the vital institutions

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of the Republic, but are soon numbered among the foes of good government.

The liquor traffic weakens our Republic's only natural defense by making our young men unfit to bear arms in times of war.

During the Spanish-American War, Colonel Maus, Surgeon of the U. S. Army, reported that 76 per cent. of the young men who applied for enlistment were found physically or mentally unfit to serve, either from their own drink habits or from the drink habits of their parents. Captain Pinkston, recruiting officer for the United States Marine Corps, stationed in New York City, reports that among the nearly 12,000 young men in New York who applied for enlistment in 1915, only 2.8 per cent. were found physically qualified to serve, and reporting for all the recruiting stations in the nation says that but a little more than 9 per cent. of the total number who applied for enlistment could pass the physical examination. Congress recently authorized the adding of 20,000 more men to our regular army to recruit the army to its maximum strength, to meet the difficult situation in Mexico. But of the young men who have applied, less than one in five have been found physically fit to enlist. A United States Army recruiting officer in Western New York told me in May that he had been able to accept but one out of every eight who had applied for enlistment. Where is

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our boasted defense, when but 9 per cent. of the young men of the nation are qualified to follow the flag and fight in defense of the nation's honor? Congress is much exercised over the subject of preparedness. It is planning more guns and battleships for our army and navy, but more than we need guns and battleships, we need men physically, mentally and morally qualified to carry the guns and man the battleships. The greatest step this nation could take for preparedness, would be to prohibit the further manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors and give us National Prohibition, destroying totally the liquor traffic, which, if unchecked, will soon leave us a weak, degenerated, decadent and defenseless nation.

Our nation's birth-rate is decreasing, hence the necessity of preserving, strong and clean, the lives of as many as possible of the children who are being born. What is there to encourage motherhood among the wives of America, if they must bear children only to see them debauched and destroyed by a cruel traffic encouraged by the nation, against which they have no power to protect them?

The Government protects our cattle, hogs, horses and sheep from disease; protects our cotton, our corn and our fruit from pests; and protects the deer, dove and duck from the gun of the sportsman.

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Is it not about time that we as a nation were protecting our children, born in God's image, they only who can defend and perpetuate the Republic and her institutions? There will come a time in this Republic when we would call out the army and navy and batter down any brewery, distillery or saloon that would undertake to make or sell liquor to poison our youth.

Let us drive out the liquor traffic and give our children a chance to become the kind of men and women who make and preserve great nations.

DESTROYING THE GREAT DESTROYER *

THE great war is having a far-reaching influence throughout the whole civilized world. Not only in turning the thoughts of men to their country and to humanity, and toward the great realities of life and death, but also in extending the educational knowledge of the truth and tragedy of alcohol throughout the masses of humanity everywhere. There can be but one result; the cause of Prohibition must now rapidly ripen and the present generation is destined to destroy the great destroyer and inaugurate a new era in the life history of the human race.

We must hasten the writing of Prohibition into

* From an address by Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama and Illinois.

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the Constitution of the United States and the calling together in America of a Great Conclave of all Nations, where Jew will join Gentile, where Protestant will join Catholic, where Celt and Slav and Saxon and Teuton and Latin, where yellow man and black man and brown man and white man, will all join hands and take common action to outlaw the liquor traffic from international commerce and quickly insure that the debauching of the young shall end, that the young generation shall grow up sober, thus completing the greatest reform of all ages.

In this great warfare we have the eternal question of contending forces, but great liquor forces comprising brewers, distillers, wholesalers, jobbers, retailers and allied trades are entrenched in the appetites, habits, social customs, politics, and institutions of the world. The warfare, therefore, is in the nature of trench warfare. We must cut off as fast as possible all enemy communications with moral and uplift forces, and must rapidly align these forces on our side. The resort to the organic law and the wording of the proposed amendment to the constitution enable us to do this. Liquor can not claim to be protecting individual liberty, the home, or any other righteous cause, but only asking to be allowed to use the public channels of trade to carry on its work of death and destruction. In my address before the convention at Atlantic City, I dis-

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cust in some detail the question of our forces—men, material, and operation. I simply make the following suggestions in the way of supplemental recommendations:

In *Recruiting* we should federalize all States and local forces and should get each individual person, man or woman, whether a member of a temperance organization or cooperative with one, to become a recruiting agent in a general "catch-my-pal" movement. We should particularly further develop the working cooperation of all ministers and officials of the churches for personal work among the members of our congregations, and we should, as far as practical, have mass meetings in public halls with energetic advertising, so as to extend our hearing to those who do not attend churches. It would be advisable to appoint a committee of each denomination to take charge of the extension of our work in that denomination. The special effort should be made for rapid extension in the Episcopal Church and Catholic Church. Also among adult Sunday schools and other church societies, the Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A.

In *Organizing* we are in a position to bring together all our forces as never before, and the time has come to develop a Prohibition clearing house, which, without any new powers, would by common consent bring together and harmonize the officials of all temperance and Prohibition

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and moral forces, thus insuring efficiency in all Prohibition enterprises; supporting union meetings, conducting educational campaigns, political campaigns and all other enterprises looking toward the destruction of the liquor traffic. The national Prohibition clearing house would embrace *ex officio* national officers of temperance, Prohibition, church and other national uplift organizations. This national clearing house should meet once a year, preferably in Washington, D. C., the first week in December.

Clearing houses should be rapidly developed in all congressional districts that are doubtful, and in townships, counties and States where Prohibition fights are pending.

It would be well to develop the idea of enlisting along with the idea of giving the natural support, when pledge cards are distributed.

In raising money we should systematize our appeals not only within churches but particularly in union meetings and great public meetings in public halls.

In operation, we should remain always on the offensive, attacking along the whole line. In township, county, State and nation, we should proceed to wound the liquor traffic by statutory enactments such as Prohibition in the District of Columbia, denying liquor advertising and literature the use of the mails in Prohibition territory and then everywhere, and denying the liquor

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traffic altogether the use of interstate commerce and commerce with foreign nations.

Our success will be commensurate with our efforts in reaching the masses of the people with the truth about alcohol and the awful tragedy of the liquor traffic. On account of the intrenchment of error on the subject, we must use the power of suggestion and the psychological method, gradually bringing home to the individual mind the realization of the truth. The rest will follow. If our work is effective, we will see the rousing of the deepest instincts of life, self-preservation, advancement, protection of offspring, preservation of nation and race, together with the highest forms of consecration, service, self-sacrifice, making the strongest call to duty that has ever come to man. When the heart is thus aroused, it only remains necessary to show the way, organize the public will, and crystallize it into national policy. No power on earth can stand in the way of our final success.

In the order of nature if a family and a nation are sober and total abstainers, they tend not only to continue to have a natural increase, but to rapidly rise and produce a noble race of thoroughbred men and women. We have thoroughbred corn and cotton. We have produced thoroughbred horses and dogs; it is time to end liquor's reign of degeneracy and begin to produce a thoroughbred race of men.

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With reasonable attention crops, flocks, herds, reproduce, develop, and rise indefinitely along the line of their evolution, but a nation only rises to fall. It is only born to die. Science has now revealed the astounding tragedy that the human race, the crowning masterpiece of creation for long centuries, has been systematically poisoned with the specific for degeneracy, bringing down upon its head the curse of nature, disease, premature death, till mankind groans with the mill-stone of degeneracy swung from its neck.

I do not underestimate the importance of preparedness; for nearly twenty years I have pleaded with my countrymen in season and out of season, in Congress and out of Congress, to seriously consider this important question. I do not underestimate the importance of other issues, but in the light of these recent discoveries of science we must conclude that National Prohibition is the supreme issue of our day and that the paramount duty we owe, each one of us, not only to our own children and to our own country, but to humanity, to nature, and to nature's God, is that each one of us should do his legitimate part so that in the shortest length of time our generation may cut the millstone of degeneracy and remove the curse of nature and at last give the human species a chance to rise.

No one of us through his own neglect would

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delay by one day the coming peace in Europe, for we remember the dead, the dying on the battlefields; but those battlefields do not average two thousand killed a day, the average in America slain by liquor.

When a soldier falls in battle the bullet that pierces his heart can not reach his character, and his soul rises in the universe without a wound. Character is the line of human evolution. Alcohol's ravages are the deadliest. When an autopsy is performed on an alcoholic, the victim of acute alcoholism, it is found that the wonderful delicate gray matter in the top part of his brain, the seat of his activities that distinguish him from the brute and link him to God, has been wiped out, and inert white scar tissue has been formed in its place. The victim's character has rotted away. He has been butchered, soul as well as body. It is bad enough to butcher the mortal body; who can measure the tragedy of butchering any mortal soul. Two thousand of our fellow citizens, children of the same father, our brothers, for whom our Savior died, are stretched out every day in premature death, butchered in soul as well as in body, in order that a few thousand citizens may continue to enrich themselves.

Scores and scores of thousands of little children are dying every year from these cruel wounds, inflicted upon their helpless, innocent

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little lives before they are born, at the hands of their own parents.

Our brothers must be butchered by wholesale like cattle, soul as well as body, four-fifths of our promising boys must be captured and the wholesale slaughter of the innocents must continue in order that a few thousand brewers, distillers, wholesalers and retailers, may continue to enrich themselves. America and the nations of to-day must perish like the nations of the past, and the human race with its spark of immortality must become extinct.

A WOMAN'S BUSINESS *

My profession, the medical profession, has at last gone out of partnership with John Barleycorn. The June, 1916, edition of the American Pharmacopœia knocked the last prop out from under the drug-store blind tiger; for the drug stores, you know, have been selling booze for medicine. In the June edition, the new edition of the American Pharmacopœia—it is a book in which we list every drug that we dare to use as medicine—we didn't list alcohol one time. Brandy is not there; whisky is not in there; beer, wine, Hostetter's bitters are left squarely out of the American Pharmacopœia because my profession is ready to say to the gentleman who pre-

* From an address by Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel.

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ceded me that alcohol is not a medicine, but a habit-forming drug.

What of it? Now wait a minute, you men; listen. I have a right to talk to you because you are woman's business; you belong to us. Yes, you; of course you do. You are our babies. Some of you we are ashamed of, and some of you we are proud of. You are fathers, and husbands, and lovers, and some others, but you belong to woman; you belong to her as her son, as her husband; you are her product, if you please. Some of you have turned out all right. You have turned out all right, God bless you of the Anti-Saloon League.

Now, listen a minute. I want to tell you that anything that gets in your way, that thing is in the way of a woman's business. I am old-fashioned, desperately old-fashioned; I want you to know I am a suffragette. But in spite of the suffrage, in spite of the freedom that the twentieth century has given my sex (and it has given us freedom; we women folks may choose to practise law, or medicine; we may do anything we choose, and you allow us to do that under the stars and stripes), I am just old-fashioned enough to hark away back to all the ages and hear Him, the Master of all lands, calling us women folk to our business.

It is a woman's business to raise men. Do you know that it takes two women to raise one

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good man? Yes, it does. It takes his mother twenty straight years; that is a long time to put on a straight piece. If you men had to put twenty-one years on one piece you would jump your job. And then she, the mother, turns that unfinished piece over to another woman, his wife. Sometimes it takes more than one wife to finish the job. But, done rightly, it's worth it.

Listen, while I read out of God's own word His definition of you, His definition of your son, your mother. Listen: "Made in the image of God; God the Father; God the Son; God the Holy Ghost."

Woman's business reaches beyond the tomb. You men folk are spending your lives—some of you—raising hogs; a beautiful job you've done. Some of those hogs are a credit, but we are not raising live-stock; we are raising sons of God.

Listen again: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear——." Oh, man, born of woman, that is a tremendous definition—son of God. Little mother in this room, did you say you were not a Prohibitionist? Hear me tell you right now that it is your business to raise sons for God Almighty. Your business means you are to do everything in your power to raise that son so that he shall be a great credit to the great I AM in whose image he was made.

If you are not a Prohibitionist now, at this

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minute, you should become one out and out for the sake of your business. God gave us the business of man-raising. It doesn't matter what else we go into. You are our first business. It is an awful job to raise a man. One baby out of every two dies before it matures. A woman goes almost to the door of her death to bring back a man child; she literally raps at the door of her own grave to give him life, and for one rapturous, transcendent minute she holds him to her heart and then slips him back in his grave. Mothers' hearts ache to breaking for the babies that are not.

Well, we have just one left out of every two, and out of that one-half of our offspring we must make all the great men in the world. We must make the doctors and the lawyers; we must make the judges and the farmers—God bless them; and we must make that splendid body of sons of God standing behind the desk; we must make the governors for States which must answer the call of dear old Union when she wants a president. We must make men fit for the presidency. Well, do we do it? We are making some great men. But, in addition to the good men whom we turn out from the American home, we are making a tremendous lot of human junk, just junk. I speak as a physician on the authority of the great race betterment convention.

It is sad that in the big, wide world the home

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has turned out 500 per cent. more feeble-minded children in the last fifty years than it ever did before. That isn't all. Listen this time with the ear of your heart; listen to the clang! clang! clang! of the ball and chain from the ankles of 240,000 of our sons; 240,000 criminals in the United States of America. I speak for myself, the women of the world. We bore them, if you please. Lord Shaftsbury says one out of every two of the insane folks are insane because of alcohol in first, second, third generation. The criminology of this America of ours tells us definitely that sixty-two out of every one hundred of our sons who are behind prison bars are there on account of alcohol only. Oh, men, if I were raising stock, if I were in the chicken business, if I were raising hogs, you would hear me this afternoon while I plead for the putting out from the United States of America a poison that would destroy hogs or hens. Aye, but I am pleading for a bigger thing than hogs. Straight from the hand of God motherhood was called to her business, and I am begging you, our sons, our brothers, our husbands, our lovers, to do and to do to a finish this job you have undertaken, for we can not bear it any longer to go down there to the door of death and bring back men, and then to give you junk instead of men.

Can't you see it? If you can see it, then I pray you, in the name of home, to go out from

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this convention and work as you have never worked before. You are too slow. You sit here in this convention and felicitate each other. You say Prohibition is coming. Aye, and I came away from my office, as I did just yesterday, to meet this convention, and I left a mother there, wringing her hands over the death of an idiot baby. I didn't wring my hands; I said, "Thank the Lord God Almighty that he no longer breathes." When I saw that broken home, I said, "I will go to that convention and I will make those men understand, God helping me, that they move too slow!" That baby was born since the Anti-Saloon League was born, and it shouldn't have been born curst with its father's sin. Every three minutes one man staggers into a drunkard's grave! If there was a poison flowing through the hog meadows that killed one hog every three minutes, you men would get a move on. One son of a mother goes to a drunkard's grave every three minutes.

Sixty out of every hundred cases of Bright's disease are caused by alcohol! The race betterment convention of the United States of America said that. Now, listen; you ought to live one hundred and twenty years; did you know it? Every animal that lives to grow up should live six times as long as it took to grow up. Therefore, you are entitled to one hundred and twenty years of life, and then you should go to pieces all

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at once; but you don't do it that way. You go limping around, dead in spots—dead kidneys, dead stomachs, dead eyes. In the year 1914 in the United States of America we lost 56,000 more middle-aged men than ever before. Have you ever reflected, it is the middle-aged man that is worth while? They don't want a doctor out of college; I can speak feelingly on that subject. What I knew when I got out of college is only equaled now by what I know I don't know. You want a lawyer with an education, experience added to education. We lost 56,000 more of them in the year 1914 than ever before, and they died of four diseases (1) Bright's disease. What causes Bright's disease? Sixty per cent. of Bright's disease is caused by alcohol. (2) They died of arterio-sclerosis—hardening of the arteries. The little white blood-cells put out of commission by moderate drinking. (3) They died of heart disease. Nobody yet has estimated what percentages of persons died of heart disease due to alcohol, but it is my personal opinion that 60 per cent. of the deaths by heart disease are caused by alcohol, due to moderate use. Then come over across the sea and study, as I did, in St. Petersburg, Russia, and know that (4) cancer of the stomach has increased 500 per cent. in the past few years. Eighty-two cases out of every one hundred of cancer of the stomach are produced by moderate drinking.

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I am still reminding you that it is a woman's business to raise a man, and it is a woman's business to raise a man not dead in spots. Now, then, you say, "If all these things are true" (I fancy you are answering), "if alcohol in moderate doses injures a man's eye-sight, his brain, his efficiency, and all that, why don't you educate the people and they will leave it alone?" They will not do it. You give us Prohibition, and after you prohibit the stuff we will tell them what it did to them, and they will believe it; but as long as they can get it they say, "It may hurt the other fellow, but it won't hurt us." So we have got to have nothing but nation-wide Prohibition to protect us in this great matter.

Oh, men, I wish I could get right into your hearts. I wish I could make you feel this as I do. I wish I could make you know that you have protected every other business in the world but our business; you have protected every creature in the world but the mother. The trout in the stream—no matter how much you want trout—at certain seasons of the year you can't have. You put up your hook and line. You can't fish for trout now, they say, because the babies are coming. Do you see the birds in the tree-tops sing and swing there because you protected the bird when it was about to be a mother? You protected her in the business of motherhood. You

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protect the wild beasts in the jungle. You can't even shoot a bull moose out of season.

You protect every business but ours, and failing to protect our business you have jeopardized the United States of America, for you can't make a country great with great hogs; you can't make a country great with great mines; you can't make the great West with great minerals, nor with great business of any kind except the business of home-making and motherhood, the business of man-making. When from the American home there goes forth the sound, strong, clean-cut, finished man, we shall have a nation that can defend the world, a nation that will take her place, the glory place that we talk about.

Ninety thousand babies are born blind in the United States as a by-product of this miserable traffic, the only excuse for which is to get revenue. Hear the baby calling. It has no language but a cry; the most helpless thing on the face of the earth; it can't balance itself on its queer, dear, little dimpled feet. Hear that baby calling to you, Mr. Voter. You are the only power that is known in the United States except the power of God. You have power to put out of the baby's way the thing that hurts it so. Then answer the baby's call, you men of the Anti-Saloon League, and make America dry quick for the sake of the baby.

Then, listen again. Think of the little mother

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who bore you, and while you think of her, think of the six millions of us who work day and night in the mills, who work in the factories, trying to earn daily bread and at the same time raise sons for Old Glory.

Look at the flag, and listen to the tramp of soldier boys' feet. Look at those red stripes there, red with the best blood that ever flowed through human veins. Your sires and mine put that in the flag, and it is the color of their blood, for they shed it for liberty. Look at the white stripes, white with the virtue of motherhood, the holy purity of womanhood; look at the old banner up there; see the glory stars set in the blue of God's eternal truth; then listen, listen to our boys as they sing, "The flag never touched the ground once, the old flag never yet was down." Hear me, while I say to you that as long as God gives motherhood to America, that long will mothers say to their sons, "Be true; hold up the old flag," and that long will our sons answer the call and hold up Old Glory where she belongs.

She never did touch the ground; she never shall touch the ground. Now wait a minute. Can you hold her up in the hands of idiots? Can you hold her up in the hands of lunatics? No. Can she be held in her place of power if she is held in the hands of criminals? No. Can she be held up there in the hands of drunkards? No. It takes real men, and nothing but real men, to

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keep the old banner where she belongs. Then give us men in the name of the home; aye, give us men in the name of God. Greece is gone; look at Rome. She ruled the world for five hundred years. She was dry territory. Then she began dispensing red liquor to her sons, and her sons became junk, and dragged the country down; for you can only make a nation great with men. With the decline of the manhood of the nation came the decline of the nation, and the Dark Ages began.

Go past the sixteenth, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, the nineteenth, to the wonders of the twentieth century. Then, like a bolt out of the blue came the thunders of war. Hear me; the rivers run red with the world's best. Great sires are being shot to death, and shortly the old world will have no great sires and great sons. You can't have great sons without great sires. Now, America, will you let Russia do better than you can do? Will you let France lead you? Will you hear the noble king of England as he turns his glass down and declares for Prohibition, for total abstinence, and will you still think that you dare go on with drink? I ask you in the name of all nations to quickly, quickly give us nation-wide Prohibition here in America. Go out of this convention with your head bowed and your soul hushed; look, if you will, at the baby; listen to the mother's call, and the call of the

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flag, and go out of this convention praying that prayer that Kipling taught us; pray it as you never prayed before: "Lord, God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget"—lest we forget a baby in its helplessness; lest we forget a mother in her pain; lest we forget Old Glory in her need of men; lest we forget a dying world as she calls for help; lest we forget Christ on Calvary. Lord, God of hosts, be with my America now, for it seems to me we have forgotten!

A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE *

In 1868 I was ten years of age. My father was a United States Senator from the State of Illinois, having been elected in 1865 at the expiration of his term of office as governor of that State. One day in 1868 this father of mine wrote a letter to my mother, and I am going to quote it to you, and I quote it without shame. He was born in Kentucky; his father was born in Virginia; and his father, my grandfather, rode through the old Cumberland Gap, head up, eye alight, sword aloft, afraid of neither God, man, nor devil—yes, afraid of God, that was all—with his young bride behind him, one hundred and thirty years ago next Saturday, when Kentucky was a dark country.

* From an address by Former Governor Richard Yates, of Illinois.

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This old father of mine wasn't afraid of anything that walked on two legs; not a bit of it, but this was the letter he wrote my mother:

"Dear Kate: The impeachment trial of the President, Andrew Johnson, is coming off, and it will last a hundred days in the awful heat of Washington. Now, you know my weakness." (He was a Kentucky man; they drank good whisky in those days, but they drank it, and I have heard the ministers of the gospel weren't above taking a little tonic sixty years ago.) "And my enemies will unhorse me, Kate, and keep me from my seat in the United States Senate if they can; but I think if you will come on and sit every day in the north Senate gallery that I can endure. *P. S.* Bring the boy." (I was the boy.)

She was just like a little faded flower that would fold up and fly away, and she never had a well day afterward in all her life, but she struck for Washington as fast as steam and train could take her, and every day when she would come in and sit in the north Senate gallery he would take out his handkerchief and wave it to her. "Thank God, Kate, I'm still here." And there she sat, a little figure in black, a hundred days during that mighty impeachment trial, and I just want to say this: He was a mighty Senator of the United States, and that mighty Sena-

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tor was helped to his mighty duty by a little woman in black in the north gallery.

Whenever I go to Washington, I go up in that north Senate gallery and sit down where she sat down. Do you think I owe anything to the American saloon? Do you think I owe anything to alcohol? I'll tell you; had it not been for alcohol that mighty sacrifice would not have been necessary.

THE SALOON AND DEMOCRACY *

THERE is no need of my telling you that the most outstanding social fact, taking the world over to-day the most outstanding social fact—I mean in the broad aspect—is that movement toward increasing social control which we call the modern democratic movement. We do not need to be told of its triumphs in this country. While the world-wide triumphs may be hindered somewhat by the progress of the terrible wars to which the nations have come, nevertheless the normal movement in the nations beyond the sea is the movement toward increasing social control, and this movement is taking place practically everywhere. Even in some lands that we have been accustomed to think of as unreached by the modern influence of Christendom; lands far beyond the seas, in other parts of the world.

* From an address by Bishop Francis McConnell, of Denver, Colorado.

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The movement finds expression not only in political life; it finds expression in industrial life, in ecclesiastical life, in educational life, everywhere. While the forms of expression of the movement change, and while the measures of one generation are not precisely the same as the measures of the other generations, yet the masses of the people are coming more and more to take control in their own name, and for themselves to speak in the larger interests of humanity.

Now the question I wish to discuss is this. Is there any way that you can place the saloon as an institution in the modern democratic movement? I do not think there is. Government in these days, if it is to be a government of democracy at all, is a government by discussion, and the first point I wish to make is this: that the saloon, as an institution, always makes a poor candidate simply because it can not bring its reasons out into the light. You never yet have seen or heard a respectable speech, an intellectually respectable speech, made in behalf of the saloon, and we can't have democracy if we can't have discussion of the kind that pulls all there is to be known about an issue out into the light; and the minute you pull all that is to be known about the saloon into the light, that moment the saloon is doomed, and everybody knows it.

First of all, you simply can not make a decent

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or respectable discussion in its behalf. One peril to democracy is the existence of causes that you must simply jam through. You must keep your mouth shut and jam them through if you are going to get votes at all, and that must always be the policy of a saloon in a democracy, and that policy is distinctly anti-social and undemocratic.

Democracy is on trial for its very life, and if democracy is to succeed or fail, it must succeed or fail partly by its success or failure in answering this question—Does it give itself to the advocacy, aye, and the enforcement of causes that can be discussed in the full light of publicity?

When has anybody ever heard a campaign in behalf of the saloon that was intellectually respectable? You simply can not discuss the saloon and do it with any measure of self-respect; if you have either a sense of respect or adequate sense of humor, it is simply absurd. Take two arguments used at every attempt at discussion. The first is that old, old argument in behalf of personal, individual liberty. We must have the saloon business because that makes a test of liberty; we must be free to use it or not, and I have heard that argument dressed up and put upon the pages of the very respectable monthly magazines in our country. You won't stand for that argument for one minute in any other connection. If you drink typhoid germs, and your body

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becomes resistant, are you going to allow them to exist in the water systems simply because it may make a few people immune to typhoid? Hardly. We are thinking of the great mass of common people, and the great importance of the common good, and that is what democracy always is thinking about and always must think about. We have passed away from the old personal, individualistic democracy, and it never will return.

The kind of democracy into which we are entering is one that lays more stress on the social value. In the old days of the frontier, if a man didn't like his neighbors, he could move on, and could do with himself just as he pleased. If a man wanted to get drunk, in those days, he could lie around and become sober; but we have passed over, with the passing away of the free land, from that age to a more social form of democracy, and in these days we can't get away from the neighbor, and it becomes a matter of consequence to us what the neighbor does, and we have to make shift to get along with him; and therefore we insist he must live up to certain requirements. He must not poison the well of common life, and he can say what he pleases about personal liberty, but in these days, and the days to come, we are taking more and more liberty with the doctrine of personal liberty itself. It must be modified into harmony with the ideas

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of the large social conscience. Oh, we say, let every man go to the devil in his own way. Some people say that a man has a right to go to the devil. Well, if he could go off on Crusoe's Island and go to the devil, there might be something said for it; but a man can't go to the devil in the sight of my children in his own way or anybody else's way. There is a limit to personal liberty. We have to insist in the name of society that some things simply can not stand.

Take the other argument: The inefficiency of Prohibition. Somebody says it doesn't prohibit. I don't suppose that any prohibitory law enacted from the beginning of time ever has absolutely prohibited; but we don't think of doing away with the other prohibitions. The ten commandments have been prohibitive, but never actually enforced. Men will come and say to us, as sometimes saloon men say, "Why, if you have Prohibition, an anti-saloon enactment, we will sell just as much liquor, even more." In dealing with the saloon I find out first what the saloon doesn't want, and then move along that line. If the saloon really could sell more liquor under Prohibition law, they would be clamoring for Prohibition. They have no large public interest about that matter. They are moved by their own interest. But you can't tell me that when a prohibitive law is made in any measure effective it doesn't interfere with the sale of liquor, be-

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cause it does. A man said to me in Indianapolis some time ago: "You have Prohibition in a certain county in Indiana; I can go down there and in fifteen minutes get a drink." Well, say fifteen minutes to get a drink; before we had the Prohibition law there you could get it in a half minute. If you enacted a law that made it impossible to find the baker shop short of fifteen minutes' hunting, it would cut down the sale of bread. We make no claims for the best show windows and best corners on the streets, and say they must always have the best place to get their goods before the public eye. We see how absurd that is. Suppose I went into the bread business and I had to go round an alley and give a certain kind of password, a rap on the door in the dark, before I could get a loaf of bread—would that help the bread business?

Now you see I am simply bringing that forward to show that the whole movement, the discussion, I mean, in the face of common sense, is absurd. If society desires in these cases to enact a Prohibition law, it can enact it. And, after all, the only inherent right in the whole matter is the right of society to protect itself, and any other kind of right can be ridden over, if necessary, in the name of a large movement toward democracy.

In the first place, then, I say that in a modern democracy the saloon makes a poor candidate for

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the suffrages of the people because it can not be discust. It must be put through irrespective of the reasons. It must be put through whether or no, and that is a harmful element in any democracy.

In the next place, the saloon is a poor institution because when it wins it is a very poor winner. If an institution will win in a modern democracy it must accept this for its platform and program: It is a trustee, acting in the name of a common good. Can you get any name acting on the common good? The only good they will act in favor of is the good of their particular interest.

We have to combine power with responsibility. We give certain institutions great power and hold them strictly responsible. Will the saloons accept responsibility in any trusteeship? They will not. At least, they haven't done so up to date. When you talk about predatory wealth in this country, and I think there is a good deal to be said against it, and on another occasion I may say some things myself, if you take a legitimate institution like a railroad you can bring the board of directors to a sense of responsibility; to a sense of adequate trusteeship. You can take any great interest of industry or transportation and you can bring them to accept public control because they are public trustees, having in mind the great interest of the common people because

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there is a way they can save the people, and they can be brought to see that point of view.

Can you bring any organization of brewers or distillers to any sense of trusteeship? Can you appeal to them on the basis of the common good? No, you can not; and that primarily for the reason that they are not in business for the public good. They are in business in a selfish sense, and if there is any reason in the attack on predatory wealth there is all the more reason for attack on predatory wealth that simply thinks of its own welfare always and has no way of making that welfare coincident with the public.

If I were running a saloon, what would be my object? I suppose the object of everybody else running the liquor traffic; first, to sell more liquor; get the same persons that are now drinking the liquor to drink more. In the second place, to get more persons to drink liquor, and the great place to get them is to take the rising generation as they come on. Is that guarding public health and public good? I can go to heathen countries and sell there, but those two motives have to be my motives—to sell more liquor to the same persons now drinking, or find other persons to drink the liquor in larger quantities.

You can not put the saloon into power and separate it from those principles. It is for the

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advantage of the country that the people buy more transportation and more clothing, and buy more fuel, and those businesses can be pushed ahead on the basis of the common good. You can not push the liquor business ahead on the basis of any common good in the modern democracy. It is a poor winner and ought to go down.

In the next place the saloon is not only a poor candidate and poor winner, when it wins, but it is a poor loser when it loses. I have happened to have something to do in Mexico in my relation with the Methodist Church, and one reason you can not have democracy in Mexico is simply because the Mexicans are poor losers. Any man that is out-voted goes out in active protest, takes a gun, and gathers a body of men around him. Now I don't think that is necessary in Mexico, and I am absolutely pro-Mexico in a great many ways because of my relation to fine people that I know down there; but if you think we are to condemn Mexico it is because it is a poor loser.

You take an institution with branches all over the country and condemn that because it is a poor loser. They break the law any way they can, and there is no way you can modify this statement, I think, in so far as the high moral point of view is concerned. There is no way of taking any other stand to a saloon because it is this when it loses—it is essentially an outlaw.

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It tries to get away from Prohibition in any way conceivable, in any way possible. By hiring lawyers to find a way around the law, by hiring officials that can be corrupted; it is the worst loser of all the institutions on earth. Now if we are going to have a democracy, and we are going to have liquor standing up claiming the votes of democracy, if we are going to put things into power in the name of increasing social control, we have to learn, all of us, to be poor losers; we have to adjust ourselves and work in legitimate ways for the days when we can triumph. Not by breaking laws or buying legislators, not by corrupting courts and hiring lawyers to find ways around the clear intent of the law. I say, the saloon is the poor loser.

What is the problem of modern democracy? It is to take a great mass and work it over into an organization, into a body. We haven't gotten beyond St. Paul's statement yet that we are to become a body in Christ. That means coordination and adaptation of part to part.

Democracy is not a great steam-roller aggregate. It is something to be coordinated together and made into an organism. How does the saloon fit into that? Does it make for coordination? A man drinks and sends fiery liquor to his brain and staggers, becomes dizzy, stutters and stumbles in his speech, and let a social organism like ours tolerate in its midst a saloon? That is anti-

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democracy and anti-social, and unrighteous, and so far as the large message of the civilization of it, that point or particular organism is concerned, they stagger and speak in uncertain tones.

Here we stand out as a great nation of liberty. We tolerate an institution that makes drink against liberty. That is what I mean by a social organism staggering and stuttering as a drunken man. We must walk clearly, with clear speech; we must have brain that thinks clearly. I mean the whole social organism, and the quickest way, it seems to me, to bring us to that clear-minded and open-eyed and direct utterance is to simply do away with those evils that move directly against the large interests of the people.

How can we improve the saloon to fit it into modern democracy? I think I know. Years ago, long before any present crises arose—I am not talking about a present crisis at all, but in the days of the near eastern question as it is called—a number of statesmen were discussing together how to improve the Turkish system of administration, and the Turkish empire—not the individual, but the institution—and they discust and discust, and discust. One wise man finally said the only way to improve it is to improve it off the face of the earth. And it is the only way I can see that we can handle this very grave evil.

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We talk about the influence of money power in politics. This is corrupt money and works in the line of corruption. The only way I can see that we can improve the saloon in dealing with the modern improvement is simply to improve it off the face of the earth.

THE HOW AND WHEN *

WE hear much from liquor sources about the "legitimate dealers" and "honorable brewers and distillers." There are none. The lid-lifting spectacle at Girard, Ala., in a dry state, where the authorities uncovered more than a million dollars' worth (estimated values) of liquors, stored away to be peddled out in defiance of law from automobiles and otherwise, much of which came from Louisville, the home of that sweet-scented shrub known as the Model License League, is the answer to the silly twaddle of one Thomas Gilmore, who pleads guilty to being the owner and abettor of that crime-breeding institution.

There is no virtue it has not outraged and no crime it has not committed in the futile effort at self-defense. To-day it stands stript of commercial value, of moral worth, of legal standing, of scientific sanction. It is utterly impoverished, but, like the criminal vagrant, it pleads for a

* From an address by Dr. P. A. Baker, of Westerville, Ohio.

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few days more of life. But everything in the world that is of good report is against it, and it must die.

How shall the execution be conducted? There are but two methods suggested. One is the partizan method and the other is the non-partizan, or omni-partizan. Moral suasion, commercial efficiency, and scientific findings are tremendous factors in hastening the obsequies. But the final blow must be dealt by governmental enactment followed by strict law enforcement policies.

There are three classes of people who believe in the partizan policy of dealing with this question, and for the following reasons:

1. Those who honestly and sincerely believe that the problem can not be finally solved except through the agency of a political party specifically championing this cause as a paramount issue. These are sincere people who, tho mistaken, just as honestly desire the overthrow of the traffic as any other class of advocates.

2. Those who are not overburdened with a compelling conscience in the matter, but who believe it is, or is to be, a great political issue that is soon to dispense partizan, political preferment. While they may be anxious that the traffic be overthrown, they are equally anxious that it be not done until the party idea triumphs and they somehow can be associated with it from that standpoint.

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3. Those who see the great evils of the traffic and are anxious that it be overthrown, but who have not the sustained industry and virility out of which real reformers are made. They find it easy to convince themselves that the party idea is right, and thereby excuse themselves from all responsibility connected with the evils of the traffic by simply voting a party ticket. Unquestionably this has the merit of being a comfortable way of discharging great obligations. It likewise has the sanction of the liquor traffickers themselves.

To vote any party ticket in great centers like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and scores of others, as a means for overthrowing the traffic in such centers, is about as ludicrous as attempting to put out the fires of Vesuvius with a garden hose.

The man who bravely announces his opposition to all half-way policies and measures may be a fine idealist, but he is not the type of man to go to war with if you expect to win victories. The velocity of the wind is not nearly so important as the direction in which it blows.

In the South men support Prohibition who are not Prohibitionists, because they are to receive preferment from the only party there is. They must support Prohibition not for the good of the party, but for their own political safety.

To hang the issues of State and national Pro-

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hibition upon the exigencies of a political party, where there is more than one party, is an unpardonable folly. Any moral issue that is not sectional but universal in its evil effects that is entrusted to the opportunism of a party, will sooner or later be destroyed in the house of its friends. There is no suggestion in this that political parties should never, by platform, adopt the policies of those who advocate moral reforms. If the reform is to be permanently successful, it will not be adopted by the political parties out of persistent request from the reformers, but because the reform so commands the favorable consideration of the electorate that political parties will adopt it, not for the sake of the reform, but for the success of the political party. Political parties do not make issues; they adopt issues that are already made. To attempt to force action by political parties is to pluck fruit while it is yet green.

When the sentiment is builded and organized that will make Prohibition effective, all political parties will put Prohibition in their platforms without the solicitation of those engaged in advancing the propaganda, for the lives of the parties depend upon it. Idaho furnishes a concrete example.

When reformers spend their time building and maintaining political party organizations in the interest of a moral reform, the reform is bound

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to fail because of lost motion and misspent energy. We need not fear what political parties will do when we have built a public sentiment that will make it safe for them to do right.

It is the business of the church and the home to inaugurate and maintain moral issues. It is the duty of political parties to support the church and the home to the extent of crystallizing into law paramount moral issues, and then to see to it that the enforcement of that law is placed in the hands of its friends. This can only be successfully accomplished when the electorate is intelligent and alert at the ballot box, regardless of party. Our duty is ever with the electorate, which is political, rather than the party, which is partizan.

Results have proven the wisdom of the League's policy from the beginning, which has been intensely political but never partizan, where more than one party existed, and there the battles have always been fought in the primaries. If party action is sought, the way to secure it is to demonstrate ability to elect friendly candidates and defeat unfriendly candidates for office on all party tickets. Most right-thinking men will go with you for or against a given candidate, but they will not follow for or against a party. In the party many issues are involved; in the candidates but one issue is involved.

We shall not soon forget the first real test of

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this policy made in Ohio. The League, with its growing strength in that State, was defeating candidates for the Legislature on both party tickets. The feeling among politicians was becoming acute. In Democratic districts and counties where the fights were on, the Democrats, on the stump and in the press, denounced us as a Republican side-show. In Republican districts and counties, under like conditions, we were denounced as a Democratic side-show; but we held steadily to our policy, with some misgivings as to what might happen, when one day the telephone bell rang and the campaign manager of the Republican party was at the other end asking for an interview. It was granted, and his proposition was like this: "We are trying to avoid fights; let us whenever possible get together. In this district and in these counties the temperance sentiment is strong. Select a good, loyal Republican that stands right on your question and as party manager; we will help nominate him." In less than ten days from that time the campaign manager of the Democratic party requested an interview, which was granted, and he made practically the same proposition.

The Legislature elected that year gave us our first real anti-saloon law, and from that time to the present we have been winning victories by this method until nineteen States, more than half our population and more than three fourths of

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our territory, are now enjoying the blessings of Prohibition.

The only concession made by these Ohio politicians was that we were entitled to the votes in the Legislature from our legitimate territory without party interference. This is all we are entitled to, and when we can have that we can win victories faster than we can take care of them. They did not consult us about the candidates in Cincinnati or Cleveland, or other distinctively wet centers. There they probably consulted representatives of the liquor interests. But we had won the recognition of our territorial and representative rights, which was infinitely more valuable than an endorsement by either of the parties.

This policy pursued in politics works out well in official action. Thirty-two Democrats and thirty-one Republicans voted for the Webb-Kenyon bill in the United States Senate; so, on the resolution for national Prohibition in Congress, the vote was omni-partizan.

With the thoughtless, the party idea will more and more find favor as we approach the consummation of the great contest. It avoids the drudgery necessary to a winning cause and at the same time furnishes an outlet for restrained oratory so dear to the heart of men and women who love to be heard. The omni-partizan plan has so many trophies to its credits, while the partizan

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method, which has been much longer in the field, has none, that we have no fears that thoughtful, earnest men will abandon a winning fight for the vocation of a bell-ringer. It is the new recruit that needs directing. No political party will or can give us a dry United States; but the mobilized dry sentiment in all the political parties can, and will, and that right early. May heaven help those of us entrusted with leadership to keep our heads and hearts firmly set upon wise policies.

There are two classes of people interested in this reform:

1. *Those who are working at the job* without any clearly defined method or objective. With them, real efficiency is one of the lost arts. They are in the war, but utterly indifferent as to what division of the army they are fighting in. They are equally effective with the flint-lock or gatling-gun. The idea of reform with them has become chronic and they may justly be termed "chronic reformers." They do not get anywhere. They have lost the ability to get anywhere, if they ever had it. The circle of their influence and effectiveness narrows in exact ratio to the widening and developing of the cause they profess to serve. They are well-meaning people who have lost their way.

The reformer who has reached the point of ease in agitation, or has become comfortable in defeat, or counts the cost to himself, had better

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give up his commission and devote himself to more congenial and less strenuous pursuit. Reform must have everywhere a leadership that inspires men to a holy self-abandon that sinks all in a great common cause. If we are to win the great battle committed to us by this generation, it will be by that spirit of abandon, that self-effacement that makes us live only in the cause we represent.

2. *Those who are working to finish the job.* While there is neither wisdom nor inspiration in fixing the dates for the consummation of any reform, the man who is not expecting the complete overthrow of the drink traffic in and by this generation is not in touch with the swing of events and can not be a factor in inspiring his fellows to the best that is in them. What might have been great military victories have been lost by a failure on the part of the victorious army to follow up the advantage won. The liquor traffic concedes defeat. It has been driven from its trenches, one after another, until at last it is in the open, naked, unprotected, deserted by most of its former friends, pleading for a few more years to be added to its worthless life. Meanwhile the forces are mobilizing for the final drive. The friends of sobriety are unified as at no time in the past. Our methods of warfare are sane and successful and appeal to men of affairs. The whole world is having a revelation

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of the truth of what once seemed to be fanatical utterances by rum's most radical opponents. Its abolition in Russia means efficiency in the army, in the shop, on the farm, and unparalleled prosperity everywhere. Its tightening grip on England is, and has been since the war began, England's greatest peril. It would sell the birth-right of any nation if by so doing it could fill its coffers with ill-gotten gain. It stifles enterprise, it advocates ruin and breeds treason everywhere. The nations of the earth are preparing to drive it into outer darkness.

In this country we are hearing much about preparedness. Big ships and more ships; big guns and more big guns; big munition factories and more munition factories, are being dinned into our ears daily, as if we were on the brink of war with the whole earth. But it seems not to have occurred to these political leaders that the surest, safest, and altogether the most needed preparedness is to prepare the citizenship of the country for the most efficient, patriotic and intelligent service they are capable of rendering. This can only be performed by a sober citizenship. One can feel only a sense of humiliation and disgust as he witnesses our public men charging up and down the country shouting for preparedness in everything except the chief essential—*a sober manhood!*

Of all the great nations there are none whose

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chief public men are so timid, not to say downright cowardly, as are ours touching this aspect of the preparedness policy. They are perfect lions when denouncing the hyphenates and perfectly dumb when the thing that makes and keeps them hyphenates is brought to their attention. The grog-shop is the hyphen.

The time to close in upon this foe of humankind is now. Every Legislator, every Congressman, every United States Senator, or candidate for the same, who by word or act gives comfort and aid to this traffic, should feel the weight of the swift and heavy hand of an outraged public at the ballot box. Any proposition that the States should decide this matter for themselves is in the interest of the liquor traffic. National evils are not eradicated by local treatment. We demand of our national Congress that it at once submit to the several States for their ratification or rejection the pending joint resolution for National Constitutional Prohibition.

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THE FUTURE AND THE FINAL TRIUMPH IS GOD ORDAINED *

THIS wonderful movement was begun and it has been in the power of Almighty God continued. Can we doubt it will be completed by God's will in the full triumph of the principles for which it has been set in motion? Let us briefly review the correlation of recent events which burnish the horizon with prophetic gleams. This constellation of facts can be reviewed only in the merest outline:

Business now requires sobriety in employees; the railroads for some years, and more and more manufacturers and all other employers insist on their abstinence from drink. The Pullman Company and the railways are abolishing intoxicants from the dining-cars. Stern sentiment is being built by the attitude of life insurance companies, all secret and fraternal orders, and the opinions of judges and prosecutors. Patriotic newspapers and the best magazines are dropping liquor advertisements. Three generations of school children have been taught against the use of alcohol—praise God for the life and work of Mary H. Hunt! The Sunday-schools have become very active for abstinence teaching and pledge-signing, and the discovery

* From an address by Dr. Howard H. Russell, of Westerville, Ohio.

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of the Lincoln pledge, now signed by nearly two millions, was a providential help to the moral suasion service. Labor leaders are taking firm ground against the drink. One of the officers of the American Federation of Labor recently has well said: "The saloon does not produce a thing of benefit to the human race. It is a non-producer and must be supported by those who work. Every man and woman should be against the liquor traffic from start to finish." Growing sentiment in the United States has inspired and been strengthened by the world-wide progress. Every nation is aroused and at work, and international organization is rapidly developing. Alcohol has been condemned by Congress and every legislature by severe repressive and suppressive legislation. At the bar of the courts, as you know, it is found guilty of crime, poverty and disease, is held to have no inherent right to exist, and from now on it is a contest between the legislative and judicial branches of our Government as to which shall first attain the goal of absolute Prohibition. The Senate of the United States has now been brought close to the people by the new constitutional amendment providing for direct nomination and election. That is why the Webb-Kenyon bill received so great a majority. The method of providing revenue by the income tax also solves a vital problem in this reform and answers the question, What shall

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we do for revenue when the liquor traffic is abolished?

In addition to all these inspiring facts there have been three special and essential changes by which God is fixing the time limit upon this baneful traffic. First by the unification of religious sects for cooperation in service. Forty years ago the churches were widely divided upon questions of doctrine and methods of work. In my boyhood, for example, I heard hot debates upon the method of baptism. In the old days the churches could not have been united upon this moral reform. Twenty-five years ago the Evangelical Alliance called delegates of the churches together at Washington for a council upon cooperation in Christian work. A Pentecost was begun there which spread throughout the country, and the new God-sent spirit of toleration made possible our League for sobriety and against saloons. The strength of the movement has been tremendous in its influence when all branches of Christendom have joined in this united campaign.

God also has ordained a harmonious union of the sections of the nation. The final extermination of the liquor traffic is a national problem. Rent and distracted as we sectionally were during the nineteenth century, such a united movement for temperance had to be postponed until the other question was settled. That difference

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is ended. Out from the shadows of sectional rancor and strife we have emerged, as a Southern orator has said, "With the blood pulsing in veins unclotted by a single bitter memory." And God closed the century's account by cementing our pacification through a joint patriotic task. As the Highlanders forgot Colloden and the Irishmen the Boyne and leaped with a common patriotism to uphold the conflict against Napoleon at Waterloo, so forgetting Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the men who had worn the gray joined the men who had worn the blue, and led by the old Commanders Miles and Shafter from the North, and Lee and Wheeler from the South, to the thrilling, mingled melodies of Yankee Doodle and Dixie, God sent us forth together, to bear the banner of our reunited Republic of liberty, and to plant it far in the van of the victorious moral forces of the world. And we will continue right on with our patriotic compact regardless of sex or party, nationality or race, sect or section, and together as sisters and brothers we will bear our flag of the free up the steep slopes of sacrifice and service until it floats at length, stainless and glorious, over a nation with churches, schools and homes upon the hilltop and no brewery or distillery upon the hillside and no saloon in the valley!

Then, beside these wondrous preparations already noted, we are called to have grateful

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hearts because of the new reinforcements coming to our aid from the ballots of women. If we needed any warrant to make assurance doubly sure, the coming "votes for women" leave no doubt of the result. Indeed, in several States these ballots have now come into the field. In Illinois many victories have been won by their aid which otherwise would have been impossible. In the city of Virginia, in Illinois, four hundred votes were cast by women, and every one of these votes was against the saloons. In Jacksonville more women voted than men, and while there was but a small majority registered by men for the dry side, the women cast their ballots five to one against the rumshops. Samuel Lover, in his sketch of the repair of the chapel, has the parish priest saying when the subscriptions came in so generously from the ladies, "The wimen are behaving thimselves like gintlemen." Next spring the thirty counties now dry in Illinois will be doubled and we shall have sixty, and in these counties cities like Galesburg, Monmouth, Decatur and other strong municipalities will say farewell to the saloons forever, and all this by the help of the good women!

This reform, then, in which our League has been called to so important a part, has been begun, continued and will be ended by the power of Almighty God. I have rehearsed a few of the signs

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that surely show the stars in their courses are fighting against the liquor infamy. All the facts I have so imperfectly touched upon make as strong a guaranty of coming blessing as were the facts in evidence to predict in all the nations the downfall of human slavery: in the American colonies the successful revolution for an independent nation; in Germany the Lutheran reformation; or, in the fulness of oriental time, the birth of the Messiah, the Savior of men and Inspirer of all reforms, over whose manger-cradle was hung the herald-star of Bethlehem.

Under clearing skies and prest by favoring breezes, the Anti-Saloon League craft moves on toward the port of Prohibition. The words of the New England poet spoken of the good ship Union, apply as solemnly here:

“Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!”

I have given you to-day the surest and best foundation for our hope of final victory. It is in God Almighty. He who hath begun and continued this good work will indeed complete it.

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THE SALOON IN EPIGRAM *

THE spirit of the toasts is that liquor will give us joy and drown our troubles. There never was a falser note struck on the chords of human life. Drink does not drown our troubles, it floats them. We may lock them in the closet of a night of debauchery and think we have forgotten them; but they come trooping forth in the gray dawn of the morning to mock and deride us. When the magic wand is withdrawn, the dreams have vanished—the bright illusions which our distempered fancy pictured are gone; the castles have fallen; reality has come, and only the dull, cold ashes of regret remain.

If we have no sorrows, liquor creates them; and if we have them, it increases them and makes them harder to bear.

It blights the young man as lightning does the tree, and leaves him stript of his heritage.

It takes from middle age ambition and hope, and robs old age of its serenity and peace.

It is the thief of character.

It turns men into monsters and women into harlots.

It invades the ballot box to corrupt it.

It weakens the administration of justice.

* From an address by Former Governor Malcolm H. Patterson, of Tennessee.

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It is the polluted stream which mingles with the current of public affairs and poisons all it touches.

Whenever it comes it brings a sorrow, and whenever it goes it leaves a remorse.

The American people must pay annually two billion dollars as the tribute which liquor exacts. They must maintain at enormous cost reformatories, rescue mission homes, asylums, jails and penitentiaries to take care of those it has stricken down.

Liquor dulls the edge of endeavor; it dethrones the reason; it enters and stains the cloisters of spirituality, and becomes the foul and stealthy murderer of human souls.

If you would know more of its black and blighting record, look at the long, sad and dreary procession of its victims. Go to the courts and see the crimes it has caused and the criminals it has made.

Go to the prison and read the story of its tragedies in the listless eyes and hopeless faces behind the bars.

Go to the police stations and find the derelicts, the driftwood of humanity, as you see them moving and shuffling in the fear and cowardice of misspent lives.

Go to the divorce courts and hear the causes which dissolve the holy bonds of wedlock and send families adrift.

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Go to the homes where the serpent has left its slimy trail on the lintels of the door.

Hear the oaths and curses, the revilings and imprecations from thickened tongues and maddened brains.

See the wife and mother, as she pales in terror, with a bruised and broken heart. See the children as they huddle and shiver in fright, like birds before the hunter's gun. See the sweet milk of concord sour and turn into the very broth of hell.

Liquor! liquor! how I hate it!

I hate it for what it has done for me and those I love.

I hate it for what it has done to others! to the State! and to my country!

I hate it with every fiber of my being—with every passion of my soul!

I hate it for the tears it has caused to flow, for the blood it has shed, for the homes and happiness it has wrecked, for the men and women it has ruined!

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THE APPEAL OF CHILDHOOD *

BECAUSE there was no line they would respect, there was no oath they would hold sacred, there was not one single solitary promise they would keep, there was no man they would not degrade, there was no woman they would not defile, there was not a child from whose lips they would not snatch the last crust of bread, in order that they might put more bloody dollars into their pockets—because of that, the cry is to-day from all over the land, “We are going on to Washington for a saloonless nation in 1920.” God makes the wrath of men to praise Him; He marches down the ages and marshals the very devil’s forces for Him, and the sneaking and contemptible lawlessness of the liquor traffic defeats its own ends, and arouses the righteous manhood of this nation until they are going to smash this thing in the United States of America into everlasting smithereens. And then there is more beyond, and we propose not to lay down our arms until from the sighing pines of Oregon to the flashing seas of Brazil, from the snow-capped plains of Superior to the orange groves of Sicily, throughout the civilized world, the whole human race is marching under the white banner of peace and purity, of integrity and Prohibition, for the

* From an address by Mary Harris Armor, of Georgia.

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protection of their homes and the redemption of their children. We will not rest until that comes to pass.

I ask you another thing. Women can fend for themselves to a certain extent. We speak of women as so helpless. That appeals to me, but there is one thing that appeals to me more than that, and that is a little child. May I tell you about one little girl that was a drunkard's child? I knew a little girl. She was considered a very bright child. She had a vaulting ambition. She dreamed one day she might write her name beside that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was her favorite poet, and whom she loved better than any other woman she had ever read of in all the world. It seemed that her heart beat with the heart of Elizabeth Barrett Browning whenever she read her wonderful verses. She had a father who had a brilliant mind, who had a great heart, that was as brave as Julius Cæsar; he taught her her prayers; he taught her the Bible; he taught her the poems of Shakespeare; he taught her to see that the stars were the flowers of the angels, and the flowers were the smiles of God; he taught her to see even more than the colors of the rainbow; he taught her it was the sign of the Omnipotent Father, set in the heavens, the beautiful symbol of the promise of God that He would never again send His flood to destroy man whom He had made; he taught

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her to despise cowardice; he taught her to despise littleness and niggardliness, until to-day she is a middle-aged woman and she has almost as much contempt for a picayunish man as she has for a thief; he taught her to be loyal in friendship, true in love, faithful as death, and yet trusting him as she trusted God Himself; how she used to sit on his knee, and lay her head against his heart, that heart which beat for her and which would have shed its last drop of blood in her defense at any hour of the day or night; she would lay her rosy finger-tips against his cheeks and fondle that father, put the baby arms around his neck and love him, and he would say, "Hug me as hard as you love me," but she never could. She believed in that father, but one day that father came home drunk. God in heaven, how did you stay your thunder that day? Her world was in ruins. But she did not tell it to anybody. No, she never told her mother. She did not tell her father. She did not know how to tell anybody. She was like a baby crying in the night, a baby crying for the light, and with no language but a cry. Hope lived in her heart day after day that that father would break with the saloon. He did not go down easily; he did not want to go down; he fought for his manhood; but what chance did he have with a legalized saloon on every corner? With that fiendish appetite gnawing at his vitals, one day he became a vicarious sacrifice,

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and an eighteen-year-old girl knelt with a broken heart by her father's dead body and swore eternal vengeance against the liquor traffic.

NO TURNING BACK *

WE are interested in the success of every worthy cause, and every worthy cause is vitally related to ours. We must lay more money upon the altar of sacrifice. We must send forth more literature from our presses. We must put more men in the field. The enemy is fighting for its life. Its resistance, its opposition, shall be according to the full measure of its resources. It is possible to lose all the advantage we have gained in all the years through perversity or indifference. It is possible to see the golden gate of opportunity swing shut if there be hesitancy in answering the call of the hour. In this great, significant moment we need to get closer each to the other, need to get closer to God, need to take counsel of our hopes rather than of our fears, need to look out upon the foe, remembering the wrong wrought and the greater wrong threatened, need to pledge to each other, to humanity, and to God, with courage undaunted, with purpose unconquerable, our zeal undiminished, our service, our sacrifice, until our endeavor issues in consummate victory.

* From an address by Bishop Luther B. Wilson, of New York.

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In the old days of the sixties, when the struggle between the States was still on, it happened that the lines of communication between the cities of the North and the men at the front had been broken. No word had come for weary days from our great Ulysses. The North was impatient to hear, and the men in the ranks could feel the influence of the fear they knew must disquiet so many homes. Word must be sent from the field, cost what it would. A young correspondent was chosen for the difficult and dangerous journey. He was made ready for the start. There had been messages from officers at headquarters, and then, as the correspondent was about to mount for the journey, General Grant followed, and laying his hand upon him said: "You will see Mr. Lincoln, and when you do tell him this word: 'General Grant says that, whatever happens, there will be no turning back.' " The dangers faced and conquered, at length the young man stood in the presence of the cabinet at Washington. His report of events that had transpired was given, and then, calling the President aside, he whispered to him the message he had received: "General Grant says that, whatever happens, there will be no turning back." Mr. Wing, who tells the story, adds that when that most illustrious son of the western world heard the word, he stooped down and kissed the bearer of the message on the brow.

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Facing now our opportunity, resolving that for the welfare of the Republic, for the good of all, rich and poor, high and lowly, wise or unlettered, Prohibition should be written in the constitution, and dedicating ourselves for the accomplishment of this most worthy end, let this hour send up to the God of nations our solemn pledge that, whatever happens, there shall be no turning back. It may be—it must be—that as we join in such a pledge our Divine Leader shall give to us His token of approval.

THE GREED AND ANARCHY OF THE SALOON *

THE greed of money. There are just eight money-making crimes. Did you ever learn that all the crimes—in America—all the money-making crimes—could be put under eight heads? Here they are: train robbery, house burglary, grafting, trick stealing among the poor and big stealing among the rich, kidnapping, gambling, bondage-house business, and the saloon business. There are eight money-making crimes. Now, listen! Every one of the great crimes of America out of which you make money you can gather under these heads. Now, I am going to tell you another strange thing.

* From an address by Dr. George R. Stuart, of Tennessee.

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(Here arranges eight chairs in a row across front of platform.)

(Continuing) It is an unholy greed for money.

(Speaking to first chair)—“Say man, what makes you rob a train? Is it right?” (Answer) “No, I am out for money.”

(To second chair)—“Say, what makes you burglarize a house? Is it right?” “No, I want the money.”

(To third chair)—“What makes you pass counterfeit money? Is it right?” “No, I want the money.”

(To fourth chair)—“What makes you graft? Is it right?” “No, I want the money.”

(To the fifth chair)—“What made you kidnap? Is it right?” “No, I need the money.”

(To sixth chair)—“What makes you run that red-light district? Is it right.” “No, I want the money.”

(To seventh chair)—“What makes you gamble? Is it right?” “No, I want the money.”

(To eighth chair)—“What makes you sell liquor? Is it right?” “No, I want the money.” (Places chairs in circle around the “saloon” chair.)

And the whole bunch of them are all together. Now, the saloon is the only crowd that has got any money. All the rest of these fellows are paupers, and they gather around it, and it has got to care for the whole bunch of them. It finds

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this whole nest of devilish crimes. And what is worse, it has got the United States license, and the American flag over it. And the time will come when we will fight these back and fight them alone. We will down the saloon and wave the American flag over it.

(Illustrates with chairs and throws the center chair over.)

(Continuing) It has got the devil in it. It is the devil of greed, greed for money, greed for money. A saloon-keeper said to me some time ago: "George Stuart, many a time when I have seen a poor, ragged, half-barefooted, blear-eyed devil come up to my counter and lay down the last quarter he had, that I knew his wife and children needed for bread—God, if I didn't hate to pick it up!" I said: "You low-down devil, you; you had no business to pick it up." The greed of this devilish gain will make a fellow push his hand into a starving family's bread tray and pull out the last biscuit. It will make him go into a family's wardrobe and take the last little garment of a child, and it will make him push a way in the snow and pull the shoes off of their little feet, and they are hungry and ragged and bare-footed all over this country because of the devil of greed that's in this business that takes the money that ought to go for their comfort. The devil's in it, that's what's the matter with it, and that's the reason I am mad with it.

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The devil of anarchy also is in it. Now, I am afraid of anything turned loose. Somebody says: "Horses running away!" I will get out of the way. I am afraid. He has lost control of the automobile, he has lost control of his engine. I am afraid of anything without law. Do you know that the saloon business is the only real anarchistic business in America. Do you know that? You talk about your anarchist, but the saloon is the only real anarchistic business. It is the only business in the world that stands up on its anarchy and argues to you on the basis of its anarchy, then looks you in the face and says: "If you pass your law, you can not prohibit us. They passed it in the South and 'Prohibition don't prohibit.' We are so anarchistic that you can't stop us, and you may as well let us go." Well, I say, let us cut a few joints of her tail off and keep jumping upon her till we make her bleed so we can stop her.

One other point I want you to carry home with you. It has got the demon of mobism in it. You know we have already found out all these things. You know we used to argue and argue and argue. I am going to show you some other things. Here is a penitentiary. "Do you gentlemen keep books?" "Yes, we keep books." "What sends the most of your folks here?" "Liquor." Here is an Orphans' Home: "Do you keep books?" "Yes." "What sends most of your inmates

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here?" "Liquor." "You run a blind asylum. Do you keep books?" "Yes." "What makes most of your people blind?" "Nervous diseases caused by alcohol." Here is an epileptic society: "What makes your inmates—" and so on down the line—"We keep figures, we keep statistics." There isn't a Mayor, a set of Aldermen, however wet they are, in the United States, that haven't through years of demonstration found out one thing. Out in California they had an earthquake in San Francisco and a mob went to run through the city tearing up everything, robbing. The sufferers went to the Mayor and said: "For God's sake, help us." The Mayor said: "Why, sure." He issued an order that all the grocery stores in the city be closed up at once? No, he didn't order that. All the dry goods stores close up at once? No! All the paint shops close up? No! All the drug stores close up? N6! He just picked out one institution in San Francisco and said: "Every saloon shall close for ninety days." What did he do that for? What did that Mayor do that for? He knew that was the mother of mobism, but what's the use to tie the dog after he has bitten everybody in the community?

They had a mob in Atlanta. What was it? A trouble between the blacks and the whites, and there was a shooting—shooting them down. Everybody scared to death. What did they do? The Mayor ordered all the grocery stores closed? No,

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he didn't. Ordered all the hardware stores closed? No, he didn't. The drug stores closed? No, he didn't. He issued an order that *every saloon in Atlanta, Georgia, should be closed until further orders*. How did San Francisco and Atlanta get news between them? Listen! Any man knows it.

Chattanooga is my town. A drunken negro, filled up with liquor, insulted a white woman. A mob was organized and he was hung. We didn't put liquor out because we were afraid of the nigger.

I went up to Indianapolis to lecture some time ago and a committee came in and said: "Brother Stuart, didn't you-all have Prohibition in the South because you are afraid of the negro?" And I said to him up there:—I went out and addressed an audience of men like this, three or four thousand—I said: "A committee asked me if we didn't put liquor out of the South because we are afraid of the negro." I said: "That's a funny thing for a Northern man to ask a Southern man. Didn't you fellows come down there and sit up with us four years and find out we are not afraid of anything that wears wool or hair?" And they just yelled and hollered. They knew I was joking. The old cannon has stopt and the flower grows over its mouth. The sword is sheathed and the gun is stacked and we are one great brotherhood from North to South and East to

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West. I just wanted 'em to know we were not scared.

They had a mob on down there in Chattanooga, and I went down there and saw the fellows going into the hardware stores cramming their pockets full of pistols and shells and getting guns. I heard a man at the telephone say: "Yes, wife, I'll be home directly. Oh, well, I don't know what is going to happen. Yes, I have got about a hundred shells. Yes, I have got a repeating rifle and two revolvers. Yes, I'll come right now. Yes, all right. George, excuse me, my wife is uneasy; I am going home." Listen! The Mayor of the city of Chattanooga issued an order that at four o'clock, when the sun was hanging like a golden ball away yonder in the sky, every grocery store in town should be closed? No, he didn't. That every dry goods store in town should be closed? No, he didn't. That every hardware store in town should be closed? No, he didn't. They were getting guns and pistols out of them. That every meat shop in town should be closed? No, he didn't. He issued an order that *every saloon* in the town should be closed at four o'clock and not opened until further orders, and no saloon-keeper should be seen within less than a hundred feet of his saloon. What did he do that for? He knew it was the mother of mobism, and I want to tell you it is the anarchist; it is the mother of anarchism. It

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is the mother of every devilment. The very spirit of hell is in that business, and the sooner we get it under, the better it will be, and the time is coming when the great right arm of our righteous nation shall lift itself in the integrity of its statesmanship and its ballot and cast one good strong ballot that will make the American flag wave over a saloonless nation.

THE GLORY OF THE DAWN *

THE moral conflict of the ages is on; the conquest of humanity by its ancient and merciless foe, the dual kingdom of Bacchus and Gambrinus on the one side and civilized humanity on the other. And in that war we have broken the line, turned the right, center and left wings and captured the trenches of the enemy!

The liquor traffic is on the defense and in retreat before the moral, civic, industrial, scientific, political and military allies of the world. There are no neutral powers; the whole world is belligerent against a common foe, and John Barley-corn must die.

We have, as Abraham Lincoln said of slavery, "we have been temporizing with this evil long enough." We have been indicting the criminal liquor traffic long enough; we have tried, condemned, convicted and sentenced the liquor traffic long enough, and now, in the name of the Al-

* From an address by Clinton N. Howard, of Rochester, N. Y.

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mighty Father and the sovereign American people, we demand the execution of the criminal—at the holy of holies in the temple of the nation, at sunrise at the next national election, with the President of the United States acting as high sheriff of the day.

We are done with temporizing, we are done with toleration, we are done with taxation, we are done with regulation, we are done with segregation, nullification and all attempts at reformation; we will recognize no flag of truce, we will not consider any terms of peace; we are enlisted in a war of extermination.

We are against the liquor traffic without reservation; we stand for a dry town, a dry county, a dry State, a stainless flag and a saloonless nation, and a dry world. We believe the liquor traffic ought to die, must die, and will die in this generation. We are anti-saloon, anti-brewery, anti-distillery, anti-organized traffic in rum, wholesale and retail, “suds” and cocktail. We are against the pocket peddler, the joint, the bootlegger, the speak-easy, the blind pig, the blind tiger, the saloon, the hotel bar, the high-toned cafe, the swell club buffet, the bishop’s subway, brewer, Beelzebub, distiller and devil!

In one word, the saloon must go; the liquor traffic must and shall be destroyed.

The days of King Alcohol are numbered; the whole civilized world, and Russia, is going dry!

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Whoever supposed that the Star of the East to guide the wise men of the twentieth century would rise in "Darkest Russia," of whom the world was wont to say, "Can any good thing come out of Russia?" Come and see! Abraham Lincoln said: "One of the reasons for our repeated failure to settle the slavery question is because the enemies of that great evil have constantly brought forward small cures for great sores; plasters too small to cover the wound." The Czar of Russia put on a plaster that was eight million, six hundred and forty thousand miles square; two and one-half times larger than the United States of America; a plaster as big as the sore; a remedy coextensive with the disease; and put one hundred and sixty million passengers on the water wagon in a night. "Impossible!" said the Prime Minister; "we are in this business and we can not now get out; if we give up this half billion dollars of revenue with the war on, we are lost; impossible!" And the Czar exprest great regret that his continued ill-health made it impossible for him to longer act as Prime Minister, and exprest the hope that his retirement would improve his health and make his private life happy. "Impossible," said the bag-holders, the statesmen who put revenue above righteousness and mammon above manhood; "it will impoverish the government!" And the Czar said, "Better impoverish the gov-

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ernment than impoverish my people." "Impossible!" said the venders, makers and poisoners, the "Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association," the "Growers' and Producers' Association," the "National Mercantile Association"; "it will destroy the business interests of Russia." And the Czar said, "Call it no longer a business; call it an economic desolation!"

The *London Times* is moved to say, "Not since China abrogated opium has the world witnessed anything like it. Russia has already vanquished a greater foe than German arms. For the first time in history the world is engaged in a teetotal war."

It is not too much to say that the greatest event in the history of the world since the resurrection of our divine Lord from the dead is the crucifixion of John Barleycorn in Russia.

A gigantic government monopoly paying into the public treasury a sum more than twice our total revenue from the liquor traffic, one hundred million dollars more than our entire receipts from custom revenues, and more than a quarter of the total revenues of the nation, sacrificed to morality and efficiency at a single stroke; an annual consumption of over 350,000,000 gallons of whisky dumped into the sea of oblivion in a night; a quarantine against a national scourge "worse than war, pestilence and famine" over one-sixth of the habitable globe; a national sur-

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gical operation performed upon 160,000,000 people and the patient recovered before daylight; one standard of morals applied to every inch of territory under the Russian flag; 100,000,000 bushels of grain in government storehouses, purchased to be made into whisky, baked into bread!

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth—Peace and Prohibition! The crowned heads and military commanders of the world have come to recognize that they can not have one without first obtaining the other. Prohibition has become a supreme military necessity. Russia led the way; France, in recognition of that conviction, struck the second blow; Lloyd George, the most masterful statesman of Great Britain, exprest the conscience of the nation when he said, “Nothing but root and branch measures are of any avail in dealing with this evil. If we are to settle with militarism we must first of all settle with drink.” The Kaiser before the war began prophesied victory to that nation which consumed the smallest quantity of alcohol; and now comes Villa, the half-breed belligerent chief of the South, promising that in the event the fortunes of war favor his cause, Mexico will be dry.

It is the Glory of the Dawn out of the blackness of the world's night. It was ever thus! Out of the darkness came the dawn; out of chaos came creation; Black Friday came three days before Easter!

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STATES' RIGHTS AND PROHIBITION *

THE first time I saw some of you, most of you, was when you got yourselves all drest up in blue and loaded yourselves up with guns and cannon and put Old Glory at the head of your marching columns and came swarming across the Mason and Dixon line in order to lick the stuffing out of us, because we were standing for and claiming States' rights! And we stood up there against your embattled line over-massing us three and four and five to one on a hundred battlefields, and kept you at bay for four years, until we wore ourselves to an everlasting frazzle, defending States' rights against you fellows from the North. You fellows up here have been fooling yourselves and glorifying yourselves and planting laurel wreaths for yourselves and writing eloquent eulogies of yourselves every year, because you licked States' rights out of us and established national rights. Why have you got all these soldiers' monuments spread all over this country north of the Mason and Dixon line? Why do you gather round them every Decoration Day? Why do you load them with flowers? What do you put up these flannel-mouthed orators for? Do you do that every year to honor those dead martyrs?

* From an address by the Hon. Sam Small, of Georgia.

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If you put up these monuments to commemorate the victories of the Union Army for States' rights, you have got them on the wrong territory—they belong down my way. Why are you demanding a hundred and sixty million dollars a year out of the National Treasury to pension all these fellows from one end of the North to the other? Why have you taken out of the Treasury of the United States since 1865 nearly five thousand million dollars and distributed it among yourselves in pensions to your soldiers in blue and their widows and orphans and accidental wives? Is that to pay them a debt of honor for establishing States' rights?

Oh, no; we put up our hands and pleaded for States' rights to save our slaves, that we had bought originally from your granddaddies. Your great-granddaddies either stole them or bartered for them with rum from Medford and Boston, and put them in slave-corrals until they were fattened, and filled them and filed their teeth, and then sold them to us. When you found out that you couldn't use them in the North to profit, that in your cold, inhospitable climate where you have the nine months' winter and three months' late fall, the tropical African nigger couldn't get his good back warm and had to lie around the fire six months in the year feeding his face; when you sharp, shrewd Yankees saw that everything was going in and nothing coming out, you

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said, "We have let ourselves in for a bad bargain and we must get rid of these fellows," and you looked around and down our way and saw us when we weren't looking, and convinced us that in our warm, genial climate, in our sunshiny, flower-perfumed atmosphere, where a man can work in his shirt-sleeves on the first day of January as well as on the first of July, you convinced us that the darkey would be a good bargain for us. And we fell for it.

We bought them, and paid you the cash, C. O. D., "Come Ommediately Down" before you get the darkey. And when you got our money safely in your paws you shoved it down into your socks and then immediately got very religious, and philanthropic and patriotic. And when there were enough of you, you thought, to do the job, you loaded up yourselves, came down across the Mason and Dixon line and licked the stuffing out of us for having them, and set them free. We never whimpered. As Governor Patterson said, "We took our medicine." We were dead-game sports. We bet all we had, and lost, and then we went to work to make it over again, and glory be to God, we have done it! You have got nothing on us now, neither in prosperity nor patriotism.

Now you have got the liquor traffic. And we are sectionalizing it, just as you did slavery. You drove the slavery all south of the Mason and

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Dixon line. Now we are driving the liquor devils all north of the Mason and Dixon line. In the fourteen solid Southern States, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande and from the Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, we have fewer government licensed liquor dealers to-night than you have in the city of Chicago. More than one-half of all the registered breweries and distilleries and dirty, damnable saloons and doggeries under the American flag anywhere on earth are in six States of the Union—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin—and you notice every one of them is a Northern State, every one of them this side of the Mason and Dixon line. In ten States of the Union you have got 82 per cent. of all the liquor business done by the American people. Ain't you proud of it? Now, we have run those devils almost entirely out of the South. We have served notice that they have got to get up and get. We would like to run them into the Atlantic, but we can't get that gang to take water.

You know, the only thing that is left us to do is to run them across the Mason and Dixon line upon you, and when we get them all up here, then, one good turn deserves another and, as you came down South and licked slavery out of us, by the grace of God we will come up here and lick liquor out of you. Oh, but you fellows down there at Washington put up your hands

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and looked at us Southern men and said, "Boys, surely you ain't going back on your ancient records? Surely you ain't going to spit on the graves of your dead ancestors, surely you ain't going to repudiate the doctrines of your great leaders and statesmen, are you? Come and help us save our breweries and distilleries and dirty old doggeries with States' rights." And what did we say? We answered back when we said, "When we were pleading, fifty, sixty years ago for States' rights to save our property, to save our constitutional rights, to save our States' rights that had been recognized from the foundation of the government up to then, what answer did you fellows in the North give us? You said, "To hell with States' rights." Don't deny it. And now when you put up your paws and holler to us and demand States' rights to save your brewery and your distillery and dirty old doggery, we are going to hand it back, just like you handed it to us. "To hell with States' rights."

Oh, we learned our lesson. We know it all the way through from Adam to Zebadi. And you can't play that on us. Listen. When that question came up yonder in Washington in December on the floor of Congress, I turned away from these Northern men and their whining and begging and pleading for States' rights. I turned my eyes from them in disgust and I looked down to South Carolina, the all-breeding

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place of States' rights, where they were born, bred and buttered. Where they were wet-nursed and brought up by John C. Calhoun. I looked to South Carolina where the nullification was enacted. I looked to South Carolina that sent 92 per cent. of her grown white men into the Confederate Army and 62 per cent. of them died on the battlefield without ever marching on. I looked to South Carolina and saw every member of Congress from South Carolina stand up in his manhood that night and vote solidly for national Prohibition.

I looked to Tennessee, my native State, the State of Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. I looked to the State of Tennessee, where my father put on his uniform of gray, took his sword in hand and marched out at the head of the regiment and stayed with you fellows to the bloody finish on a hundred fields of battle, and I saw every Congressman from Tennessee, every one of them but two—Democrats at that—stand up and vote solidly for national Prohibition.

I looked to Arkansas and I saw every member of Congress from Arkansas, not a man missing or dodging or away, vote for national Prohibition, and not one of them voting for States' rights for the liquor traffic.

I saw that entire list of Southern Congress-

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men, a hundred and sixty-two strong, with 82 per cent. of them voting for national Prohibition and against the doctrine, the dastard doctrine, of States' rights for the liquor traffic. And I say to you, repeating, reinforcing and seconding what Governor Patterson has said, what he has already intimated to you, that you shan't go back now fifty years and dig up from under the old apple tree at Appomattox that doctrine that was buried in the blood of six hundred thousand men from Donaldson by Vicksburg back to Gettysburg by Appomattox and make it a coat of mail to protect the dirty, damnable breweries, distilleries and doggeries of the North.

We will meet you. We will meet you at the Capitol, and we will fight it out. And we are going to win by the grace of God. And no fact in American history that is not written in already in indelible characters is to be considered to-night as more certain than that we are going to write the census of 1920 for a hundred and ten million American men, women and children, without recording a single, damnable brewery, distillery or doggery anywhere under the American flag. And when that great day of deliverance comes, when we gather from every State and every quarter of this glorious Republic yonder at the front of the national Capitol and look up with the sovereign right of the American people and command Liberty on her high pedes-

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tal on the summit of that dome to open her brazen lips and declare to God, to humanity at large, that America, the great republic of Washington and Lincoln, has been redeemed and emancipated from this curse, then we will march down the slope of the capitol and somewhere between the great dynamic powerhouse of American legislation and the sacred shrines of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, on a great red cross we will erect the mighty column of our victory, composed of forty-eight white stones from as many sovereign States, piled up one upon the other, and on its exalted capital we will enshrine for our posterity the figure of the Mother of America, the mother of the great crusade that started this movement away back yonder in '72.

And on each of the four arms of that great red cross of our salvation we will plant the figures in imperishable bonds of the four great evangelists of this supreme emancipation. On the arm that reaches toward the North and facing the North we will put the effigy of the sturdy, indomitable Neal Dow. On the arm to the East and facing it, we will put the figure of our beloved founder of the Anti-Saloon League, Howard Russell, of Ohio. On the other arm that reaches to the great West, we will put the stalwart figure of that heroic first martyr in the politics of America, John P. St. John, of Kansas. And on the arm

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that comes down into our own beloved Southland, we will put the figure of that unparalleled, irreproachable and valiant pioneer for Southern Prohibition, Sam P. Jones, of Georgia. Then, we will gather together, my brethren, sing the songs of our dedication, commit that monument to the keeping of our posterity, and go to our homes with our faces toward the judgment day of God, singing together, "Hallelujah, 'tis done, we believe on the Son, we are saved as a nation by the Crucified One."

THE SHAME OF IT ALL *

WHAT patriotic American is there to-day but proudly asserts his nation possesses the acme of civilization and is in the van of all progress; and that, cryptic in our humanity, is the best of all time and clime. And quite rightly so. Yet when I consider that other peoples, with less opportunity, poorer enlightenment, and miserable environment have forged ahead of us in this vital question; that heathen Sparta, as Plato asserted, banished all drunkenness and debauchery from her territory; that the ancient Germans, according to Froude, were admired by Cæsar for "the abstinence from wine"; that the infidel Mohammedans have a positive general law adjuring all liquor and drunkenness—aye,

* From an address by Dr. Homer W. Tope, of Philadelphia, Pa.

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have had it since the days of Mahomet; that benighted Russia has utterly banished liquor from her territories; that Iceland has utterly cast it out—when these things come before me I must say with Shakespeare:

“Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.”

This Moloch of the liquor traffic has burdened our prosperity with a weight of woe and crippled the finances of our people with a burden of debt for which there is no return save a Dead Sea of desolation. It has been estimated that the annual liquor bill of our country is two and a half billions of dollars. When we subtract from this the three hundred and thirty-five million in license and federal taxes, the one hundred and six million to the farmers, there still totals a sum of over two billions of dollars—the cost of the traffic per year. The human mind staggers in the contemplation of such a figure. Our thought can not grasp it in the abstract. To gain a slight insight we must enter into comparison.

All the wheat raised in this country per year amounts to six hundred and twenty-one millions of dollars, and coal raised from the earth in a year, five hundred and fifty-four millions; the iron, four hundred and nineteen millions; the copper, two hundred millions; the gold and silver, one hundred and twenty-eight millions, or

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a sum total of one billion, nine hundred and twenty million. And yet our annual liquor bill, with all returns subtracted, is twenty-eight million dollars more than this stupendous sum.

And what is our return from it all? What is the receipt of values for such an expenditure? Nothing but a dead loss in humanity's ruin, wrecked homes, debauched youth, crime, insanity and death. Homer Folk says that fully 30 per cent. of the men and 10 per cent. of the women admitted into our State hospitals for the insane are suffering from conditions due directly or indirectly to the liquor habit. The estimate is too small. Just lately I took up the report of our State Hospital at Danville for the last year and scanning the list of cases found that fully 60 per cent. of all cases to which assignable cause is given is, directly or indirectly, liquor.

It has filled our jails and penitentiaries to overflowing with criminals who would be living honest, useful lives to-day were it not for the power of rum. In the report of Allegheny County Workhouse for 1913, 3,798 cases were recorded of which 3,482 were due to liquor. Ninety-one out of every one hundred there because of drink. I think the thing that touched my heart most of late was that pitiable plea of last July sent to our legislature from 1,000 of the inmates of our Eastern Penitentiary, begging the public to abolish the liquor traffic that

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they might have a chance to reform when freed.

And besides all this, it has shortened and blasted the lives of little children with sorrow, weakness, physical disability and death.

Oh, the shame of such a Lucifer as this, supported and held in power by Christian people! Like a hungry wolf, the traffic has dogged the feet of the helpless and innocent and rent the breast of affection. With demoniacal fingers it has written disease and imbecility on the rugged frame of manhood, insanity on the brow of thought, profanity on the lips of eloquence, ignominy on the form of virtue, unsightliness on the countenance of beauty, and shame, ruin and death on the temple of freedom.

THE MIGHTY MOMENTUM OF PROHIBITION *

THOSE trained and unexcelled students of the times, the newspaper men of the country, are practically unanimous in the opinion that Prohibition, whether right or wrong, is coming, and that swiftly.

Artists now recognize that beer stands for intellectual desolation; scientists know that it stands for inefficiency; literature no longer paints it in false colors, but holds it up in all its naked brutality to the scorn of the people.

* From an address by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, of Washington, D. C.

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The headless, clumsy stupidity of our foes has delivered them into our hands. The beer men fight the whisky men and the whisky men fight the beer men. Both of them constantly expose the nakedness of their corruption. They ought to be on their knees, begging for life. Instead, they strut around with clubs in their hands, threatening decent people, bull-doing the church and the home, dictating to politics and business. They openly try to arouse dissension between foreign-born citizens and those of native birth. Secretly they seek to array Catholics against Protestants and promote a religious war. They stir the people to bitter anger by their efforts to corrupt womanhood and make a prey of childhood.

This high treason to America should have been seized red-handed generations ago. It was a great mistake to suffer such a commercialized outrage to be accepted by the years as they elapsed, but we have now awakened to the fact that each minute of the precious future which passes without witnessing the death of John Barleycorn thereby becomes an accomplice and endorser of the crime. Even yet it is ours to say that this calamity shall not become an accomplished fact. We must stand shoulder to shoulder, individually and as organizations. We must make no mistake in our plans. We must resent evasion, decline to tolerate quibbles. The

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issue is joined. John Barleycorn must die, and to that end we pledge the last full measure of devotion.

We believe that the American saloon and all that it stands for, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, is fundamentally wrong, detrimental to the welfare of the people and subversive of good government. That it is licensed for a price is the great moral crime of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. That license system, whether high or low, is a blighting sell-out of moral conscience for revenue only. The saloon anywhere and the liquor traffic everywhere is opposed to the work that the Church of Christ is doing, and the most essential work before the church is to destroy this great destroyer.

SEEING THE SALOON AS IT IS! *

Just the other day a big brewer decided that he would quit and put his brewery into a packing plant. We asked him why. He said: "I see the avalanche coming and I am going to get out from under." Once in a while they have a little vision, and I am glad they have. It reminds us of the story of the man who sued another for slander and when they were in court and it developed that the man had called this

* From an address by Florence D. Richards, of Columbus, Ohio.

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other a vile name, the attorney for the defendant said: "So this man slandered you?" "Yes, he did." "What did he do?" "He called me a vile name." "What did he call you?" "He called me a rhinoceros." He said: "When did he call you this?" "He called me this three years ago." "Why in the world didn't you sue him then?" "Why, bless your heart," he said, "I never saw a rhinoceros until last week." Now, some of these people are just seeing the liquor traffic as they never saw it before. They did not know how much they ought to feel against it till they had seen it, but they have their eyes open now. I don't know but they have got a clearer vision than some of us who have been working all these years.

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Dr. Kramer was announced to speak in one of the big halls of Cincinnati. Our superintendent of medical temperance wrote me and said: "Come over. I want you to see and hear Dr. Kramer." So I went. I was to speak on Sunday. I went early Saturday to get there in good time for his speech, and he gave us a great lecture on alcohol. He commenced at the very beginning. He had slides and screen, lantern, and things of that sort. He gave us a great speech; but this is what he said to the great doctors that were there—doctors of divinity and doctors

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of medicine—and we had a great crowd of people in that wicked city of Cincinnati to hear Dr. Kramer on alcohol alone. When he got pretty nearly through he turned to the doctors of medicine and he said to them: “Doctors, brothers, I want to say to you that in case of pneumonia or typhoid fever never give a patient alcoholic stimulants unless you want that patient to die.” Dr. Kramer also said to that great concourse of people: “Do you know why your city did not get a Federal Reserve Bank when Secretary McAdoo and his commission were here trying to locate one? They wanted to put one in the biggest city of Ohio. Why didn’t you get it?” Then he pulled out a piece of paper and he read: “This is the reason. Now this is the report, not mine, but the report of the commission. ‘We find that over 40 per cent. of the wealth of this city is tied up in too uncertain an enterprise; or, in other words, the liquid assets of Cincinnati are entirely too great for us, the Government, to risk a Federal Reserve Bank in their hands.’ What do you think of that?”

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MOLLY AND HER VOTE

It gives us, too, a great promise that the women all over the United States are coming into their own. Justice is coming upon us after a while and we are going to walk down with you,

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brothers, to the ballot box and remember, no force used. You know what they have been doing in Illinois, don't you? Let me tell you. One of our women wrote a little article there. She wrote a parody on "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Some of you are as old as I am—of course I am not going to tell you how old that is. Why, I studied oratory in an old country schoolhouse on "Mary Had a Little Lamb." But that lady wrote this little article. It has been going the rounds of the press, but what has astonished me more than anything else was that it was picked up by the *Brewers' Journal* and printed, after a comment about the women and how they had voted at the last election, and told them how the liquor interest must come out and fight suffrage in Massachusetts and New York and Pennsylvania this year, because they were to vote on it and they said: "You must pour your money into these States to defeat it." "Now, this is going the rounds of the press," said the *Journal*, and I want to get it out.

"Mary had a little vote,
That roamed the State about,
And everywhere that vote got in,
John Barleycorn got out.
'Now, what makes John hate Mary so?'
Miss Anti, wondering, asks.
Oh, Mary is his greatest foe,
She empties all his casks.

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How shocking! Here is Anti-dry,
One point agreed upon,
For everywhere that Mary votes,
She gives a shock to John.
Now, what makes Mary hate John so,
Why does she treat him thus?
Oh, Mary loves the boys, you know,
The reason's obvious.
Yes, Mary had a little vote,
Well used, without a doubt,
For when returns came rolling in,
John Barleycorn rolled out."

WHAT AILS KANSAS?

THE liquor interests are asking what ails Kansas. Nothing ails Kansas. Not even the statements made by the dispensers of booze in other States hurt Kansas. It is truly marvelous that we who live in this dry State have not experienced the blighting results of Prohibition so beautifully pictured by those who are lined up on the side of the brewers and distillers. It is passing strange that the men who fight Prohibition in Kansas live in *other States*. An Ohio newspaper says that the taxable property in Kansas decreased \$5,000,000 last year and that there has been no increase in population, and

* From an address by Former Governor George H. Hodges.

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that poor old Kansas is in the throes of commercial despondency and is practically busted. These statements are about as near the truth as the dispensers of the "wife-beating joy-water" ever get.

The facts are that in 1913 we experienced the worst drouth ever known. Crops burned up, feed was shipped into the State and cattle were shipped out of the State. Personal property did decrease for the reason given, but we increased our population sixteen and one-half thousand that dry year. We had \$265,700,000 worth of stock that we managed to water and worried along with. The farm products totalled \$241,500,000 that season of blighting drouth, and on September first of the same year our banks had \$207,610,000 in cash in their vaults. Poor old drouth-stricken Kansas, how she does suffer, *on paper!*

If the 1,700,000 Kansans drank the same amount of liquor that the same number of men in other States do, we would spend \$34,000,000 more for liquor than we do. Maybe that is one of the reasons why we so readily responded to the pitiful appeal of the starving Belgians, and sent them 62,000 barrels of our best flour.

The bonded indebtedness of this wo-begone State is only \$159,000, less than 10 cents each, for every person in Kansas; and over half of this amount is already collected and in the State Treasury waiting the maturity of the bond. The

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people are groaning under our terrific State tax which in 1912 (the statistics of which I have in hand) amounted to less than .036 an acre on an average, not including improvements.

The direct results of the saloon are paupers, imbeciles, insane and convicts. Kansas has one feeble-minded person for every 3,400 self-possest citizens. Kansas has one insane for every 570 sane. Kansas has one man in the penitentiary for every 2,250, and while Kansas sends men to prison for selling booze, other States pat them on the back and elevate them to positions of responsibility. Kansas has only 2 per cent. of illiteracy. She has a death-rate of only ten to 1,000, a prison population of only 740, of whom 40 per cent. were non-residents of the State. Our bank deposits have increased in the last ten years, from \$100,000,000 to \$230,000,000. Twenty-eight counties did not have a jail prisoner during all of 1914. Forty-eight counties did not send a person to the penitentiary that year. Seventy-eight counties did not have an insane patient last year. Twelve counties have not called a jury to try a criminal case in years. Twenty counties do not have a prisoner in the penitentiary. Eighteen counties have no poor-farms. Thirty-five counties have no use for poor-farms because they did not have a single indigent in their counties last year. We had but fourteen children paupers cared for by the State

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in 1914. Alcoholic insanity has decreased from 11 per cent. to 3 per cent. in the past fifteen years, and contrary to the statements of the distillers' statistician, Mr. Fox, Kansas has a less death-rate for homicide, violent accidents, kidney and liver diseases, than those of other States in this registration era.

Compare California, a health resort, with Kansas:

CALIFORNIA		KANSAS
110	Accidents and homicides	56
20	Cirrhosis of the liver	7
30	Suicides	10
92	Bright's disease	55
101	Pneumonia	46

These are the rates of death per 100,000 people and certified to by the Secretary of our State Board of Health.

The bank deposits of Kansas equal \$135 for each of its citizens, while the per capita wealth reached the enormous average of \$2,000 each. We have more children in school, a far greater number of college students, less illiteracy, insanity, imbecility, pauperism, penal population, and State taxes in proportion to our population than any other State in the Union.

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THE PASSING OF THE SALOON *

To the saloon democracy says, "Depart from me; I never knew you."

For this let us be duly thankful, that an evil once removed from society never appears again in history. Shove it out of the door and it can't fly back in again by the window. When the race incarnates itself in one great man and that man backs off the map an injustice, the race rests from its labors and reaps the rewards of conquest.

We are still, all of us, living in just a little more comfort, because John Bright, that majestic humanitarian, fought to their repeal the iniquitous corn laws. Elizabeth Fry, in her gingham apron, walking like an angel amidst the demons of Newgate prison, removed from the jails of the civilized world for all time a bloody score of inhumanities. Wilberforce in England, O'Connell in Ireland, L'Ouverture in San Domingo, Phillips and Garrison in America, clasped hands around the globe and made the institution of chattel slavery at one with Nineveh and Tyre.

The Magna Charta, wrenched from the reluctant hand of King John, opened the debtors' prisons and swelled the judgment seat from one

* From an address by T. Alex Cairns, of New Jersey.

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autocrat to a jury of twelve peers. Feudalism, with the robber baron on top and the plundered serf beneath, was shot from its castle, never to return, by the first cannon-ball ever invented.

And the saloon, the devil's headquarters on earth, when demolished at the close of this, our final siege, and when the Prince of Darkness capitulates to the Prince of Peace, shall never again rear its frowning head to insult the light and sunshine of American liberty.

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Social ills generally have a habit of shaking themselves down and down through the various strata of society till at last they rest on the pathetic backs of children.

Victor Hugo says, "He who has seen the misery of man only has seen nothing; he must see the misery of woman; he who has seen the misery of woman only has seen nothing; he must see the misery of childhood."

The father drinks and the light of intellect is snuffed out in the brain of the child. The father drinks and the child shivers through the streets in the rags of penury. The father drinks and the child, terror-curst, cowers and cringes in the corner. The father drinks and the inquisition lives again in the hell-shocking cruelties to the child. The father drinks and the child is hurled into the tartarus of the mill where the cry of its torment ascendeth up forever and ever. The

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father drinks and the child exchanges the carol and cheer of a heaven-tasting home for a damp, vermin-ridden, unaired, unlighted, unsunbeamed attic of a tenement. The father drinks and the dread syphilis of Delilah, caught in the den of the debauchee, crawls like a gehenna viper into the blood of the child. The father drinks and the child, imbruted from cradlehood, hangs its head in obsequious shame before its companions. The father drinks and the child's dimpled fingers, prest against the window-pane, grow big to grasp the assassin tools of crime. The father drinks and the child, robbed of its heritage, never hears that angel whispered melody, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." The father drinks and there is written in the black letters of despair across the scroll of the years the humanity-shaming tragedy of the child.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

If the child could but stand up in the judgment seat of some avenging Nemesis and hurl its maledictions at the social order and its red-handed agent, the saloon on the corner, all the woes of Tyre and Sidon were moderate in comparison with the vengeance-born anathemas that would strike the world with livid-cheeked terror.

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PROHIBITION IN HARMONY WITH FEDERAL CONSTITUTION *

HERE we have come to a stand. On this ground we fight. For us nice and cunning distinctions will no longer do. Of the cavil and the evasions of the politician we have had enough. We want the action of the statesmen. We will follow cockades no longer. We will listen to shibboleths no more. Henceforth we will know this cause only. For it, whenever necessary, men shall be set aside and parties abandoned. Subterfuge and indirection for us are ended. From this hour on we battle upward and onward, straight, "toward the mark of our high calling"—a new national emancipation—battle upward and onward until the closed sepulcher of the centuries opens and receives from our hands another new-dead evil. For we are here highly resolved that the past's dear dead shall not have died in vain; that our posterity shall be disenthralled, and that this Republic under God shall have another, a newer and more virile, birth of freedom.

To the consummation of this resolve we here dedicate ourselves and "pledge our fortunes, our lives and our sacred honor." By the memories

* From an address by Former Governor J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana.

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of the past, by the hopes of the future, we swear! As God bears us witness, we swear!

It has been said that the thing we seek—an amendment to the national constitution prohibiting throughout the United States the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation and transportation of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage—is contrary to the genius and the spirit of our Government, as the constitution gives only limited powers to the national government, leaving the regulation of the conduct between man and man to the authority of the States. This I deny. I believe in the Federal Constitution, believe in it profoundly. Under its divided and separate powers and its liberty-giving and freedom-protecting provisions, my father and my father's father lived and loved and died. Under them I myself have lived and wrought for half a century. Beneath them my children were born, and one has grown to womanhood's high estate. Five times I have solemnly sworn to preserve, protect and defend it, and I would not change in the slightest measure a single one of its great fundamental provisions. I want that they shall stand forever. If I thought this proposed amendment affected or impaired any one of them, I would oppose its adoption, much as my heart is set upon the abolition of this traffic. For I believe these—each and every one—to be essential to the principles of free

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and stable government and to human liberty itself. But none of them will be affected by this amendment. The fundamentals of the Federal constitution—the principles that involve the genius and the spirit of our governmental institutions—as I conceive them, are:

First. Its representative or republican character.

Second. Its trinity of departments with their coordinate and independent powers.

Third. Its dual form, or system of separate sovereign states within a sovereign whole.

Fourth. The authority of the judiciary to interpret the constitution and decide the constitutionality of laws, state and national.

These are the fundamentals of the great charter. They are of the very essence of the compact. They go to the core and heart of the whole system. They run through it all. They can not be altered without changing the form and genius of the government itself. All else is but subsidiary and incidental, a matter of detail and of method for the attainment of these.

But with this amendment adopted all these would remain untouched. The government would still be representative and republican in character. Its dual form would remain unimpaired; its trinity of independent departments intact. The courts of the land would still have authority to interpret the constitution and power to pass upon

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the validity of laws, both state and federal. The genius and the spirit of our political institutions would remain not only unimpaired, but buttressed and strengthened and purified and ennobled by the elimination of an evil national in extent, corrupting in its influence upon government and destructive in its effect upon the efficiency—physical, mental and moral—of a whole people.

To inhibit such an evil is clearly in keeping with the genius of American institutions and in accord with the highest purposes of free government.

THE WORLD MOVEMENT *

THE last stand of the liquor interests, both in this country and in the other countries of the world, has been made on the superficial, mischievous sophistry that the liquor problem is purely an economic and political problem, and as such has no place in the pulpit or in the teachings and activities of the Christian Church. Even some churches in this enlightened day and age have been caught in the meshes of this sophistry.

Victor Hugo dealt with such fallacies in his recorded estimate of the mission of Christ when

* From an address by Ernest H. Cherrington, of Westerville, Ohio.

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he said: "To combat Pharisaism, unmask imposture, overthrow tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions, to substitute the true for the false, to combat for the persecuted and the oppressed, such was the war of Jesus Christ."

That great character of all the ages, Jesus Christ, touched the keynote of all religious thought and activity when in His first sermon at Nazareth, standing before those who ridiculed His presumption, yet were amazed and captivated by His doctrine, He declared that He had been anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, the recovery of sight to the blind, and the setting at liberty the bruised.

The great central value of every religion that this world has known, old and new, has consisted in the ability of that religion to alleviate human suffering, to relieve human ills, to do away with human sorrows and heartaches, to create human happiness, to right human wrongs, and to establish not only yonder in the heavens, but here on earth among men, God's real Kingdom of Righteousness. The first positive, vital mission of the church does not consist merely in the selfish desire upon the part of men and women to get to heaven and save their own souls. It consists, rather, in the larger, higher, nobler desire and effort to bring something of heaven to this old

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earth and to help brighten the dark places of this world.

Such is the mission of the church not simply in a general sense, but it is the mission of the church in a peculiar sense at this, the greatest of all crises in the world's history. And since this is the peculiar mission of the church and of the Christian religion, it is the all-important mission of every arm of power which the church controls, every agency for righteousness which operates as a medium for the spirit of the church, every moral reform which moves forward in the name of Christianity to do service in the world's war for humanity.

The temperance reform in its effort to apply the truths of Christianity to the solution of one of the world's greatest moral problems has made great progress. It has done yeoman service in those activities which stand for the highest and best in human welfare; but the experiences of the past have thoroughly demonstrated the fact that "Time makes ancient good uncouth." The key to the portals of the future is not the rusted key that has served to open the doors of the past. The temperance reform movement faces to-day the greatest crisis of its history. There have been a few outstanding instances in the history of moral reforms, when, taking advantage of psychological conditions and psychological periods, reforms that might otherwise have re-

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quired long years have been completed, comparatively speaking, in a day.

Who can say that the moral forces of the world are not to-day face to face with such a condition in this world-wide movement for the Prohibition of the liquor traffic? When the great peace conference of the warring nations assembles, there will be presented not only the opportunity for organized Christianity to do service in the effort to settle the question of universal peace, but in all probability there will also be given to the organized moral forces of four continents the unexampled opportunity to strike a crushing blow at the international liquor traffic, and, perchance, to win a monumental victory for world sobriety.

The advanced steps which have been taken during this great world war in limiting and prohibiting the liquor traffic make it possible for the demands of this temperance reform to be represented in a large way with a strong voice at the council table where the peace protocol of the nations will be signed. The remarkable benefits of Prohibition where it has been tried in the old world, fresh and new in the minds of the nations' rulers and leaders, will open wide the gate for negotiations that may possibly lead to the dealing of one mighty blow that may sweep the liquor traffic from the face of the earth.

The real missionary stage of this Anti-Saloon

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League movement has arrived. The demands of the hour are for a wider and higher sphere of activity in the struggle against alcohol. The numerous contests that have been and are being waged against the liquor traffic in our cities and counties are not sufficient. State-wide struggles against alcohol are at best provincial, and even the coveted boon of national Prohibition can not be more than a decisive battle of the war. The mighty, crucial conflict for the final and complete solution of this national and world problem under the spell of an impending psychological hour waits upon the outcome of this greatest of world wars.

No temperance organization on earth is so well equipped, so close to the heart of the church, so related to the temperance movement of other countries, so well and properly prepared to initiate a great international organization of the Prohibition sentiment of the world, as the Anti-Saloon League of America. The opportunity thus presented to this League at this epochal period is unparalleled. The responsibility which that opportunity imposes is of a kind and degree which belong to the obligations of a sacred trust. The possibilities for service and lasting benedictions upon the races of men are bounded only by the limitations of time and space.

If this movement for the overthrow of the liquor traffic in America—so rich in resources,

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so blest with a devoted and faithful following, so fixt in public confidence—should neglect the pressing duty at hand and fail to measure up to the new demands of the hour, regardless of all the good it may have done, it will serve in history largely to emphasize the most colossal blunder in moral reform movements.

On the other hand, if our eyes are opened to the light, if our wills are equal to the test, if our souls are responsive to the call, this movement under God will record a new chapter in the history of the struggle for liberty, will lift up a new standard for the world and will bequeath a priceless heritage upon nations yet unborn.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR PROHIBITION FANATICS THESE DAYS *

My advocacy of Prohibition has evoked criticism from some of my clerical friends. In a recent meeting one brother rose and asked: "Do you think you know more than St. Paul?" With as much modesty as possible, I replied, "Yes, I think I do." St. Paul did not know how to use a microscope; St. Paul was ignorant of the existence of germs of disease. He did not know what the microscope reveals, that one glass of wine will paralyze the white corpuscles of the

* From an address by Dr. James Empringham, of New York.

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blood, rendering these little bodyguards incapable of destroying disease germs. In things medical I would rather have trusted Luke than Paul, but even Dr. Luke knew no more than physicians of his day. Men try to persuade me that the barbarous institution of polygamy is right because the patriarchs of Scripture were polygamists, but even David, the most godly man of his time, would be so far behind modern morality that if living to-day the Psalmist would be in jail for having more wives than the welfare of the community permits.

Another friend said to me, "Well, well, I could not believe my ears when I learned that you had joined that bunch of fanatics." "But why do you call them fanatics?" "Because you try to dictate what people shall eat and drink." "Not at all. We are concerned with what people sell. You may drink sewage, carbolic acid, whisky or any other poison and our League will not seek to restrain you by force. But if you attempt to sell any commodity injurious to the health of the community, no matter whether it be infected milk, diseased meat, or dangerous drugs, your act ceases to be an individual matter and becomes a social problem." There are those who do go to the extreme of dictating to their fellows what they shall drink, but you must not look for these Prohibition fanatics in the pulpit or on the platform, but in the offices of "big

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business.” The penalty for drinking a glass of beer is instant dismissal in many great firms to-day. Some companies go so far as to post up notices warning their employees that they will forfeit their positions if seen entering or leaving a saloon. Many large employers of labor have their men thoroughly terrified through their system of espionage.

WHY HE ENLISTED *

AMONG the forces that have crowded in behind me and forced me out to face this common enemy, United Liquor, are two that stand out distinctly. It was just nineteen years ago when I sat over there in this very hall and listened, leaning forward to catch his every word, for two hours, as John G. Woolley, the Wendell Phillips of this great reform, whom those of us who know him well love for what he is and what he has done, gave his plea for “Young Men for War.” He said, “The liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin,” and I, a college boy, believed him and I listened on until he closed his great address: “Pleading for Strength, Christian Manhood, Heart Power, Brain Power, Hand Power that measures by foot pounds, not up, but forward in Jesus’s name,” and we all agreed with him.

* Dr. F. Scott McBride, of Chicago.

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I went back to my hotel over here on the square facing the monument, and said I was willing to enlist. I thought I was fighting in that war, but it was twelve years after, college over, seminary finished, that I stood beside a lad on a gallows over in Kittanning, Pa. This lad grew up in that county. The night before he told me when tears filled his eyes, that it was the quart of whisky that had crazed his mind, and moved him as a "bolt from the blue" to shoot down to death the little woman he called his wife, the mother of his baby boy. To her he had given troth just two years before that he would "love, sustain, protect and support," and I believed he meant it. I heard the judge enunciate the sentence that this lad should hang by his neck until he was dead on a certain day. Methinks I see the Goddess of Justice hang her head in shame as she tried to balance the scales that day.

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SAY THE KIND WORD NOW!

Here is a little song as good for reform workers as for any one else. It will make us all happier and more useful if we will live up to its teaching:

“If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait,
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.”

THE FOOLERY OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

It is wonderful how editors and other public men rapidly discover how the saloon has been duping them when once they have a trial of what real Prohibition means.

Governor Lister of Washington in a recent speech suggested that the state liquor law be “tightened up instead of loosened up!”

Commenting on this, the *Aberdeen World* remarks that “The suggestion is not a bad one, and there is no doubt that this will be done in case violations of the law become flagrant”; and adds, “In fact, the advocates of total Prohibition could want no better argument for attempting to make the State absolutely dry than continued violations of the law by those who want to get the State back into the wet column.”

Abraham Lincoln once remarked, “You can fool all of the people part of the time and you can fool part of the

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people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time," and that the masses of our people are getting their eyes open to the foolery of the liquor traffic is very evident by the course of events to-day.

NOT A BOTTLE IN SIGHT

George Palmer Putnam, formerly secretary to the Governor of Oregon, writing to the *Morning Oregonian* on his way to Mexico with a battalion of Oregon infantry, declares that the excursion was "as dry as the sands of Mexico."

"Speaking of health and happiness, one fact is worth mentioning," says Mr. Putnam. "This is a non-alcoholic excursion. The sands of Mexico could be no more dry than was the Clackamas camp and than is this train. The writer has seen not a single drink nor a single man drunk. There hasn't been a bottle visible at any time. So far as the militia is concerned Prohibition is absolute, and it is safe to say that it's a voluntary abstinence, for the spirit of the men is such that anything tending to irregularity would be frowned upon."

At religious services held at Camp Withycombe, Clackamas, previous to the departure of the State troops, Mayor W. S. Gilbert, chaplain of the third infantry, in his address to the soldiers said: "What a blessing to this camp, to this regiment and to all Oregon that booze is taboo. Thank God for a Colonel who does not drink and thank God that our officers, who lead our men, are without exception men of high standing and absolute teetotalers. We are leaving Oregon a regiment absolutely sober. We are going to places where we will find

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many a temptation. But, my comrades, we are soldiers and do not intend to surrender to any foe. Let us vow right here and now absolutely to cut out all foolishness and be real soldiers of the highest possible efficiency—men clean in body and soul—so that we can look ourselves in the face and our mothers and our wives and not be ashamed.”

KEEP DRY OR GET OUT

Missouri, tho voting wet, is surely drying up in spots. The officers of its National Guard are all on the water wagon. Brigadier-General Harvey C. Clark, at the head of the Missouri Guard, requested all the members of his staff to become total abstainers while on service on the Mexican frontier. Those who were unwilling to so pledge themselves were asked to resign. And so the good work goes on. Whether in war or in peace, there is no comfortable place left for a liquor saloon.

MAKE A CHAIN

One by one all the forces for righteousness in America are lining up against the iniquitous saloon. The Episcopal Church in Michigan is now solidly in position for Prohibition. The Lansing (Mich.) *State Journal* reports that formal notice has been received that the annual convention of the Western Michigan Episcopal diocese, in session at Sturgis, adopted unanimously a resolution favoring and endorsing the campaign for a dry State. This action, it is said, commits the Episcopal Church of Michigan to the dry movement. Similar action was taken unanimously several weeks ago in the convention of the Detroit diocese and it is believed that the view exprest

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will be echoed by Episcopal churchmen in the upper peninsula.

BOOZE NOT A TRUE SPORT

And now comes the "unkindest cut of all." John L. Sullivan, the aforetime prizefighter who knows both liquor and sport clear to the ground by actual personal experience, declares that the booze is not even a game sport. Sullivan says: "John Barleycorn was the real heavyweight champion. I was not knocked out by Jim Corbett, but by Jim Jams. Booze strikes a man below the belt. The booze game is a game no one can beat. Every fellow thinks he can, but if he don't let it alone it will get him. I punished some of the stuff myself, but I cut it out and see what I am now. They said when I was whooping it up years ago that I would die in the gutter. But I fooled them. I have not touched a drop in years. I don't need it, and I know very well that it don't need me.

"Nowadays a man can't drink and get away with it as he once could. The man who drinks is not wanted now, no matter how good he is. There has been a big change in the last thirty years. Some day John Barleycorn will receive the knock-out blow. The day is coming in this country when there will be no saloons."

GOOD FOR ALL

Prohibition is like the "Old Time Religion," good for everybody that gets it. Here is an Iowa experience: "According to a statement by Mayor Hanna, of Des Moines, the cost for patients at the State inebriate asylum fell from \$1,818 for the last quarter of 1914 to \$952

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for the same quarter in 1915, while the number of patients fell from 55 to 28 for the same two periods, a reduction of 50 per cent. The commitments to the insane asylums because of insanity induced by over-indulgence in alcoholics are already noticeably less. The demands on the county poor fund are less insistent. In fact, there seems to be no place in which the city and county have not profited by closing the saloon."

A GOOD SNAKE STORY

G. W. Tuttle tells this striking story from real life in the *Union Signal*. It is not only a very interesting tale, but carries irresistible logic with it. Mr. Tuttle came on a rattlesnake on Deep Creek in the San Bernardino mountains. "This snake was sunning himself on a nice stretch of sand, and he began to rattle very loudly and indignantly while I was still some distance from him. He would back toward the bushes, then stop, coil and rattle, and then repeat the performance. Evidently he was an old-timer, for with all his bluster he realized that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' and the shelter of the bushes looked good to him. I looked about me for a stick, but could find none; so I had recourse to stones. Stones had proved effective weapons in the past. If David could kill Goliath with a single stone, why should I not slay a rattlesnake with a whole canyon full of the missiles? I must confess that I wasted lots of perfectly good—but cheap—ammunition before I scored a hit. At last, just as he had gained the bushes, a stone hit his tail above the rattles, cutting it almost entirely off, and making it impossible to use his warning rattles again. The bushes were so thick that I could not find

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him, so he escaped from me in that crippled condition. He was now a nice, respectable snake; no angler in the future would be alarmed by his rude and noisy warning—but he was more dangerous than ever.

“In this true incident behold a Parable of the Saloon. Men say, ‘We will curtail their privileges; we will make them respectable; we will make them close their doors on the Sabbath Day; we will make them quiet and law-abiding!’ This is as much as to say, ‘We will take a little from the tail! We will take the rattles but leave the fangs!’ Only one class of rattlesnakes or saloons are absolutely safe—the dead ones.

THE SALOON AND THE DEATH-RATE

These health doctors and health commissioners will get the saloon people all fussed up yet if they don't look out. Here comes Dr. John Dill Robertson, the Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, saying: “In the City of Chicago, where the death-rate is approximately one hundred a day, it is safe to say that at least 25 per cent. of these deaths are caused directly or indirectly by alcohol. Sir William Osler, late of Johns Hopkins University, professor of medicine at Oxford, McGill and Pennsylvania Universities and one of the world's greatest physicians, says of alcohol that it produces acute inflammation of the stomach, hemorrhage of the pancreas, heart disease, cancer of the stomach, Bright's disease, fatty liver, hardened liver, inflammation of the nerves, epilepsy, hardening of the arteries and a multitude of other afflictions of the body. These are known medical facts. Alcohol is truly a poison. It is not only the causative factor in the diseases and afflictions I have

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mentioned above, but it invades the mental man and produces insanity."

No wonder the low Kansas death-rate is worrying the liquor brethren.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE NEW CONVERTS

Nothing is more cheering to the old standbys following a great religious revival than to listen to the testimony of the new converts. The reports that come to us from the new Prohibition States sound much the same.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* reports the following conversation overheard on the street between an attorney and a business man. The attorney is a teetotaler, and has always been one. He said: "I have always been bitterly opposed to Prohibition, and considered it futile and foolish. However, I am frank to say that with the experience of the past few months, I would to-day vote in favor of it."

The business man replied: "So would I. Tho, like you, I once was opposed to Prohibition, my experience in the State of Washington, where a company I am interested in employs hundreds of men, and here in Burlington, has taught me to know that Prohibition is a good thing. It has come to stay."

Let the Prohibition class meeting go on until it merges into the national Prohibition love-feast.

PUT DRINK ON LIST OF POISONS

Mr. Francis Norie-Miller, of the General Accident, Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Ltd., recently wrote: "I have come unhesitatingly to the opinion that the effect of alcohol on the human system is to degrade in

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every particular—mentally, morally and physically. Those of my employees who have indulged freely have, by a process more or less gradual, become absolutely useless. Poverty and misery in the homes have resulted. Their children I find weak, physically and mentally, and I feel that, not only for the sake of the present generation, but for the sake of generations to come, every community should have Prohibition to the extent that it would be as difficult to obtain strong drink as to obtain strong poisons.”

ESCAPED IN TIME

A news story from Russia says: “A director of a glass factory in Moscow said that fifty years more of drunkenness would have lost to the Russian people all capacity for resistance and the nation would have fallen an easy prey to Germany.”

There can be no doubt that the only thing that made it possible for Russia to come back after her early disasters in the world war was Prohibition. God grant the United States wisdom enough to learn the great lesson! The best of all preparedness is a clean, sober citizenship.

QUIT THE DRINK OR LOSE THE JOB

There are now in the United States alone a good deal more than one million good, healthy, family-supporting jobs that are absolutely closed against the man who drinks. Not only against the man who drinks while on duty, but against the man who is not willing to keep away from the saloon while off duty. If any man doubts, let him ask the railroads about “Rule G” and the multitude of manufacturers who are following their example.

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NO DRINKING MAN NEED APPLY

A. J. Thornley, of the Narragansett Machine Company, when asked about the attitude of his company toward drink, made this suggestive reply: "We do not know anything about the scientific side of the bad effect of alcohol on the human system. Our experience in dealing with it from an industrial point of view, however, makes us ready to believe the worst that can be said against it. Its use means inefficiency. It means greater liability to accident, to insubordination, to disorganization. We have proved this so thoroughly to our own satisfaction that the most important rule in our plant is to the effect that 'No drinking man need apply.' "

A HAPPY JAIL EXPERIENCE

The *Union Signal* has this happy story of Prohibition in North Dakota: "Sixty ministers of the Gospel, delegates to the State Sunday-school Convention, recently had the unique experience of being entertained in the Ramsey County jail, at Devil's Lake, North Dakota. So well enforced is the Prohibition law in North Dakota that it is no uncommon thing to find the jails unoccupied. It occurred to the Commercial Club of the city, when trying vainly to find enough rooms for the visiting delegates, that it might utilize the empty jail for that purpose, and, according to the *Minnewaukon Siftings* of June 15th, 'the corridors, cages, dungeon and all other available space of the county jail were turned over to men of the cloth.' 'We want to impress these visitors that Devil's Lake is about the best place they ever struck,' declared the secretary of the Commercial Club.

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'Few cities in the Northwest have an elegant \$60,000 county jail, without a person in it.' "

How splendid it will be when we can use Ohio and Pennsylvania and New York jails for such useful and gladsome occasions.

BOOZE AND DOPE

The Toronto Academy of Medicine in its last meeting scored "the drink" as a deadly habit-forming drug.

"The public should learn from us that there is mighty little, if any, place for alcohol in medicine," said Lieut.-Col. J. W. S. McCullough, secretary of the Provincial Board of Health. "They should learn that alcohol is a poison in the same class with opium, cocaine and other deadly drugs, and that the drunkard is no more a criminal than the morphine user."

Some of us who were brought up in the backwoods on red-nosed doctors who gave whisky for everything, from colic to mumps, are glad to be alive and see this new day.

IT WORKS ANYWHERE

One thing about Prohibition is that it works in one place as well as in another. What has been good for Kansas is just as good for Russia, and what has been a blessing for Maine is just as great a blessing to the provinces of Canada. The Prime Minister of Prince Edward Island, Canada, which has had Prohibition since 1907, recently informed the government of New Brunswick that "Prohibition is far ahead of any other law that I have known. We have practically no crime; our jails are almost empty and we have very few prosecutions in the Su-

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preme Court. In Queen's County jail we have only three prisoners, in Prince County jail only four, and in King's County jail there are none at all."

BLEST RUSSIA

An Associated Press report to the American newspapers telling of the blessings to Russia under Prohibition said: "A noteworthy falling off in the number of domestic rows; a lighter and more hopeful spirit among the people; a decrease in arrears of taxes; fields better tilled and a growing demand for agricultural machinery; a decrease in alcoholics in the charity hospitals and other institutions, and a decrease in crimes and in the number of beggars." According to this investigator, the peasant, instead of feeling that he has suffered an injury by the abolition of vodka, is grateful for having a temptation removed which he knew he himself was powerless to resist. The Emperor is reverently referred to as "Nicholas the Temperate." A peasant is quoted as saying: "We have now one common enemy, the Germans; formerly every man was his own enemy."

KNOCKED OUT BY ONE GLASS OF BEER

Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, who has made a wide study of the influence of strong drink on the efficiency of the human body, recently wrote: "The great business interests of America are beginning to comprehend that if an office worker takes even a moderate dose of one glass of beer daily, he decreases his efficiency by an average of 7 per cent. In other words, it would require fifteen men, indulging in one glass of beer daily, to do approximately the work which properly should be done by four-

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teen abstainers. They are realizing that a drinking man can not stand extremes of temperature as well, that he can not hear or see or smell as well, that he can not lift as much or lift as often, that he can not walk as far, dig as much, or carry as enduringly as tho he were abstinent. And with what Herbert Spencer would call 'altruistic egoism,' business is determined that, for the mutual interests of workman and employer, drinking shall cease."

The National Prohibition Amendment is the cure!

THE MONDAY MORNING NIGHTMARE

J. B. Mansfield, vice-president of the J. E. Bolles Iron and Wire Works, says: "We have overcome our 'Monday morning nightmare' by paying our men on Tuesday instead of Saturday." Mr. Mansfield bears this testimony also: "Forty per cent. of our accidents are among men who take intoxicating liquor. Ninety per cent. of serious accidents occur among men who drink. Not a single serious accident has happened to an employee who was a total abstainer since our compensation law went into effect. We now discharge and refuse recommendation to an employee who comes to work Monday morning smelling of whisky."

Shut all the saloons and banish the morning "nightmare" from America.

CIRCUS DAY AND PROHIBITION

Barnum and Bailey's big circus was in Oklahoma City a while ago and the following day the *Daily Oklahoman*, the largest daily paper in the State, published an article entitled "Benefit of Prohibition Shown on Circus Day as

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at No Other Time," and quoted from Sheriff Binion, of Oklahoma County, who said: "One good feature of Prohibition is that when a circus comes to town we seldom have any trouble. In times when we had saloons, circus day meant a big time for persons inclined to drink heavily. Nowadays the circus comes and goes without trouble. In saloon days the circus laborers used to get drunk. Then people from the small towns near by used to drink, too, and fights, robberies and all sorts of lawlessness followed. But now the circus crowd is orderly and officers of the law seldom, if ever, are needed."

In an editorial on the same subject the *Daily Oklahoman* makes a strong case for Prohibition. The paper says: "The contrast between a saloonless town and a saloon town on circus day was so great that it moved the sheriff to reminiscence. But circus day is not the only day of the year when the difference is noticeable. There are just three hundred and sixty-four other days in the year when the advantages of the saloonless town are visible to the naked eye. If anybody can produce one sensible argument in behalf of the saloon, he can get rich a good deal quicker than Mr. Wallingford. The brewers will besprinkle him with diamonds and the distillers will upholster his purse with million-dollar bills. The silence remains unbroken. It can't be done. There simply isn't a word to say for the saloons. How they managed to hold on as long as they have is one of the mysteries. It is also one of the most serious reflections upon our capacity for self-government. Posterity is going to have a good deal to wonder about. Among the follies of the fathers will stand the saloon."

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QUICK LIQUOR MAKES A SLOW BRAIN

W. S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, recently speaking for his powerful body of most intelligent workers, said: "The position of the organization is well known. We fight the liquor evil perhaps as hard as any of the churches. Liquor has no place in our modern railroading. There is no class of men in the world of whom more is required and who should have clearer heads than the men in charge of the transportation services of this country. Those of us who have been in the railroad game for years know the infinitesimal space of time that spells the difference between safety and disaster. There is no question but that liquor does slow down the brain action, and the man in the cab of the locomotive and the man in charge of the train, even tho he has no regard for his own safety, has no business to use it in any way; by so doing he endangers others."

There is not a saloon-keeper in the land who would ride behind a drunken engineer if he knew it.

A GREAT MAN'S LEGACY

The late Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy during the Spanish-American War, and a truly great and good man, once in an address to Boston boys said: "Boys, I know that it is not much use to preach to you, and that, even if an impression is made on you, it runs the risk of being effaced as soon as you come into exposure to a temptation. But if you could only have, in these bright, hopeful, confident days of yours, the experience of years, you would abstain

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from intoxicating liquors, not only as a matter of principle, but as a matter of hard common-sense and of your personal happiness, health, success, and prosperity.

“There is no denying that intoxicating liquors are indulged in by many respectable people, or that they are associated, in some literature and in some society, with good fellowship and merry times, or that some persons can use them moderately without immediately apparent injury. But take my word for it that the risk of their use is a terrible risk; that there can be just as good times and just as good fellowship without them; and that nobody thinks a bit less of a young fellow because he will not use them, but on the contrary every business man or professional man, whatever his own habits, instinctively turns away from employing any young man who has the taint of liquor about him.

“Every physician now condemns the use of alcohol as a drink. Every employer counts the use of it against an employee. If you want a clear head; if you want a sound heart; if you want a clean conscience; if you want a healthy body; if you want money in your pocket and credit to your name, put your foot right down and say that you are going to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, and keep the faith. Is there anything nastier than a man under the influence? Be clean and wholesome. Keep your brain clear, your head steady, your self-respect firm, and you will have a life that is worth living. This is not a matter of goody-goody talk and sentiment. If nothing else will convince you, experience will; but it will be that experience which can only come too late to be of any use. You may think that you have self-control enough to take care of yourself. But the chances are that your self-control will be no more than

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a pasteboard against a Gatling gun if you tamper with temptation and once begin the indulgence."

Let every boy heed, but let every man seek to kill the saloon that puts every boy in danger.

BIG STRONG PULL ALL TOGETHER

The *Voice*, the Methodist Temperance Society paper, has a keen editorial entitled "Capping the Enemy's Line": "In the Battle of the Skagerak, or, if you can not pronounce that, the Battle of Jutland, the British battle cruisers found it necessary to turn their line of battle in order that the approaching British Grand Fleet might have room to deploy between the cruisers and the four *Queen Elizabeths* which had been supporting the action up to that time. As the British battle cruisers made the turn the approaching German High Seas Fleet headed their line and 'capped' it, concentrating their fire on the turning-point, with the result that three great British battle cruisers were lost in a few minutes. When the entire British fleet had finally arrived and deployed for action, its superior speed enabled it to 'cap' the German line also, and probably only darkness saved the Germans from complete destruction. 'Capping' the enemy's line is a most effective battle maneuver, because it enables an entire fleet to concentrate its fire upon the enemy's line, while the attacking ships are protected by the great distance from the fire of a considerable part of the opposing fleet's extended line. In the recent sea battle the line was one hundred miles long.

"It is a principle of warfare that Prohibitionists should appreciate more. It sounds heroic to say, 'Go in any-

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where; there is bully good fighting all along the line,' but it is mighty poor tactics. We should take point by point away from the foe by concentration of effort.'

AN ELOQUENT SUPPOSITION

Here is a bright logical Yankee supposition from a Boston paper: "Suppose, for instance, that we could close up the thousand dramshops of Boston some Saturday night, put Prohibition into operation, allow no liquor to come into the city, have on guard a policeman to watch the saloons to see that no one got in, and a man to watch the policeman to see that he did not get in. Results: No sale of liquor, men sober and efficient. The next Saturday afternoon—pay-day—instead of spending their money in saloons they go to the market and purchase the food necessary for a good Sunday dinner. A boom for the grocer, the butcher and the baker. Next week shoes are purchased for the children—a good thing for the shoe shop. Then follows a dress for the wife, with better furniture for the home, rugs and carpets for the floors, and pictures for the walls. Later magazines find their way into the changed home, and it becomes a place of joy and plenty instead of a home curst by drink. With the demand for better food and clothing, furniture and carpets, every legitimate business is boomed; the farm, the mill, the factory share in the increased prosperity. Extend the area, give us national Prohibition, stop the waste caused by the liquor traffic, and the money now spent for drink, flowing naturally into the proper channels of trade, would create a demand for the products of labor, speed the wheels of our producing machinery, and inaugurate an era of prosperity

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such as we have not before witnessed even in our most palmy days."

The reports that come from Denver, Portland, Seattle and all the new Prohibition cities show that the eloquently stated suppositions concerning Boston are well within the limit of possible facts.

THE MARVELOUS ADVANCE

Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, is generally regarded as the father of the anti-liquor movement in America. And yet he openly urged that those who had formed the drinking habit should be encouraged to use morphine, opium and cocaine as substitutes for liquor. Let any discouraged brother who thinks we are not going forward in this movement just take note of that historical fact.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A GOVERNOR

Moses Alexander, of Idaho, is a great governor. He is a true descendant of the Moses whose name he bears. Not only is he a first-class business man, but he has the full courage of his convictions. This is illustrated in the fact that he has made a standing offer to buy any banks or stores which feel that on account of Prohibition they will be forced to sell. The governor, who is a man of great wealth, has done this in times past, he says, and in each instance he has resold the property at a greatly increased value. He was one of the speakers at the Anti-Saloon League convention in Indianapolis and told from his personal experience and observation how Prohibition stimulates all lines of legitimate industry.

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SOBER BIRMINGHAM

President George B. Ward, of the City Commission of Birmingham, Ala., when asked how the new Prohibition law was working in that city, related this incident: "May 16th, 17th and 18th the Confederate reunion was held in Birmingham. There were 60,000 visitors in the city. The parade was six miles long and took three hours to pass a given point. Yet, during the three days, not a single accident of any kind happened, either from automobiles, street cars, or railroads. Only nine drunken men were found in the city, out of the 240,000 people handled. The police court handled on these three days forty-eight cases of all kinds. There were no fights and not a single unpleasant or disagreeable feature attended the reunion."

There are certainly some other American cities that would be greatly benefited by the same kind of demoralization that Prohibition has brought to Birmingham.

THE FACTS ALL AGAINST THE SALOON

The tide for Prohibition sweeps steadily on because the facts all show the real benefits of the banishment of the saloon. A western writer commenting on the liquor lies about Prohibition says: "No city, State or nation has ever been impoverished by abolishing strong drink. By no jugglery of facts or figures can the average citizen be convinced to-day that individual or national wealth or well-being is conserved by the presence of the traffic in alcoholic beverages and the consequences which always results therefrom. Jugglers may juggle, and appetite, passion, prejudice and greed may strive to postpone the

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final departure of John Barleycorn, but his sentence is pronounced and the day of his execution can not long be deferred."

THE EMPIRE BUILDER AND PROHIBITION

The truly great men with large mental girth are all coming over to Prohibition. Not to be an enemy of the liquor saloon to-day is to put one in the discount class. The late James J. Hill, the greatest railroad builder America has produced, was an advocate of national Prohibition. Professor Irving Fisher, at St. Louis, when he brought before the resolutions committee of the national Democratic convention the party platform, said: "I received a letter from Mr. Hill in which he declared that the greatest factor in the promotion of crime, disease and poverty in this nation was the liquor traffic, and that he believed national Prohibition was the best solution of the problem."

Better get on the band-wagon, brother!

KEEP CONSCIENCE ON THE JOB

James Whitcomb Riley, now gone over to the great majority, wrote for the *Century* an illuminating little homely poem about conscience:

Sometimes my Conscience, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
"Of course I do.
You are a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry, you make me pray,

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And all of them good things that away—
That is, at night. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says one't more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-tremblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around—'tel plumb daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands, and grabs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' that thing—'tel my closest friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you'd orto be
And allus think o' me!"

What we need above all else to finish up the saloon in America is to keep the American conscience right on the job.

NO JOSHUA TO MAKE THE PROHIBITION SUN STAND STILL

"If things would stay as they are, the liquor trade would experience a marvelous prosperity," remarks *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular*. "But," it adds as

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an after-thought, "things do not promise to remain as they are."

No, they won't do it, brother. The Prohibition sun will move right on until it dries up every saloon in the land. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come and come quickly!

THE TWO MONEY BAGS

The expense account of the saloon to the State is many times greater than the boasted revenue account:

"The State of Massachusetts has, it is true, a license bag. In this bag is placed the license revenue, which last year amounted to \$3,478,086. But the State has to have another bag out of which it takes the money necessary to pay for the expense caused by the liquor traffic, and this bag is more than three times as large as the bag containing the license revenue. The official report of the Commission on the High Cost of Living, Chairman, Hon. Robert Luce, makes the following declaration: 'As a matter of fact, if drink were to be held responsible for a proportion of the public payments—State, county, city and town—for penal institutions, police departments, the judiciary, asylums, poorhouses, etc., as well as for private charity, corresponding to the proportion that liquor bears to other causes of conviction and commitment, the grand total of expense in Massachusetts would be found not far from \$10,000,000 a year; and if to this we added the cost of disease and death, the total record would be appalling.' The commission adds to this the statement: 'The individual wastage through its use is, of course, beyond measurement, but is surely enormous. The saloon is the source of our greatest economic injury and private misery.'"

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Those shrewd Massachusetts Yankees ought to be better traders than that.

THE MOTHERS *vs* THE SALOON

The California Congress for Mothers came out for State-wide Prohibition in these ringing terms:

“Whereas, the California Congress of Mothers holds the welfare of the child to be of paramount importance to the State; and,

“Whereas, scientific investigation has shown that alcohol in any form is destructive to the physical, mental and moral well-being of the individual; and,

“Whereas, any temporary financial loss will be more than counterbalanced by the gain to the home and child; therefore, be it

“Resolved, That we place ourselves upon record as an organization in favor of the movement toward the making of California a dry State.”

When we remember the crucifixion of motherhood at the hands of the saloon, there is infinite pathos in this incident.

WOMAN AND HER DEADLIEST FOE

Mrs. Margaret B. Platt, writing in the *Union Signal* of the heroic fight against the saloon of the women of America during the last forty years, puts the true woman's point of view in these ringing words: “What has the saloon or its vassals done to make the world better, to elevate moral standards, to uplift the fallen, encourage the weak, cheer the mourner, make childhood happy, wreath the wife's face with smiles, put a joyful light in her eyes and a merry lilt in her voice? What

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has it done to lessen poverty, feed the hungry, reduce the need of jails and asylums, promote education and aid humanitarian endeavor? Has it not ever been a parasite enriching itself by the spoliation of its victims?

“If there is any defense that can be made for an indefensible satellite of perdition, will somebody stand up and defend the saloon? What agreement can there be between woman and her deadliest foe? Only that agreement that must ever exist between good and bad, virtue and vice, right and wrong—persistent, uncompromising, implacable warfare. The two must be ever unalterably opposed; and by as much as woman is God’s creation and must live forever, and the saloon belongs to that underworld from which came its inception, let us hasten to dispatch it to its proper realm that the world may be rid of its horrors and civilization proceed with righteous achievements unhampered by its destructive rule. The world declared the Crusade ‘heroic.’ What then is the long-drawn conflict of these four decades? No less than sublime. Woman has but a little longer to wait—then regnant her cause.

“ ‘For the voice of warning has gone abroad,
The time is ripe for the hour of God.’ ”

WHERE THE GRASS GROWS UNDER PROHIBITION

A western banker whose town has had no saloons now for over two years said the other day: “Before we voted out the saloons we were told that, without the liquor business, grass would grow in our streets. The prediction has come true in one particular—the street that leads to the jail is overgrown with grass.”

That is the kind of grass growing we can stand a lot

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of in these days. Open saloons mean full jails. There is abundant testimony that can not be shaken on these points.

A CITY WITHOUT DISORDER

The old-time rum-ridden city full of riot and murder, a place of fear and shame, bids fair to pass away with the overthrow of the saloon. The leading newspaper of Everett, Wash., commenting on the result of Prohibition, declares that "Everett is apparently a city without disorder." The same paper goes on to say: "If not the oldest inhabitant, it takes one who has lived in Everett a considerable time to recollect the last deed of violence perpetrated within the corporate limits. Not a single case of burglary has been reported for months, aside from petty thefts of food; not a case of highway robbery has occurred for a long time; more serious crimes have not been called to the attention of the police department for six months. No police court session for three days shows how crime is reduced to a minimum; it means that chronic alcoholics are unable, with the assistance rendered the police department by druggists, to obtain their brain-confusing elixir. This improved condition may safely be ascribed to the absence of drinking opportunities, the police believe. If Everett has, for many months, been fortunate in having little police trouble, she has been equally fortunate in escaping disastrous fires. No serious fire losses have occurred for months."

Is it not strange that any city would dread an experience like that?

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THE SALOON AND THE BOARD OF HEALTH

Dr. Haven Emerson, Health Commissioner of New York City, the largest municipality in the world, says:

"It is, as I conceive it, the duty of departments of health to teach, teach, teach, persuade, demonstrate, exhibit, exhort, prove that alcohol as a beverage or in patent medicines is a menace to personal and community health, is a common source of sickness and death, is blocking the path of preventive medicine, and is a menace to the physical and social development of the nation."

You see if the liquor people don't make a dead set at getting control of the health boards of these big cities. The saloon can not long endure bombardment from every side, such as it is getting now.

THE HEALTHIEST STATE IN THE UNION

In December, 1915, when Mr. W. J. V. Deacon, Registrar of Vital Statistics, made his report to the director of the Census Bureau at Washington, the figures showed that the death-rate in Kansas that year was only 9.8 in each 1,000 population, which was the lowest in the United States. I suppose the Government clerks had been reading some of the brewery lies, so they made a special investigation to try to break the report down, but found everything correct. When they wrote Mr. Deacon asking how the death-rate of Kansas happened to be so very low, he replied:

"Kansas is a Prohibition State and has been for a generation, and in Kansas Prohibition really prohibits. I do not mean by this that there is no alcohol consumed in the State, but the absence of the saloon means much

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to our growing young men and boys who, in the absence of the bar-room, find more healthful pastimes than loafing in an alcohol-laden atmosphere, and there is an absence of opportunity to poison the body with the toxins of alcohol which will be sure to show in those organic diseases which are known to be affected by alcohol.

“Another and more important effect of Prohibition is that the wage of the laborer or mechanic is not dissipated, but goes to supply those necessities of food, clothing and housing most essential to the well-being of their families and themselves.

“The intelligence of the people has, in my opinion, a direct influence upon their health. There is a direct correlation between a low rate of illiteracy and a low death-rate. Kansas has an illiteracy rate of 2.2; the people are intelligent, and for many years the Kansas State Board of Health and allied agencies have carried on a propaganda of public health education which is bearing fruit in the saving of human lives.”

NAVY WINE GLASSES AT AUCTION

Two years ago the Secretary of the Navy ordered all intoxicating liquors banished from the Navy, including the officers' mess, and now comes a new order from the same source directing the cut-glass wine service belonging to each ship to be sent to the New York Navy Yard, to be sold at auction. Some of this ware has already been sold at 20 per cent. of its cost. The cut-glass was the best that could be bought and the smallest glass to the largest decanter bore the crest of the United States Navy. This cut-glass auction is a mile-stone along the way to national Prohibition.

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LIQUOR REVENUE NOT NEEDED

Here are figures given by a Russian writer of great distinction which show what a negligible thing the boasted liquor revenue is after all: "The Russian national budget during the year 1915 was 359,000,000 rubles from direct revenue, 813,000,000 rubles from indirect revenue, 413,000,000 rubles from the taxes, 1,030,000,000 rubles from the imperial domain, 112,000,000 rubles from the Imperial Bank earnings and 251,000,000 rubles from the imperial concessions and mines. And, incidentally, the abolition of alcohol has had no effect whatsoever on the budget, altho liquor supplied 600,000,000 rubles of revenue annually."

THE WAY PROHIBITION HAS RUINED ARIZONA

A man who moved to California to escape the ruin he thought would surely come to Arizona with the downfall of the saloon, tells how his fearful dreams were realized: "Why, man alive, haven't you read? Here's something I've just received. Bobby Burns, the Marshal of Williams, where you drop off the Santa Fe to go to the Grand Canyon, says he used to spend his time wrestling with drunks and thugs in the gutters and now he rides in an auto and wears a boiled shirt. He says he can't tell a sheep-herder now from a traveling man. They are wearing wrist-watches, and the cow-punchers shed their horses before they get to town and jerk their pants down over their boots. Listen to this, the saving accounts of the State banks increased nearly a half million dollars in eight months after Prohibition went in. The men in the logging camps are sending checks to the banks to be deposited subject to their orders, something

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scarcely known before. An examination of the records in the sheriffs' offices and city police stations in ten wet counties showed that in 1914 3,043 arrests were made for drunkenness during the first six months. But under Prohibition in 1915, in the same counties and for the same length of time, only 464 arrests were made for the same cause—a decrease of 2,579, or more than 84 per cent.; and for the same time there was a decrease of 29 per cent. in crime. During the six months before Arizona voted dry there were thirty murders in the State. During the last eighteen months there have been only six, and the city of Prescott did not have a single arrest for three months last summer. Wouldn't that blow your bonnet off, Mr. Parson? And listen to this, the Blazing Star and the Bucket of Blood, noted gambling places, have passed out, and where the Fashion Gambling House stood in Tucson is now a magnificent Y. M. C. A. building—think of that!"

See how Prohibition is devastating the picturesque scenery!

THE NEW FARMERS' BANK IN RUSSIA

A Russian writer recently recounts one of the most remarkable developments in the whole history of political economy. He points out that in the first eighteen months that Russia was on the water-wagon there were founded 18,000 peasant banks, an average of 1,000 a month. In addition there were established 11,000 peasant co-operative supply stations or stores.

These peasant banks are just now forming a central administration, a bank of banks, in Moscow, composed of delegates from provincial banks. The government has not yet been able to grasp the whole extent of these

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peculiar institutions of the people, both sporadically and suddenly looming up as something gigantic in national economic life. The cash capital of these peasant banks amounts to 500,000,000 rubles, while the value of their accessories, real estate, securities, etc., reaches 1,000,000,000.

The fact is that Prohibition is a financial miracle-worker.

IN THE MAD-DOG CLASS

Down in Georgia the other day an energetic sheriff seized and destroyed a whole carload of liquor that had been shipped over the Ocilla, Pinebloom & Valdosta Railroad. He was sued in the Federal court, but they upheld the brave sheriff and declared "Whisky is in the mad-dog class, and anybody has a right to destroy it whenever found." Things are bound to find their level in the long run. Whisky has evidently "got there" in Georgia.

BEER DRINKING AND INSURANCE

Here is what the New York officers of the Home Life Insurance Company have to say about beer drinking. Somebody please show this to Mr. Hearst, of the Hearst newspapers, who pretends to think the millennium would come if we just had a beer-drinking world: "Of all the intoxicating drinks it is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral and feeds the sensual and beastly nature. Beyond all other drinks it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crime. In this respect it is much worse than distilled liquors. A whisky drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement

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of liquor; a beer drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observations have assured us that a large proportion of murders deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer drinkers."

Now, that is not a statement of a preachers' meeting, but of cold-blooded life insurance agents.

PARALYZING THE BABIES

New York City has recently been terribly excited, and rightly so, over the spread of the disease known as "infantile paralysis." By the time two hundred babies had been destroyed, a quarantine was on, and babies could not leave the city without special passports.

But what about the destruction of babies through strong drink? More babies are over-laid and smothered to death by drunken parents every year in the United States than the worst epidemic of this new disease has ever claimed. Think of the babies who are born defective or crippled or idiots, because of a drunken father or mother. And this goes on year in and year out, and tens of thousands of educated, cultivated people are not aroused or excited about it. But they will not always sleep. Thank God, more people are awake to the horrors of drink to-day than ever before! Let us continue to sound the alarm.

OHIO AND MAINE IN PARALLEL COLUMNS

When you are looking up the general wealth and comfort of a State, it is not only the aggregate of bank deposits you must consider, but the number of individual

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depositors. Then you will find that the universal thrift and prosperity brought about by Prohibition shows up clear and strong. Take Ohio and Maine: Ohio is a great State. It has a population of 4,767,121, over six times the population of Maine. On June 23, 1915, it had 115,241 depositors in its savings banks, with \$62,603,425.88 to their credit. It also had 11,131 persons holding Federal tax receipts as retail liquor sellers. The figures tell the story. Maine with Prohibition has more than twice the number of depositors in her savings banks, and one-third more money in deposits than the great State of Ohio with six times the population of Maine.

WHAT THE LIQUOR MEN THINK OF EACH OTHER

It is interesting to note the opinion of the liquor sellers for each other. For instance, one of the leading speakers at a recent meeting of the National Liquor Dealers' Association had this to say about his brethren, the brewers:

"The brewers flagrantly defy both law and order in their greed. I have known them to encourage violation of the law on the part of the retail dealer."

When you wish to give expression to a vehement denunciation of the dram-shop in a temperance address, don't wear out your brain cells manufacturing it, take a ready-made arraignment from the *Wholesalers' and Retailers' Review*: "Any man who knows the saloons well can honestly say that most of them have forfeited their right to live."

If you want something a shade stronger, how will this do, from the *Champion of Fair Play*: "There is

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not a licensed saloon-keeper in the State who does not lay himself liable to prosecution a dozen times a day"—the statement referred to Illinois, but is, of course, equally true of other license States.

It is notorious that the wealthy brewers and distillers deliberately choose Prohibition cities in which to build their palatial homes, so one is not surprized to hear from a writer in *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular*: "I have heard a distiller and importer say that he would fight to the last ditch any attempt to establish a saloon in the neighborhood in which he resides. If the people engaged in the business feel this way about it, they can not find fault with others offering the same objection."

Surely the children of liquor sellers will rise up and call us blest for taking "father" out of a business like that.

BOOZE LOVES THE DARK

Collier's, which is doing heroic service for the cause of Prohibition, prints this striking editorial note showing how liquor can never stand being seen in its true colors: "It is interesting to note how pleased the saloon men always are whenever they can get some judge or clergyman or other supposed pillar of society to stand up and tell them that they are engaged in a reputable business. The honorable or reverend remarks are cheered to the last dregs and echoes are spread at length in the columns of the booze-ad papers. This longing for reputable endorsement would be really funny if it were not so pathetic. But why do not the bold sons of alcohol live up to their proclamations? John Barleycorn has been with the human race since

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Noah's time, but his standing is lower to-day among civilized peoples than it ever has been. The reason is plain: Facts get known after awhile, and intelligent folks think about 'em. Booze has to lay low, for it is a twilight trade and getting darker."

OFFICIALS ANSWER THE LIQUOR LIARS

An official statement has been recently issued by M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance, in answer to the liquor lies concerning the effect of Prohibition in Russia, which says: "Despite war expenses amounting to twelve billion rubles and thanks to the abolition of the alcohol monopoly, the financial strength of the country is growing, and the savings in the banks since the beginning of the war have increased by two billion rubles."

Russia is willing to go right on being ruined and impoverished in the same way.

HOW TO AROUSE THE DEAF

Sir Robertson Nicoll, the brilliant editor of the *British Weekly*, made recently a most striking utterance in regard to the many deaf and careless citizens of Great Britain who are shirking the calls of patriotism in these days when England more than ever in all her history needs that every Englishman shall do his duty. Nearly every word in this strong utterance applies with equal pertinence to thousands of Americans in our present great war against the saloon. Dr. Nicoll says:

"Martial music is a challenge. It was never more of a challenge than it is to-day. It is a challenge to the

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enemy. It is a rallying of the soldier's best powers. It is a challenge to friends. These bands in our streets are summoning every man who can fight to come forward and play his part. We have had much reason to be proud of the unhesitating and unreserved sacrifice of millions among our countrymen. The test has been applied, and many have met it bravely and triumphantly. They have sacrificed everything, and they have done it with courage—nay, with joy and pride. But we are still far short of the number that will fill the places of the disabled combatants and give us the strength we need to carry us to the goal. What are we to say about those who are still standing out? On Saturday in parts of London one might walk miles without seeing a single young man. On Sunday and on Monday they were in evidence as usual. They were in hiding when brave men called on them to come forward for their country and their King. But when the appeals were over they emerged into the light. What is to be done with them? That is the question which will tax the wisdom of our statesmen and our rulers. We may charitably attribute much of this flinching and shirking to an unreasoning optimism, to the thoughtlessness of youth, to causes which do not involve a shameful cowardice. But what are we to say of men who know and still hold out, hold out tho the news comes to them every day of wounded and dying comrades, hold out tho they have heard every call, hold out simply because they can not face the discomfort and the peril of the soldier? I have tried to think myself into the frame of men like this. How do they meet the news of each morning? With what feelings do they read the burning words of those who, to their honor, are trying to rally the nation to that whole-

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hearted effort which alone will save it? I do not know. They must be deaf, they must be callous. Is there no way, then, of scarifying callosities, of making the deaf to hear?"

THE CHEERFUL FIGHTER

It is the merry heart full of love and good will for all the world which makes the best fighter in the long run. Christ, who was full of light and love and dauntless good cheer, was the greatest fighter against wrong in the whole race of man. Do not lose the way of Laughter-town if you would keep your courage ever buoyant. Some poet sings:

“A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine,
For cheering folks along.”

A SHAMEFUL FACT

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* of New York thus calls attention to one of the most shameful facts in our American civilization: “Christian Boston still ships cargoes of rum to the Gold Coast of Africa, where devil-worship is undisguised. The casks are put ashore and the captains depart with precious freights of merchandise to make Boston owners rich and able to live in elegant ease, and mayhap endow colleges and theo-

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logical seminaries. But look at the other side of the picture. A missionary lately arrived in London tells of a 'yam feast' in his village, in which the people were so heavily supplied with New England rum that over thirty persons were killed in the drunken orgy that resulted, and the British Government had to enforce Prohibition for a time in order to bring the villagers to their senses. The measures by which our Government and others have been trying to preserve the weak native races from the awful ravages of alcohol do not meet the needs of the case."

THE SALOON-KEEPER'S BET

The Rev. Patrick Murphy, of Dalhart, Texas, who has done heroic and valuable service in many State-wide campaigns for Prohibition, brings out with graphic clearness the fact that saloon-keepers gamble against the money, the happiness and home of the drinker. He says: "The strongest argument against the saloon is a moral argument. The strongest argument in favor of the saloon is a business argument. Let us analyze it. The most energetic promoters of drunkenness to-day are those who have money invested in the business and who want to make it pay. That promoter may be the owner of the brewery or the wholesale agent of the distiller. These men may not want to make a drunkard of a man for fun, for there is no fun in it. But they have their money up against the happiness of your home, against the good name and the honor of your child, against your own immortal soul, and they would rather see you lose than lose themselves. They may not have started into the business to do harm by it, but the evil spirit that

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is in the business has taken hold of them. It is a bad business, and it makes them bad. They want 10, 20, 50 per cent. on their investment. And when you offer them your money, they do not care whether your blood is on it or not. They want it and must have it. That is how it comes that one of the worst elements in this country is engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks."

THE ART OF BEING A CHEERFUL COMRADE

People who fight daily and through long years for reform and who wield the sword against evil need to keep watch over themselves lest they become cynical and sour-spirited. We lose half our strength when we cease to be sweet and wholesome. Every one of us should strive not only to be right, but beautifully, charmingly right. Some poet puts it in the following most attractive lines:

"Do any hearts beat faster,
Do any faces brighten,
To hear your footstep on the stair,
To meet you, to greet you, anywhere?
Are you so like your Master
Dark shadows to enlighten?
Are any happier to-day
Through words that they heard you say?
Life were not worth the living
If no one were the better
For having met you on the way,
And known the sunshine of your stay."

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THE AFTER-PRODUCTS OF PROHIBITION

Judge Laugguth of the Portland, Oregon, Police Court, is reported by the *Oregonian* to have said: "Many of the old toppers are swearing off and are consequently not coming back before this court. The city is in better shape, I suppose, than it has been for forty years, as a result of the closing of the saloons."

In the same paper a despatch from Pendleton says: "That Prohibition has done much to lessen the drinking among the Indians as well as the whites is borne out by a compilation of figures from the city recorder's office. During the first six months of 1915 there were 173 Indians arrested for drunkenness. The first six months of this year there have been only thirty arrests made among the red men for this offense."

Prohibition will rapidly spoil these old-time toppers for saloon purposes. But think how much better they will be for all worthy purposes!

DOWN WITH THE WHISKY SPIDERS

My dear friend, long ago gone over to the great majority, who was ever fearlessly ready to break a lance against every public evil in a day when it was not so popular to fight the saloon as now, wrote with characteristic insight and wit of the whisky spiders:

"Whisky spiders, great and greedy,
Weave their webs from sea to sea;
They grow fat and men grow needy:
Shall our robbers rulers be?

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“ ‘Sweep the webs away!’ the nation,
In its wrath and wisdom cries;
Say the fools with hesitation:
‘No—but educate the flies.’

“We do both—twin wings who sunders!
Let the schools fill out their sphere!
Let the church sound seven thunders,
But the webs must disappear.

“Up! the webs are full of slaughter;
Sweep away the spider’s lair;
Up! wife, husband, son and daughter,
Make the vexed earth clean and fair.

“Where now red-fangled murder burrows,
Let glad harvests wave sublime,
Sink the webs beneath new furrows
In the boundless fields of time.’”

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE FARMERS

Ivan Narodny, secretary of the Russian-Asiatic Corporation, who in all probability knows as much about Russia as the American liquor papers, has this to say: “The abolition of alcohol in Russia has increased the wealth of the peasant communities 65 per cent. The deposits of the peasant communities have increased to 1,000,200,000 rubles; criminality has decreased 38 per cent.; the moujiks have suddenly been transformed into civilized men, and the general welfare of the masses is 90 per cent. better than ever before. The Russian people have become over-night industrious, independent and strong.

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“ ‘As long as I am ruler of Russia, vodka will never be sold in my empire again,’ said the Czar recently to a delegation of peasants who had come to assure their ruler how beneficial the abolition had been to them.

“Despite war, bad crops, increased taxes and lack of commodities, Russia was never so prosperous, so conscious of her power and so united, from the last moujik to the Czar, as now. The Russian village during the two years of abolition has changed so much that you would not recognize it. Famine has disappeared altogether, slovenly children and women are drest neatly, beggars have vanished with the pilgrim monks, with the picturesque vagabonds and ‘bassaks.’ ”

A POPULAR PLEDGE

The Philadelphia Quartz Company has been so plagued by the drinking habits of some of its working men that it has started a pledge-signing campaign which has won the day. The company offered its employees 10 per cent. increase if they would agree not to use liquor and to keep away from the saloons. Ninety-nine per cent. of the men saw the point and signed the pledge at once. The managers say they can well afford to pay the extra 10 per cent. to have sober workmen. The saloon is doomed.

TAXES AGAIN!

That tax shoe pinches, so we have to keep exposing the saloon lies about it. In telling of the improvement in Stoughton, Wis., under Prohibition, F. J. Veal, president of the Stoughton Wagon Works, explains that in

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the last year of the saloon in that city, the tax rate was 25 mills. He continues:

"In 1914 the tax rate was 16.9 mills despite the fact that Stoughton had undergone more public improvements than in any seven years of the wet régime. We paid the bonds for the city hall, built an \$80,000 high school, installed new sewers and built cement walks and paved streets. The city owns its two electric light and power plants. Through all this public improvement the tax rate has decreased instead of increased."

Why not help spoil your town that same way?

THE TAXLAYER *vs.* THE TAXPAYER

There are two things that a citizen can not escape—one is death and the other taxes. The liquor saloon is never a taxpayer so far as the general public is concerned, but always a taxlayer. A Massachusetts commission appointed to investigate the question of the increase of criminals, mental defectives, epileptics and degenerates, recently reported as follows:

"It is the belief of this commission, based on long personal observation, that the abuse of alcohol, directly and indirectly, does more to fill our prisons, insane hospitals, institutions for the feeble-minded and almshouses than all other causes combined."

This is not the utterance of sentimental temperance fanatics, or Prohibition cranks, but the calm, deliberate statement of conservative investigators, in an official report to the Senate and House of Representatives of the State. The Prohibition of the beverage liquor traffic, by removing the cause of drunkenness and crime, would necessarily lighten the burdens of the taxpayer.

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Crime and drink go hand in hand, and in producing the greater part of the crime of the country drink inflicts upon the nation terrible losses, and upon the taxpayer burdens heavy and grievous. The actual cost of dealing with the criminals manufactured by the saloon is very large. First, the cost of maintaining the criminals is in itself a large item. Next comes the expense of an increased police force to deal with the saloon-made criminals. In addition to this, there are the salaries of judges, law officers and others, and the extra cost of building and supporting law courts and prison buildings. In the report made by the commission to investigate drunkenness in Massachusetts in 1914, Chairman, Hon. Judge Murray, the following statement is made as to the cost of drunkenness:

“It is impossible to estimate in dollars the yearly cost of drunkenness to the commonwealth. The expenditure for penal treatment is but a small fraction of the total cost, yet the expense arising from 63.4 per cent. of all arrests, and 67.6 per cent. of all commitments to prison made during the year, together with a considerable percentage of the cost of probation, trial and transportation of prisoners, is due to public drunkenness. Moreover, the intemperate use of alcohol is directly responsible for many other criminal offenses which are brought into the court. Massachusetts prison statistics show that 96 per cent. of all criminals in our prisons in 1912 were intemperate by habit.”

Facts like these, which are properly authenticated and can not be gainsaid, prove conclusively the destructive character of the liquor traffic, and should appeal to every decent citizen to enlist in the warfare against it. Lessened crime, decreased taxation, national

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prosperity and good citizenship would naturally follow the extinction of the relic of barbarism known as the liquor traffic.

WOUNDS AND DEATH IN THE DRINK

The Pittsburgh Steel Company, with a monthly payroll of \$300,000, recently wrote an appeal to the judges of their county protesting against licensing saloons, in which they said:

“We have experienced a growing inefficiency and an increased carelessness in the mills, resulting in accidents and deaths, largely attributable to the excessive use of beer, whisky, and other alcoholic drinks. This evil has been growing rapidly, until our company has been compelled to impose restrictions on our men as to the use of liquors, with some beneficial results; but the safety of our men and the efficient conduct of our business can not be attained unless a radical change in such habits can be secured.”

It is incidents like this which are giving the liquor people to understand that it is no longer a few preachers and white ribbon women they have to fight. The preachers and the women are still in the fight more powerful than ever, but behind them is mobilizing the great army of business men. The saloon must go!

THE POST-OFFICE PROSPERS WHEN THE SALOON DIES

Here is a significant item of news from Denver, Colorado:

“For the first time in the history of the Denver post-office the receipts for a year passed the million and a

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half line, and this was under Prohibition, and due entirely to the general increase of business prosperity throughout the city, and not to any one particular cause. The post-office records show receipts for the year ending June 30, 1916, amounting to \$1,500,411.07, an increase of \$110,560.89, or 7.9 per cent. over those for last year. For the quarter ending June 30, 1916, receipts amounted to \$383,343.20, an increase of \$53,212.46, or 15.8 per cent. over the same quarter of last year, while for the month of June the largest per cent. of increase is noted—\$130,218.67 total receipts for the month, an increase of \$18,160.24, or 16.2 per cent. over the receipts for June, 1915.”

I wonder how many more letters were written home to father and mother by absent sons who, under the new régime of sobriety, harked back to the dear ones neglected. Every good impulse has a better chance when the saloon goes.

SAVE THE BOY!

Brother, save the boy—

City boy and country boy.

High and low, smart and slow,

Boulevard and beggar row,

Growing up for weal or wo,

Save the boy.

Brother, save the boy—

City boy and country boy.

Save his mind and make it pure;

Power to conquer evil lure,

Power to think, decide, endure,

Save the boy.

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Brother, save the boy—
City boy and country boy.
Save his soul and make it white,
By the Way, the Truth, the Light,
Helping God and man unite,
Save the boy.

Brother, save the boy—
City boy and country boy.
Father, mother, sister, friend,
Try once more, then try again,
Persevere unto the end,
Save the boy.

National Prohibition of the liquor saloon will do more to save the boy, and his sister, too, than any other one thing we can do.

A COSTLY PIECE OF RIBBON

The editor of the *Union Signal* tells a good story which had its setting in a State noted for its large brewing interests. In one of its largest cities, a modest but earnest-hearted white ribboner carries on a confectionery business in a school district. Among her patrons is a son of a director of one of the big breweries. One day he entered her little store and after taking a survey of her stock to select his purchase, turned laughingly to her and, pointing to her white ribbon pin, said, with a challenge in his eyes: "Do you know how much that little pin of yours cost my daddy last year?" The white ribboner smiled and replied, "Not a cent; I paid for that out of my own pocket-book." "Oh, you know what I mean," persisted the boy. "We had a pow-wow up

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at our house last night—I mean a meeting of the board of directors of the brewery—and dad said this morning that the white ribbon you women wear cost him just \$60,000 last year.”

NO ONE LEFT TO LOVE HIM

Both the Republican and Democratic parties in Iowa have come out squarely for Prohibition. It took twenty years in Kansas to get all political parties behind the Prohibition law, and this quick action in Iowa is a significant sign of the spirit among the American people these days. Poor old John Barleycorn, like the ragged old hobo he is, goes wandering about with no one left to love him. But he has made hoboes like that out of many good men and richly deserves his fate.

A PUBLIC DOPE SHOP

Never was there a more suggestive phrase coined to describe the average liquor saloon, as it is to-day, than that recently used by Dr. J. N. Hurty, secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health. In a recent address he said:

“We know that alcoholic liquor is a vile and evil thing. It is a horrible thing from an economic and social point of view; it is always and everywhere injurious from the physical standpoint. Every drop is a poison. Its use is always injurious, and if I had the power I would close every public saloon as a public dope shop.”

Why should we license “public dope shops” to undermine the health of our people?

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FORTY-THREE PER CENT.

The medical directors of three great American life insurance companies estimate that from 7 to 40 per cent. of accidents are due, either directly or indirectly, to alcohol. Seven per cent. of railway accidents, 8 per cent. of street car accidents, 10 per cent. of automobile accidents, 8 per cent. of those due to vehicles and horses, 43 per cent. of heat prostrations and sunstrokes, 7 per cent. of machinery accidents, 8 per cent. of all accidents in mines and quarries, 13 per cent. of drownings, and 10 per cent. of gunshot wounds, are sustained, either in whole or in part, because of alcohol.

When you spread these tragic facts all over the United States, among the activities of a hundred million people, the mind is staggered at the misery and anguish and loss entailed by the saloon curse.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT

The *Union Signal* tells this interesting story of a beautiful incident which occurred last Decoration Day:

"The last of the graves of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic in beautiful Rose Hill Cemetery had been decorated with spring blossoms and still there remained an abundance of flowers. In the near distance gleamed the granite slab that marks the 'tent of green' of Frances E. Willard. 'Let us place these blossoms on the grave of one of the greatest women patriots the world has known,' was the suggestion of one gray-bearded blue coat, and with enthusiasm the little company of G. A. R. veterans turned their footsteps to the sacred mound and placed beside the other tributes of love which adorned it their offering of reverence for one

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who served her country devotedly to the last hour of her life.”

Nothing could have been more appropriate. America has produced no man, not even excepting Abraham Lincoln, who lived and died with more loyal patriotism than Frances Willard.

THE REGENERATION OF THE RUSSIAN FARMER

An English writer, recently traveling in Russia, tells this wonderful story of the conditions of life among the farmers:

“A large volume might be written on the question as to whether a man—a drunkard—must always be allowed to exercise his own volition or whether he ought to be saved from the evils of drink by having facilities for drinking removed from his path. The Russian peasant has no doubt about it. He wants to have vodka prohibited so that there may be no temptation to assail him; and that fact is one which we should bear in mind, especially when the argument is made in England that prohibition of the sale of spirits is an interference with the liberty of the subject. We do not interfere with the liberty of the subject to do good to others or to himself, but we ought always to recognize the principle of the right to interfere with the subject when he is doing harm to others or to himself; and in drinking spirits, certainly in quantity—and personally I think any spirits at all—a man is doing harm to himself and to others.

“Then comes the question of the effect of drunkenness on the one hand and temperance on the other on the women and children of Russia. The women were never so addicted to drunkenness as the men. Ten per

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cent. of the drinking is done by women and 90 per cent. by men. The direct result of the temperate habits of the Russian women is that the children are born exceedingly healthy—except in certain districts. Since the prohibition of vodka the money which before the war had been spent in drink has been used to clothe and feed and save the children, with the result that a larger number of children have been saved. Then they have more clothes and more food. There is to-day much prosperity in the villages, even if in certain towns there is need. It is a curious paradox, but it is not possible to persuade the peasants to sell their produce to the towns, simply because the peasants do not want the money! Consequently, butter and eggs and other farm produce which should go to feed the big cities are being consumed in the villages. That is rather hard on the towns, but it necessarily means more health and life in the villages, and probably a new horizon."

A DANGER POINT IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Mrs. Laura LaMance, who has been campaigning in South Dakota in the interest of the Prohibition amendment, points to a danger point in that State that needs to be given serious attention. Mrs. LaMance says that in 1890 South Dakota had two propositions on the ballots. One was to enfranchise the women, the other was to give the ballot to the Indians who embraced citizenship. Woman suffrage was voted down, but the Indians were enfranchised. The Indians never wanted suffrage, never asked for it, and they rarely use it except when some crafty politician gives a roast ox barbecue, smuggles in plenty of firewater and winks at gambling

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and debauchery. At these demoralizing pow-wows Indians are cajoled into giving or selling their votes to the party that feasted them. The liquor men have a plan on foot to give a series of these disgraceful feasts and get influential wet men to swing the Indians into line.

Let the South Dakota Prohibitionists take warning.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION WILL DO IT!

Mr. Thomas D. West, president of the American Foundrymen's Association, as well as of the West Steel Casting Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, recently said:

"I am seeking assistance that would help drive back saloons from manufacturing and industrial establishments. For the past five or six years I have been going through an experience that has been costly to our firm and injurious in creating an appetite for drink with workmen, but have finally ended it by buying the saloon which caused our troubles. This saloon was close to our office and gate entrance. We have paid four times the value of the property in order to become proprietors and close it up.

"I know of no greater injury and injustice that can be brought to a manufacturer than by having saloons close enough to be a standing temptation for workmen to steal out and obtain intoxicants. I am urging the American Foundrymen's Association to assist in persuading our State Legislatures to pass laws which will absolutely prohibit the operation of saloons within 500 to 1,000 feet of any foundry, mill, or industrial establishment.

"I believe that if a vote of all workmen were taken, 70 per cent. of them would favor keeping saloons well

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back from workshops, and would prefer the drinking of non-intoxicants during working hours and at lunch time rather than beverages that befog their brains. The readiness with which employees have taken to drinking milk sustains me in this belief."

There is no place for a liquor saloon. Let us just push it off the earth it has defiled into the Hades where it belongs.

BABIES OR BOOZE — WHICH?

Here is the ringing bulletin sent out to the denizens of Manhattan by the Health Board of New York City: "You don't need alcohol for health; you don't need it for strength; you don't need it for drink. It never does you any good; it always does you harm. Let it alone; get on the water-wagon!

"Do you love babies? You can not drink liquor and have strong babies. Sickening liquor or healthy babies—which? Take your choice."

There is not much comfort for the saloon in that.

WHO IS SCARED ABOUT TAXES?

The farmer or business man who is afraid of Prohibition for fear his taxes will go up, wants to read. West Virginia reduces her tax rate from 14 cents to 10 cents on a hundred dollars.

The tax rate in Rockford, Ill., in 1914 was lower than any other city in the State having more than 15,000 people, except Jacksonville, and Jacksonville has been dry two years longer than Rockford.

No, brother, the tax boot is on the other foot.

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AN OFFICIAL CONVERT'S TESTIMONY

Not long ago, Hi Gill ran a wide-open town in Seattle, where he was mayor. He was recalled and disgraced by an aroused citizenship. Convinced later of a radical change in him, he was re-elected mayor, and is enforcing the Prohibition law. He was asked the other day:

"What is the most striking feature of the change in conditions under Prohibition, Mr. Mayor, in your personal and official experience?"

His instant reply was: "Under license I had at least a half-dozen appeals every day from men and women—chiefly women—who were in distress of some kind because of booze. I have had only one such case since the first of the year. That's evidence enough for me of the benefits of Prohibition!"

CORDIALS IN THE FATHER BREED BRANDY IN THE SON

There is marvelous significance in this startling poster which is posted at every post-office in the entire French nation. What do our liquor brothers, who have been quoting France to us, have to say to it? Here it is:

THE ALARM

TO FRENCH WOMEN AND TO YOUNG FRENCHMEN:

Drink is as much your enemy as Germany.

Since 1870 it has cost France in men and money much more than the present war.

Drink tickles the palate; but it is a real poison that destroys your constitution.

Drinkers age quickly. They lose half their normal life, and fall easy victims to many infirmities and illnesses.

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The cordials of your parents reappear in their offspring as great hereditary evils. France owes to cordials a great many mad men and women and consumptives, without counting sufferers from gout, scrofula, rickets, premature softening of the tissues, and most of our criminals.

Drink decreases by two-thirds our national production; it raises the cost of living and increases poverty.

Mothers, young men, young girls, wives: Up and act against drink in memory of those who have gloriously died or suffered wounds for the Fatherland! You will thus accomplish a mission as grandiose as that of our heroic soldiers.

THE PLACE TO GET MONEY

President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University puts the United States liquor bill at two billion and two hundred million dollars a year. That gold stream turned in the right direction would give us fifty dreadnaughts every year, pay all the expenses of an army as large as the most enthusiastic preparedness statesman desires, do away with the income tax and the stamp tax on telegrams and telephone messages and build an auto highway from ocean to ocean every year. Nation-wide Prohibition will solve the problem of how to find money enough for every wise necessity of progressing and expanding civilization.

THE SALOON FROG

In Brazil they have a queer tree frog that builds its nest or fort in ponds in such a way that the eggs are protected by a circular wall rising from the bottom of

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the pond to a few inches above the surface of the water. But this isn't the only odd characteristic this frog possesses; if you hunt for Mr. Frog and try to locate him by his croaking, you will wander many a weary hour before you find him, for he has the power of the ventriloquist. He can throw his voice and make it appear that he is away off, when in reality he may be within a few feet of you.

That is the game the saloon man is trying to play these days. He hides behind grapevines in one place and hop-fields in another, and hotel-keepers in still another. He does not dare to stand out frankly as a saloon-keeper anywhere. The name is so unpopular that every trick and subterfuge that can be conceived is being used to turn attention away from it.

GREAT PHYSICIANS AND DRINK

The changed attitude of the medical world in regard to alcoholic drinks in the last two decades ought to convince every one that the saloon is on its last legs. Listen to the testimony of these four great witnesses. First let us call Dr. Stadelman, a great German authority of Berlin. This is what he says:

"The consequences of alcoholism are much more far-reaching and incomparably more destructive than those from tuberculosis."

Let us call another great foreign scientist, Professor Wilhelm Weygandt, of Wurzburg:

"If really, for once, the entire civilized race of mankind should abstain from alcohol for thirty years, so that a completely sound generation could come into existence, there would result a transformation, a raising

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of the whole culture-level, a heightening of the happiness and welfare of men, which could easily be placed beside the greatest historical reformatations and revolutions of which we know anything."

Now let us listen to a great French physician, Dr. Dupre:

"Alcoholism, agent in all physical and moral degeneracies, is moving on to the destruction of our land. I can not too much insist on the literal truth of the sorrowful prediction and I affirm that one can inscribe this formula over all the drink shops of France: *Finis Gallia.*" "

Now let us call up our great Ohio authority, Dr. Kramer of Cincinnati, and this is his decision:

"In the past the medical profession labored under the impression that alcohol was a valuable medicine, and was responsible for its use to a considerable degree. The medical profession has found out that the old view as to alcohol being a valuable medicine is wrong, and that it is merely a narcotic, a sleep-producing drug. But the profession has not yet informed the public that the old notion was wrong—and we propose now to tell the facts to the public."

One by one all the props are dropping out from under this vile business and it will soon totter to its doom.

THE DISCIPLINE THAT KILLS

A few years ago Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard University, wrote a startling article which was published in *McClure's Magazine*, entitled "Prohibition and Social Psychology," which strongly advocated moderate liquor drinking, claiming that moderate drinkers were much superior in vigor and attainment to total ab-

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stainers. To put it in his own language, he advocated "a sufficient use of intoxicants to secure emotional inspiration and volitional intensity." He claimed that by this "moderate drinking" a most desirable moral training is secured. "So man," said Munsterberg, "is schooling himself for the active and effective life by the temperate use of exciting beverages."

But all the recent investigations carried on in the laboratories of scientists throughout the world are giving the lie to these declarations, which have been so often quoted. Modern science, to use the language of Dr. Joseph Crooker, proves to us that even in small quantities alcoholic drinks paralyze the higher functions and faculties; push reason and conscience off the throne and give a free reign to animal impulses; weaken the power of the will, and lessen the activity of the imagination; derange all the senses so that sight and hearing are less acute; benumb the fingers so that they act more slowly; and, at every point, not only destroy life, but deceive the user, making him think that he is stronger and quicker, when, in fact, he is weaker and slower! What drink actually does is the exact opposite of giving "emotional inspiration and volitional intensity."

"A BUM DOPE"

In a recent novel by Raymond Ashley, a new writer of promise, he has a character of interest in a bartender whom he makes say of liquor: "It is bum dope! It eats the soles out of your shoes, the seat out of your pants, the taste out of your mouth, the ambition out of your soul and the kick out of your heart! It makes

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women red-eyed, men thirsty, and little babies hungry.”

Think of licensing the sale of stuff that does all that, and more.

SMASH THE SALOON

When Judge Anderson, of Indianapolis, came to sentence that great herd of political conspirators and grafters at Terre Haute, Ind., he had some very pertinent things to say about the saloon. When sentencing some saloon-keepers he said: “My notion is that the saloon will have to go.” And he continued, “I believe the time will come when the people will rise up and smash the saloon. The evidence in this case showed that the saloons were the centers of nearly all corruption in the election of Terre Haute.”

It is so everywhere. The saloon is the hotbed where corruption of every sort germinates and thrives as nowhere else in the world. Judge Anderson hit the nail on the head. The people are already rising up to “smash the saloon.”

AGE OF WONDERFUL EVENTS

The recent granting of equal suffrage to women in Denmark by the unanimous vote of the Danish Diet deserves to be set down as one of the wonderful events of the present age. Who in this country would have believed ten years ago that an old world nation like Denmark would unanimously take such a step in advance sooner than an American State like Ohio? This is the age of wonders. Denmark, it may be taken for granted, will soon be entirely free from liquor traffic. When woman suffrage comes in, the saloon counts it the hand-

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writing on the wall and notice that it will soon have to get out. The liquor men know this and dread woman suffrage as a certain precursor of Prohibition.

A HARD HIT

The wet brigade are surely getting some stem-winder knockouts on the side as we pass along to the final overthrow of the saloon. The going dry of Duluth was a terrific blow. Even *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular* says: "Duluth is a very important center in the trade in the State of Minnesota and supplies a large territory." Well, there will be "nothing doing" hereafter at that "center." The *Superior Telegram*, commenting on the splendid victory, says: "Probably neither of the twin ports (Duluth and Superior) will ever reverse their action in deciding to adopt the dry policy. The fact that both cities have adopted that policy will have the effect of strengthening the sentiment that both cities should remain dry."

"THE INGLORIOUS DEAD"

From Iowa's state prison in Fort Madison comes this heart-broken and heart-breaking description of a drunkard's death inside prison walls: "Shunned by the living and separated from the resting-place of the honored dead, this spot is certainly the saddest, loneliest spot in all the region. Yes, here, if nowhere else, the dead are equal. No proud monuments or saintly epitaphs are seen, but plain white stones with lettering suggestive of the markings of sin on once clean lives. A name, which perhaps the sleeper's father never heard, a number telling all the dishonor, and below, the duration and end

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of an earthly pilgrimage—nothing more. Here no canons boom, no flags wave, no throng of fellow citizens come to pay their annual tribute; but forest trees unfurl the flag of all nations, a solitary bird trilling in the distance and a cricket chirping in the grass relieve the awful quiet; the sun, ever rising on the evil and the good, pours a flood of glory over the dreary spot. No tolling bell, no eulogy or chant or plumed hearse is needed at these funerals. No mother's tears are dropt into these graves. In faraway fields and gardens where some who lie here spent a happy childhood, the flowers they loved have bloomed and withered many years, but not a petal has been wafted to this lonely abode. One here is faithful to the last. Dear old Mother Nature receives her sinful children and hides them in her bosom until, at the command of her God and theirs, she must deliver them up.

“In the stillness of the night the yearning heart of many a mother goes abroad in search of her boy, who has forgotten to write home. Through the city and forest, over prairie and ocean it roams, but never does that heart pause at the prison burying ground. Here lies a mere child laid low in dishonor, and here one in the very pride of strength and maturity. Here—can it be possible—lies one but twenty-one, twenty, nineteen, eighteen years of age. Boys, mere boys. Where were their fathers, mothers, teachers, preachers and the humane societies when the whirlpool caught their careless young feet? Stand aghast! Is not this a phantom record? Here is a youth just beginning to tamper with sin. How will he fight? Will it be a lost battle, this conflict with powers of darkness? Single-handed and alone the boy is fighting, sometimes bravely. There are

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passions and environments which will hold him with a stronger grip than any handcuffs that may come later.

“Those people whose flag waves so proudly over their own dead are in league against him. Do they not deliver him soul and body to the rum fiend which has power to kill and cast him into a drunkard’s grave or perhaps is the cause of putting him behind the bars? Here he may gain a silent victory and be placed in a windowless palace to rest. God only knows.”

Who can conceive how much it means for human happiness when Prohibition in a State reduces the prison population more than three-fourths, as is the well-known ordinary in such states.

LIQUOR AND LIBERTY

The *Ashtabula Beacon* has this striking editorial discussion of the time-worn cry for “personal liberty” by the liquor sellers: “In a near by State, just now, there are three men serving terms for murder, who are asking for a parole or pardon, and in each instance their friends are setting up as an excuse for their crime the fact that they were under the influence of liquor when the deed was committed. We have no reason to doubt or dispute this. It is happening everywhere at too frequent intervals. But how is the pardoning officer to know that this same party will not again allow himself to get into the clutches of intemperance and again commit some foul deed and be a menace to society? It is apparent that there is but one way to safeguard society against the terrors of alcoholism and that is to abolish it forever from our State and nation. Some designate the proposition of taking liquor away from the public as an inva-

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sion of their rights or a taking away of their personal liberty, but in the case of these four men, according to their loved ones and friends, their entire liberty, their lives, were sacrificed to the demon rum."

OUR NEW ARMY CORPS IN THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN

Lewis Edwin Theiss, in an article published in the *Outlook*, calls attention to an article published last August in the same magazine in which it was stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Cambria Steel Company, the Lukens Iron Works, the American Car and Foundry Company, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, all great employers of labor, had put alcohol under ban, and now the writer adds that in the eleven months since that article was published great advance has been made.

Among other things noted is the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad has decided to stop the sale of liquor in all property owned by it, including the great stations of New York and Philadelphia. The American Car and Foundry Company went a step farther and discharged employees who signed liquor dealers' applications for saloon-licenses. The Midvale Steel Company, the G. W. Blabon Company, the Link Belt Company, the Florence Iron Company, the Corn Planter's Refining Company, the Lee Tire Company and many others, all large employers of labor, have stepped over into the anti-liquor ranks. Also the Delaware & Lackawanna has joined the list of railroads that discharge any employees who even enter or lounge about a liquor saloon. Every one of these companies mentioned marshals an army of employees. Thus day by day the new army of national Prohibition is being mobilized.

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PROTECT THE HOME

“Is it wealth that makes a home?
Is it pillar, tower, or dome?
Costly tapestries of silk and frescoed walls?
And attendants who obey your slightest calls?
If these make the home, you say,
I will quickly tell you nay!
You may rear a costly pile,
You may furnish it in style,
But if yet there is a dearth
Of love’s glow upon your hearth,
‘Tis a house and not a home that you have made.”

Nothing kills the home love so frequently as the saloon.

WOES OF THE BEER GARDEN

How often have we been regaled, by American tourists who have traveled in German countries, with tales of domestic delights found in the family beer gardens in Berlin and Munich and other such cities. But these transients see only the gay surface and not the woes which follow. Professor Bollinger, one of the highest authorities, who made 5,700 autopsies, declares that “Every sixteenth male in Munich dies of Munich beer heart.” And he continues: “One rarely finds in Munich a faultless heart and a normal kidney in an adult man. The stream of beer and beer diseases flows no less rapidly than the Iser under Munich bridges.”

The best authorities estimate that beer causes 54 per cent. of German divorces. On two-thirds of the children from drunken families in Berlin institutions, head scars have been found telling of cruel beatings by drunken

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parents under the influence of beer. Professor Eulenberg is responsible for the statement that during the years of his observation—about twenty-four—1,152 school children in Berlin committed suicide from fear of cruelty at the hands of beer-debauched parents.

Oh, no! The beer garden is not all sunshine and roses; there are woes there also.

IMPROVING THE TOP CRUST

If you compare our American civilization to a pie, it may be truthfully said that the middle of the pie is in a very wholesome condition, but a good part of the top crust has been soaked in cocktails and champagne while the bottom crust is soggy with beer.

A Philadelphia society woman, Mrs. Joseph M. Gazzam has recently made quite a stir by seeking to arouse the slumbering consciences of other society women to the danger from social drinking. The reporter of the *Philadelphia North American* reports Mrs. Gazzam as saying, in explanation of her interest:

“My chief concern to-day is for the young men and women, the boys and girls, who will be the future defenders of our country. We must give them high ideals, strong heads, straight-seeing eyes. We can not let them fritter away strength, physical and moral, drinking cocktails and smoking cigarets.

“I would not dare to give a drink to any of the boys or girls who come to my home. I would be afraid of what I might be awakening, of what I might be paving the way for. We have no right to put our girls in the position of having to refuse drinks when they go out to take their places in society. They come to us from their

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finishing schools and colleges fresh and eager and excited with life, and in the flush of it all they are likely to do what others do, unless they have been warned and unless they have unusually strong characters and high ideals.

"We are criminal to put the choice of being temperate or intemperate up to such young people, and we have no right to expect them to withstand temptation when they see older persons on all sides of them succumbing.

"How are the boys to be prepared to defend the country if they are forming drinking habits? How can they make good doctors, good executives, good business men if we let them impair their faculties when they are young? And how can we expect the girls to make good nurses, good hospital administrators, and able to do the home work, if there is a war, if we encourage them to drink and smoke now? Sobriety is the fundamental of preparedness, and the only safe and sane way to sobriety is total abstinence. You would be surprized to know how many men and women have been accustomed to drinking think this way and have stopt. As I have said before, they are simply waiting for some one to show them the way to temperance.

"Since the meeting at my house, I have received innumerable letters commending the move and expressing the wish that it will not be abandoned. One letter has especially interested me. It came from the head of a big reformatory for girls, and the message it bore showed me like a flash the society woman's responsibility for the morals of the working girls. The head of this institution wrote that she was glad to hear of the meeting, as it will help her in her work. The girls who are brought

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to her for various offenses always answer when she tells them they should not drink:

" 'Why shouldn't I drink? Don't the society women do it?'

"My interest in this temperance movement dates some six years back. I have a young daughter in society, and two boys in college, and I do not want to have them brought in contact with any more temptations than are necessary and I want to rouse other women to feel the same."

Let the good work go on, improving both crusts of the pie.

SALOONS AND THE PENITENTIARY

North Dakota and Montana are close neighbors. Twenty-five years ago North Dakota voted out her saloons and has been steadily intrenching her prohibitory law ever since. What has been the result in the social and moral well-being of her citizens? Take this as a sample: North Dakota has 575,000 population and only 175 people in the penitentiary now. Montana has only 375,000 population and at the same standard as set by North Dakota should have only 114 in the penitentiary, but Montana has licensed saloons and instead of 114 convicts she has 900 in the penitentiary. No wonder the 1,000 inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania petitioned the last Legislature to give favorable consideration to any measure that had for its object the curtailment of the sale of liquor. Here is a brief paragraph from their pitiful petition: "Many of your petitioners have a personal knowledge of its [alcohol's] debasing influence as exemplified in their own lives, and believing that if the sale of intoxicating liquor were

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prohibited the effect would be to reduce crime at least 50 per cent., if not more, they therefore respectfully pray that you will give favorable consideration . . . etc.”

What Christian man can withhold his hand and means from helping national Prohibition to victory in the face of such facts.

BILLY SUNDAY AS AN ASSET

Frederick M. Davenport has been writing a series of thoughtful and suggestive articles in the *Outlook* “On the Trail of Progress and Reaction in the West.” I take it to be quite suggestive that he devotes one of them entirely to a study of “The National Value of Sunday.” I quote two striking paragraphs dealing with Sunday’s influence on Prohibition sentiment:

“In the West I came several times upon the trail of Billy Sunday. Sunday is from Iowa, as is Mrs Carrie Chapman Catt, the brilliant woman suffrage leader, so that Iowa, being also now a powerful center of Prohibition, is quite heavily responsible for at least three new national issues. Just at noon one day when I was in the Capitol building at Des Moines there came rolling up the stairway a volume of religious song from what was evidently a large chorus of vigorous voices on the first floor. My only prolonged incarceration in a State Capitol had been at Albany. And what I heard was a new experience to me in such surroundings. I found, upon inquiry and investigation, that there was a large noon meeting of officials and department employees going on several weeks after Billy Sunday had been in town. I learned that high officials of the State government were

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the heads of trail-hitting bands who at week ends were going all over the State of Iowa to carry to the uttermost limits the message of practical religion which Sunday had brought to Des Moines. I talked with the Mayor and with all sorts of people who would know, and there is no question that Sunday had profoundly stirred the whole community. Cautious observers informed me that, among other important influences, his meetings had quickly ripened the Prohibition issue, and that Des Moines would soon be dry. Away back in 1883 Iowa adopted a Prohibition amendment to her constitution, but it was annulled by the courts. Then the legislature attempted to establish Prohibition by statute, but public opinion was not ready for it, and the law was poorly enforced. The so-called mulct measure was passed, destroying the effect of the statute by permitting any county to violate it which could secure the names of 65 per cent. of the voters on a petition. The ease and evils of the petition are notorious, and the original provision of the constitution has had to wait the development of a slowly educated public sentiment. Sunday seems to have arrived about the time the hour was due to strike. Anyway, soon after he left, the courts scrutinized the new petitions for Des Moines with rigid severity, and the members of the Legislature seemed to be in touch with a public opinion at home which was established and invincible. Only a few weeks after I was in Iowa the prophecies of my friends in Des Moines were fulfilled, Des Moines and the Legislature going dry together, the latter repealing the mulct law by an overwhelming majority.

“In Colorado also I found evidence of a more intimate influence of Sunday and his message upon certain power-

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ful business personages than he himself knows or than I am at liberty to relate. Sunday was in that State while the fight was pending last summer over the Governorship and Prohibition. The effect of his meetings upon both of these issues was perhaps determining. The Sunday meetings were held in Colorado Springs and Denver. In these two communities a comparison of the vote last fall upon Prohibition with the previous vote in these cities upon the same issue indicates that the fight was really won there."

May God bless Billy Sunday and give him even greater power to smite the saloon, say we with a grateful heart.

NO ONE WANTS A DRUNKEN ENGINEER

As a pleasing aftermath to the unanimous vote of eight hundred and nineteen delegates, representing seventy-four thousand locomotive engineers, in their biennial convention, held in Cleveland, Ohio, during the last week in May, this bit of conversation, which I overheard a few days later on the train, is quite interesting.

Two men sitting immediately in front of me were discussing the wet and dry proposition with considerable heat. The wet man had been very arrogant in his attitude, and had denounced total abstainers and Prohibitionists as a band of hair-brained fanatics and cranks. When the man who had been carrying the temperance side of the argument called attention to this unanimous vote of the engineers' convention, the wet man answered, quick as a flash: "Well, that is all right. Of course, no one wants a drunken engineer!"

Who wants a drunken anything? Surely no wife wants a drunken husband. No son or daughter wants

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a drunken father or mother. No sick man wants a drunken doctor, and no man in important litigation will trust a drunken lawyer. No decent judge will allow a drunken juror to sit in his court. The drinking salesman has passed out of business life and is seen no more in the marts of trade.

During the campaign of last year I saw bands of working men marching through the streets with the banner: "If we drink, who will hire us?" Who, indeed! They are not wanted on the railroads. The steel mills or the potteries do not want them. Not even the saloon-keeper wants a man who drinks. He hires only teetotalers when he can find one willing to do his dirty work.

The work of the saloon is to make every person who becomes a steady customer undesirable anywhere in the world.

THE LYING REPORTS LIQUOR GIVES TO THE BRAIN

Dr. Joseph H. Crooker, in his vital book, "Shall I Drink?" calls attention to the fact that one of the worst things about the use of liquor is that the sense of relief from fatigue and the feeling of increased vigor of mind on taking a drink are false reports. The scientists have discovered that liquor deranges the whole intelligence system of the human body. This is illustrated by the statement that if the insulating covering of the power cable be stripped off down the line, so as to cause a leak of electric energy, the indicator in the power house would show that much power was being used, and the inference would be natural that cars were running rapidly, whereas they were actually stalled. It is in like

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manner the man who drinks is deceived. There is a story of an old sailor who told the young man to stop drinking just before the two balls hanging across the room looked like three. Whereupon the young man replied that he himself had better quit at once, for he was now seeing two where there was really only one.

Strong drink, like its father, the devil, is a liar from start to finish.

PROHIBITION AND SELF-RESPECT

Wheeling, W. Va., wet, had 737 prisoners in her workhouse in six months. The same city, dry, has 203 in the same time and that during the first year of Prohibition.

What a wonderful theme for reflection is there! Five hundred homes saved from the disgrace of having some member of the family a prisoner in the workhouse. Five hundred men and women who with open saloons would have been arrested by the police, waited in a jail cell, stood shamed and disgraced in the city police court and sent for weeks and months into the criminal workhouse. Now these 500 people go their self-respecting way, unashamed and undisgraced, living the life of the decent American citizen. And this is only one small city.

Think what it would mean with the whole nation dry! It is coming, thank God!

OUSTING BEER FROM FACTORIES

We must not for a moment imagine that the factories scattered over the United States, which, during the last year or two, have shut out the "growler" and encouraged their working men to drink milk instead of beer, are fanatical pioneers. This is far from the truth. As

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early as 1910 the management of the great Krupp gun plant at Essen, Germany, about which we have been hearing so much since the war began, and the efficiency of whose working men has astonished the world, absolutely prohibited the sale of beer and opened milk booths instead.

In the great machine shops of Ludwig Loewe in Berlin, four years ago, tea was served free to working men, and the same year the Arnsberg Iron Works, employing 4,000 men, shut out beer and put in coffee and milk instead. Beer is forbidden entirely to working men and trainmen, as well as all officials employed on the railways throughout Germany. There is going to be a new Prohibition Germany some of these days. What will Cincinnati do then?

IF THEY COULD ONLY ABOLISH GRAND JURIES

A friend of mine on a railway train the other day overheard a conversation between two liquor men sitting in the seat behind him. One of the men who had just been reading in his morning paper a rebuke of the traffic by some grand jury, said:

“Jim, there ought to be some way to either make these grand juries tend to their own business and keep their dirty fingers out of our business, or else do away with the grand jury altogether. It is a public nuisance.”

The grand jury is a constant source of irritation and torment to the saloon-keeper. A recent grand jury in Philadelphia made this report: “The curse of the use of liquor has been shown to be the primary cause of many of the minor crimes, and also of the more serious

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ones—even murder—the large number of which would never have been committed otherwise.”

Now, how is a good, live wire saloon-keeper who wants to work his business for all it is worth going to stand reports like that?

It is not the grand jury, but the saloon we are going to abolish as a public nuisance.

ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN

There can be no doubt that the two private citizens in the United States who hold no official position and yet have the largest personal following are Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan.

This is what they think of the drink business. Roosevelt says:

“It is strange that we always find whisky and crooked politics hand in hand. . . . It is now a question of whether the liquor interests are to dominate your parties, dominate your public life, and dominate your government.”

And this is what Bryan says:

“The liquor interests wage their contents on the lowest level and are most powerful because of their ability to debauch those whom they control. No man is in a position to discharge his duties as he ought to who takes orders from them, and they can generally control those to whom they give office. The saloon is a nuisance; even its defenders can not say more in its behalf than that it is a necessary nuisance. It ought to be dealt with as a nuisance and not as a thing to be respected or feared.”

Remember these are the opinions of the two most popular leaders that America has produced in our generation.

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THE GERMAN ANTI-BEER FANATICS

Some years ago when the process of making alcohol from sawdust was discovered, Mark Twain humorously exclaimed: "Now the Germans will start gnawing their chair-legs." But Mark missed it that time. Some of the most enthusiastic Prohibition cranks in the world are now to be found among prominent Germans in every walk of life.

For instance, Dr. Matthaei, a staff doctor in the German army, recently said: "Wills of men made in an alcoholized or slightly alcoholized state should be contested. Drunkards are made by hospital prescriptions of alcohol. The law should hold such hospitals legally liable. It must be considered incompatible with the honor of a city or government to allow the activities of poison factories, such as breweries and distilleries."

There are 14,000 breweries in Germany, but these big German doctors are determined to shut them all up.

KILL THE DOG

The story is told of a rabbit being chased by a dog. The neighbors were solicitous about the peril to the innocent rabbit, and were anxious to do what they could to help the sorely beset little animal.

They met and passed resolutions of sympathy for his condition, and called to the rabbit to do his best with running. Then they went farther, and begged the dog with tears in their eyes, not to harm the rabbit.

But, meanwhile, the dog was warming up to the chase and was rapidly gaining on the now fast tiring bunny. At last the rabbit overcame the timidity and limitations of his kind and shouted in anger to the sympathizing

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group of people: "If you really want to help me, shut up about running. I am doing my best *now*. *Kill the dog!*"

If we want to save the thousands whose daily business in the liquor traffic is deranging them, and if we want to save the hundreds of thousands who are being debauched by the saloon, and the multitudes of wives and children who are being robbed of everything worth while by it, then kill the saloon. National Prohibition is the one sure and complete way to do the job.

WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK

The liquor men of Pennsylvania are pretty badly scared at the courageous fight put up by the Governor for county option during the last session of the Legislature, and they are very much afraid that the next Legislature to be elected will greatly curb their privileges. So they are making pretense toward reformation coming from within their ranks, and declare they are going to make their business respectable.

Think of the contract they have on their hands! To make respectable a business of selling that which causes a man to beat his wife, and murder his child, and burn his own house! Think of making respectable a business that is the chief nerve of every vice and crime that stains our great cities. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, speaking in Philadelphia the other day, advised his audience not to take this promise of the liquor sellers to abolish the cabaret, Satan's combination of booze and dancing, too seriously. "Don't take the saloon men too seriously, for they will forget all about it after November, 1916," he said. "Don't any of you be fooled into changing your vote by

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their promise, for the only reformed saloon is the abolished saloon. However, there is a significance in the action of the rum sellers. The very fact that they propose to abolish the cabaret is a resounding confession that the saloon is the direct promoter of ruin among girls and boys."

IT HAS STUNK ITSELF OUT

George Mueller, the editor of the *Liquor Dealers' Journal*, a while ago, commenting on the alignment of Senator Penrose with the liquor interests in order to secure his reelection, made this remarkable confession:

"While I am an anti-Prohibitionist, I am more strongly an anti-Corruptionist, and I repeat that the liquor traffic deliberately aids the most corrupt political powers and backs with all its resources the most unworthy men, the most corrupt and recreant officials. Why? Because it has to ask immunity for its own lawlessness.

"In the License Court to-day, listening to evidence against a prominent saloon-keeper, I heard this significant phrase used by a witness: 'Every street-walker has a saloon headquarters.'

"Who does not know that? And every man who furnishes harboring for women and their patrons knows the facts.

"Yet I, in a sense, pity the saloon man, for he is but the agent, the distributor, for the brewer, whose money backs the saloon and whose beer he sells."

This reminds me of a friend of mine who recently crossed the Pacific Ocean on a steamboat with a liquor drummer. After a long conversation on the present outlook for Prohibition and the reasons that had given

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Prohibition such a tremendous impetus in our day, the drummer made this characteristic but significant statement: "The d—— liquor business has just stunk itself out!"

SMILE OF THE SALOON OVER ALASKA

No decent man can read the report of Dr. E. Lester Jones, Federal Commissioner of Fisheries for Alaska, without a blush of shame, and without having every drop of red blood in his veins roused to indignation. Dr. Jones says: "The white man's lack of regard for the sanctity of the native's home is the crime of Alaska. In many sections the wife and daughter are dishonored, and any resistance from the husband or father or brother is overcome by threats and bribes and liquor, until the men have all their best impulses and senses deadened, and seem to be unmanned. Wherever the white man has settled the saloon prevails, and that has had more to do with the ruination of the Indian and the Aleut than all other causes. In sections where the saloon is not found, liquor reaches the Indians in the form of pay and bribes. This is a shame and a disgrace to the United States Government. For one citizen, I want to get out from under my share of that horrible stigma—National Prohibition alone can do it."

THE ROCKY ROAD AHEAD FOR BEER IN GERMANY

If we were to listen to the German brewers in this country we would think that beer was regarded by everybody in the fatherland as a patron saint and a great benefactor, but such is far from being the case. German judges have taken alarm and have sounded the

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note of warning from the bench against the danger from prevalent beer drinking. German physicians are protesting against it, much as they do in America. German lawyers have organized a strong total abstinence society. German editors and public men are pointing out the grave danger to children and to public health generally from beer drinking. German educators declare that beer is harming the work of the students. The German government some time ago forbade the use of beer by railroad employees. The German Emperor went dry years ago and has preached total abstinence from one end of Germany to the other. He warns German soldiers and sailors against drink. Beer is finding enemies at home as well as abroad—Prohibition, world-wide, is on the way.

SOCIABILITY AND WIT NOT DEPENDENT ON LIQUOR

Dr. Joseph Crooker in his new book, "Shall I Drink?" quotes Prof. Hugo Munsterberg as saying: "The German, the Frenchman, the Italian, who enjoys his glass of light wine and then wanders joyful and elated to the masterpieces of the opera, serves himself better than the New Englander who drinks ice water and sits satisfied at the vaudeville show, world-far from real art. Better America inspired than America sober!"

Dr. Crooker declares this to be the most reprehensible statement ever penned by a university professor in our land. He declares that America can be both sober and inspired, and goes on to show that alcohol does not inspire, but deadens the mind. Its influence coarsens art and lowers the quality of pleasures.

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There is abundant testimony that temperance people are not destitute of mirth and jollity. An eminent German professor, Dr. Martin Rade, of the University of Marburg, made a notable address some five years ago in Berlin after an extensive tour of this country, in which he spoke in the highest terms of the social and intellectual brilliancy of the many banquets in America which he attended where no liquors were served. A distinguished German-American, Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, of the University of Rochester, speaking about the same time in Germany, bore similar testimony, saying that the wit and gaiety of American dinners, without liquors, surpassed those that he had attended in the fatherland. Dr. Samuel J. Barrows, a world-wide traveler and student of men and manners, after describing the remarkable changes in New England customs, liquors being banished from most social gatherings, makes this comment: "Yet life is more cheerful, education more abundant, music and art more popular, and the physical scale of living higher."

FROM JUDGE TO TRAMP

One day during the present month of June former Magistrate E. Gaston Higginbotham staggered into St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, and died that night. He went there in rags, toes showing through his shoes, and not until an hour before his death in the charity ward did the attendants know that his real name was not the "John Smith" he had registered. Then they told him his case was hopeless, and he asked for his wife, from whom his drunkenness had separated him four years ago. She arrived and they were reconciled just before

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he breathed his last. The newspaper telling the story says:

“The death of the former magistrate ends a striking illustration of the effects that drinking has upon some strong men. A man of noble impulses and great culture, having been twice honored as a great magistrate, yet for two years he had lived with the tramps and the outcasts whom he had once judged from the bench.”

That is the well-worn, ordinary story of what the saloon is doing in every city in the land. And yet there are some people who apologize for the accursed thing.

SHUT THE DOOR OF TEMPTATION

A gentleman writing in the *Sunday School Times* relates a striking and suggestive incident which he observed about the time of the close of the Billy Sunday revival campaign in Paterson, New Jersey.

Passing two men standing at the street corner, his attention was attracted by the earnest and emphatic reply of one of them to the other: “No, I’ll not go with you. Is it necessary for me to tell you again?”

The speaker was a middle-aged man, somewhat poorly but neatly dressed. His face was pale, a paleness that seemed to indicate illness, but it did not. It merely indicated that the man had given up something that had cost a struggle. He was refusing to go with a friend to have a drink in a neighboring saloon.

“I am done,” he replied to the importunities. “I stopt the other night, and it is useless for you to invite me back. I shall not go!”

And he did not. He turned away and left the spot while the other man, more or less under the influence of

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liquor, made his way to a saloon on the corner, and disappeared inside.

God only knows the struggle such men have to endure in making their escape. John Milton says:

“It is a long way from hell up to light,”

and many a man who has made the climb from the hell of drunkenness up to the light of manly self-control has had that truth burned into both soul and body. What Christian will refuse his or her whole-hearted help to shut the gaping legalized door that opens to engulf a man making the heroic effort to escape?

ALCOHOL *vs.* EFFICIENCY

On the street level of Nos. 16 and 18 West Twenty-fourth street, New York city, is the very remarkable exhibit of the American Museum of Safety. A large illuminated sign, “Safety,” stretches over the sidewalk. It calls attention to the always interesting and suggestive exhibits in the show windows, in front of which there is usually a crowd gathered. There is also, on the ground floor, an auditorium and a screen for moving pictures, where lectures are given daily. By these lectures Dr. William H. Tolman, the director, expects to teach the value of “Safety First” in the factory, on the railways, and in the streets; and also the lesson that safety means the shielding of the children in the household within the home and a standard of truer living.

A section is devoted to industrial dietetics, in which the sight-seer may note the relative values of condensed milk and fresh milk, of rye flour and cornmeal. Over several glass cases, in which evidence is presented to

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prove the truth of the statement, one reads that "Alcohol Lessens Efficiency."

The membership of the Museum of Safety includes steam and electric railways, gas and electric corporations and a multitude of great industrial and manufacturing companies.

It is from these sources we are drawing to-day our armies of reinforcement for Prohibition.

BOOZE AND UNIFORMS

Collier's Weekly calls attention to an interesting report of Colonel Maus, Surgeon-General of the Eastern Department of the United States Army, who has recently been retired after a record-breaking service of forty-one years in the Medical Corps. He is the man who organized our public health service in the Philippines, and cleaned Manila of the bubonic plague, leprosy and small-pox. If knowledge, skill and accomplishment are anything, this man is an authority. He has pointed out repeatedly that soldiers do not know how to use alcohol and never will; that booze was responsible for a large part of the disastrous stomach troubles and mental breakdowns of our soldiers in the Cuban and Philippine campaigns. His final verdict on the whole subject is as follows: "Practically all the crime committed in the Army, directly or indirectly, can be traced to the effect of alcohol. Murders, robberies, desertions, courtmartial and dismissal of officers, prison and guardhouse sentences of enlisted men, fights, brawls, broken friendships, misery, wretchedness and moral degeneracy, should generally be ascribed to the use of intoxicants."

If the great war in Europe has proved nothing else, it

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has proved that Colonel Maus is exactly right. But it is not only among soldiers where it works such fearful havoc. It is just as dangerous for railroad men. It works the same carnage among miners and steel-workers and carpenters. It is the foe of humanity, and the same logic that will shut it away from soldiers will exact National Prohibition for the benefit of our common humanity.

AN ECONOMIC FOLLY

Five hundred business men of San Francisco and Oakland have organized a business man's league to fight for Prohibition in California. Their slogan is "The Saloon is an Economic Folly and Must Go." Here is a part of their published statement: "The liquor traffic exists at the expense of all other industries. The revenue to the State, derived from liquor licenses, is overbalanced by losses to the State inseparable from the use of liquor. Its elimination is good business, because it will promote thrift, economy and prosperity. This will mean more work and better wages. We therefore favor the passage of either or both of the two proposed amendments affecting the liquor traffic, to be voted upon this fall by the electorate of California."

THE GREAT REMOVER

A New Jersey newspaper, the *Better Citizen*, prints this striking editorial: "An exchange says alcohol will remove stains from summer clothes. The exchange is right. Alcohol will also remove the summer clothes, also the spring, autumn and winter clothes, not only from the one who drinks it, but from wife and family as well. It

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will also remove the household furniture, the eatables from the pantry, the smiles from the face of the wife, the laugh from the lips of innocent children, and the happiness from the home. As a remover of things alcohol has no equal."

Oh, how one could go on elaborating in that vein! How often it takes away the keen sense of honor from the drinker's mind and heart! How often it removes his love for his parents, his wife and his children! How often it lures him to crime and turns a promising career into the criminal's path of shame and ruin! Yes, alcohol is the great remover!

WRECKAGE OF THE SALOON

Chauncey M. Depew, the most famous after-dinner speaker for the last fifty years, recently being in a reminiscent mood, said: "It has been a study with me to mark boys who started with me, on every grade of life, to see what has become of them. . . . It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one who proved a wreck, and wrecked his family, did it from rum, and from no other cause."

When Billy Sunday was fighting booze with characteristic earnestness in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., he pointed out that, according to the annual report of the officials of the county almshouse of the county in which that city is situated, every one of the 424 unfortunates who had gone over the hill to the poorhouse was addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. Not one total abstainer had been committed to that almshouse.

If you would stop this horrible tide of wreckage, swat the saloon with National Prohibition!

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WORSE THAN WAR

I have been reading in the *British Weekly* recently an article by Lloyd Thomas, in which he brings out with graphic clearness the stern fact that there are worse things than death: that there is a *deeper hell than war*.

Shattered limbs strewn about the streets and battlefield may cause the sensitive to shrink and shudder, but, to the eyes that can picture the invisible forces that make for righteousness these physical horrors are as nothing compared with shattered fidelities and sanctities flung to the winds. Human blood running in the gutters of great cities, and making the grass of the fields and meadows sickly soft and slippery to the feet, makes us ill to think of, but what is this compared with the unseen soul of civilization for which the blood was shed?

Bodies dead and maimed; bodies of fathers, brothers, sons, husbands, lovers, piled in heaps, make a ghastly spectacle that sends a tremor through the bravest heart; but how much more terrible is it to have not only bodies but souls rotten and corrupt all through the world—souls dying and dead and damned!

The liquor saloon not only maims and mars the bodies of men, but fouls their souls with the slime of a corroding poison. It not only makes widows and orphans, but it strips them of any fond and honorable memory of their dead. The son of a man who has fallen as a patriot soldier, fighting to guard his home and family and native land, has a sacred heritage that he will cherish as long as he lives, and hand down with pride to his children after him; but the drunkard's orphan child has a heritage of shame. When he hears other boys or men speak of their honored fathers, he listens with a blush and a shudder.

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There is no honorable pension for the drunkard's widow. For her the nation's memorial days and the folds of her country's flag have no thrill of inspiring memory which recalls the heroic deeds of sacrifice which served as the altar on which she bravely laid her heart's deepest love. Ah, no! only the stigma of a drunkard's widow, with the fear that the hellish taint of the drunkard's appetite may cling to the blood of her son to haunt her waking hours and disturb her dreams at night!

Yes, the saloon is worse—*it digs a hell deeper than war.*

THE ENORMOUS TIDE OF DRUNKENNESS

Unless constantly reminded, we are in danger of underestimating the fearful toll which the saloon is taking of the manhood and womanhood of the nation.

At Old St. Paul's Club, 411 Spruce street, Philadelphia, is carried on a work of reclaiming drunkards. Earnest effort is made to win men from drunkenness, secure them employment and encourage them to lead sober lives. The work has been very successful and hundreds of down-and-out men have been reclaimed there, their feet set again on the rounds of the ladder leading upward to a sober and a happy life.

This club has been going on only five years. The workers held their fifth anniversary on the 13th of June this year. In that short time 45,000 drunkards have been registered in that one club in that one city.

What a frightful window that is, looking in on the awful tide of drunkenness that is sweeping men down to hell like flies. An average of 9,000 a year of drunken men passing through this one door, groping in the darkness after help. Think how many drunkards there must

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have been staggering their hopeless course in all the cities of the land during that year, and all the years.

In God's name, let us redouble our diligence to shut the devilish factories which are turning out drunkards at this fearful rate.

National Prohibition will do it.

TAKING DOWN THEIR SIGNS

The Philadelphia Lager Beer Brewers' Association has ordered the saloon-keepers to remove from the fronts of their saloons all whisky and beer signs and all placards of every description advertising the sale of intoxicants. The leaders of the liquor business say that they hope in this way to stem the rapidly rising tide of sentiment against liquor which is swelling to dangerous levels in Pennsylvania. They point out that beer and whisky signs only call unwelcome attention to the presence of saloons and serve as a constant irritant to the decent people of the community.

What a confession that is! What hardware merchant or grocery or dry goods merchant would think of taking down his sign for fear of stirring up wrath against his business? This taking down the liquor signs is only prophetic, however, for National Prohibition will bring them all down very shortly.

THEY ARE GETTING WHAT IS COMING TO THEM

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* tells a good story of how the Goedel Brewing Company, of Detroit, wrote to Mr. F. L. Baldwin, of the *Escanaba Journal*, asking for advertising rates and whether or not he would object to running bottled beer advertising in his publica-

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tion, as they contemplated doing advertising in his city during the spring months. They got a reply straight from the shoulder. The reply was dated the same day the letter was received. It read: "We take pleasure in saying that advertising space in the *Journal* is not for sale to any branch of the liquor or brewing trade at any price. We give the business plenty of free advertising, but it is not of the nature that you wish to pay for, as we always prepare our own copy. I most sincerely hope that the voters of the State of Michigan will vote you out of business in November, 1916, and I assure you that I shall do all within my power, both personally and through the columns of the *Journal*, to show them that it is their duty to themselves, their homes, their country and their God to do so."

That is the kind of back talk these enemies of human happiness are getting these days from all directions.

THE CANT OF INTEMPERANCE

We have heard of "The cant of the temperance reformer" so often from the liquor people that it is refreshing to have Dr. J. H. Crooker turn the tables with the phrase, "The cant of intemperance." The immediate reason for this apt coinage is a comment on the claim of the liquor people that human nature craves a stimulant and therefore the saloon is a necessity. He points out that alcohol, according to the best science, is not a stimulant but a paralyzer. We do indeed need social excitement. Wholesome pleasures are necessary to us, but the exhilaration through drink, which means the inhibition of spiritual qualities and disturbance of physical functions, is bought at too great a price. The

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fact that the happiest and brightest homes in the world are among the people who taboo strong drink of every sort disproves the claim that alcohol is a social necessity. Such a claim is an illustration of the cant of intemperance.

HOW MANY EMPTIES IN YOUR TOWN?

A while ago a certain distiller sent out a circular booming a brand of whisky which he produces, and, among other things, said he would be glad to pay freight on the empty bottles. The Rev. R. M. Evans, of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in Des Moines, Iowa, got one of these circulars and published his reply in the *Des Moines Register and Leader*. It goes straight to the point. Dr. Evans says to the distiller: "I note you pay the freight on returned empties. I would like to send you a full carload of empties if you will honor your agreement. I suppose the freight will be much cheaper on full carload lots? To be honest with you, the empties are not in first-class condition. They consist of empty men—empty of manhood, energy, ambition, prospects, self-respect, and necessities of life—empty head, empty heart, empty soul, empty stomach. Also empty women, empty of womanhood, refinement, modesty and hope. Will it be worth while making the return of this carload of empties? Will this carload of empties be worth the freight to you?"

Alas, these empties throng the streets of our big towns and cities wherever liquor is sold. It does not take a very big county or town to furnish a carload, and only a small city could often turn out a trainload of these miserable empties and many of our big cities could send back trainloads every week of these wretched men

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and women, whose arms and hearts have been emptied of every precious and sacred thing through drink.

How many empties are there in your town, and what are you doing to put a stop to this sad wreckage?

THE NEW LAUNDRY ACCOUNTS

Nothing has fired my imagination so much in recent months as the word from Denver, Colo., of the unparalleled prosperity of the laundries of that city since Prohibition actually came into force there. This impresses me more than the fact that over 2,000 new savings banks accounts were started the first three dry months, tho, of course, they are closely related. But think of the worn-out women released from the washtub, and now able to send their family washing to the laundry, and pay for it with money that heretofore has been going into the saloon till.

A DANGEROUS PRIVILEGED CLASS

In his new book, "The Logic of Prohibition," just published by the Star Publishing Company of Pasadena, Cal., Dr. Matt S. Hughes has an exceedingly telling chapter entitled "Turning State's Evidence," in which he takes up the oft-repeated declaration of the liquor people that "Prohibition does not prohibit." He points out that such a statement as that by the saloon forces hints at anarchy, pure and simple. The theory on which government rests is that the majority shall rule, yet these reckless dealers in misery and crime dare to announce that, tho a majority pass a Prohibition law, they will not obey it.

"Does anybody seriously propose," asks Dr. Hughes,

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“to create a privileged class composed of liquor dealers who shall be acknowledged to be above the law of the United States—a beer and whisky aristocracy which shall be in no way amenable to the voice of the American people? No one suggests a referendum among horse thieves, train robbers, safebreakers and pickpockets to ascertain if they will be kind enough to inform us what laws they will be pleased to obey.”

The saloonists as a privileged class are rapidly approaching the judgment day.

SPOILING THE JAIL INDUSTRY

Down around Richmond, Va., they are really using the argument in some heartless circles that the good roads movement has been struck a death blow by Prohibition, as there will be a great dearth of convicts to work on the public highways. And now comes the jailer at Spokane, Wash., declaring that under Prohibition the jail business bids fair for utter spoliation. A year ago with liquor saloons in Spokane he had a flourishing business, with 130 boarders at the jail during March, which gave him a chance to make something, but under Prohibition they dropt to only 38 for the same month and the outlook for the future is very dark from the hotel standpoint. A reporter in the *Spokane Chronicle* reports Jailer August Ilse as saying: “It looks as if we might as well prepare to close up our hotel in the future. We have seven men here who are to be released now. I do not believe we will have many prisoners so long as the Prohibition law is in effect. There are but half a dozen prisoners here who are in for six months. As few arrive it looks as if we will soon

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have many less. The number is the smallest in the history of the jail."

It does not take much imagination to picture the misery saved and the added joy in the world suggested by this dearth of boarders in the Spokane jail.

UNCLE SAM A GAINER BY OREGON PROHIBITION

During the first three months of Prohibition in Oregon not a single arrest was made in that State for selling liquor to an Indian, or taking liquor on to an Indian reservation, or for murder or assault by an Indian, something that has not happened for many years for the same period in other days.

The United States District Attorney at Portland is reported to have said that if this effective enforcement of the Prohibition law is maintained, the Government will be saved \$100,000 a year in prosecuting Indian cases in Oregon alone.

And yet that is only in one State with one small class of population. Uncle Sam will get his eyes open to the folly of the saloon yet.

HURRAH FOR CANADA!

The splendid progress of the Prohibition movement to the north of us should be an inspiration to every temperance worker among us. Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba already white, and British Columbia and Ontario getting ready. New Brunswick and Quebec will soon follow, and in a very short time from the Pacific across the continent to Prohibition Newfoundland and on to the Atlantic, all north of us will be dry. It is high time we were looking

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after our end of modern and progressive civilization.
On to National Prohibition!

MONEY IN THE TREASURY OF DRY CITIES

Mayor Lyon, of Mobile, Ala., is out with this striking statement that will send a shiver down the backbone of every liquor seller who reads it: "Mobile is one city in this country," said the Mayor, "that discounts its bills. I am looking for a lot of the city's old refunding bonds to retire now."

Things are not going right at all in the new Prohibition cities from the liquor seller's standpoint. They are getting along too well without him.

A GLORIOUS TRANSFORMATION

It would be hard to imagine a more blest transformation than has come over the Coors brewery plant at Denver, Colo., changing it from a beer-making establishment to a malted milk manufactory. For years a stream of intoxication and strife and misery has flown forth from its vats, but now every day there goes forth through all the Rocky Mountain towns and cities a product that brings refreshment and health wherever it goes, adding to the peace and comfort of the commonwealth. Prohibition means just such transformations wherever it goes!

THE GROWING ROLL OF HONOR

Where, oh, where, will the brewers and distillers advertise their wares in the near future? Only a little while ago every daily newspaper in the country was with them and now the honor roll of those too clean for their

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dirty feet is growing every week. Here comes the *New York Tribune* saying: "As a matter of business policy we recognize the fact—emphasized more forcibly as each year passes—that indulgence in alcohol is incompatible with efficiency in any field of effort. In industry, trade and transportation, as well as in artistic and professional pursuits, the man who uses alcohol habitually imposes on himself a serious disability.

"When alcohol is mixed with business it is alcohol which profits, not business. It is our conviction also that when alcohol is mixed with advertising it is alcohol which benefits, not advertising.

"The *Tribune* is setting new standards of quality. It intends to keep its advertising columns select and unimpeachable. It wants to eliminate from them all traces of evil or even suspicious association. We feel that liquor advertisements will not help to attract to us either the readers or the advertisers whose patronage we especially desire. We have therefore decided to drop liquor advertisements altogether."

TWO INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

From the same page of a daily paper I take these two interesting items. The first comes from Cumberland, Maryland, June 10, and reads as follows: "Emanuel E. Johnson, a negro saloon-keeper and politician, to-day was held responsible by a Coroner's jury for the death of Cordelia Deremer, white, twenty years old, at Narrows Park. Johnson struck the girl with his auto last night. He was driving it recklessly, without lights, on the national pike, while drunk. The girl died early this morning from a fractured skull."

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The second item comes from New York city, and happened the same day: "Despite the frantic pleas of his family that a fine be imposed, Lionel Doherty, twenty-four years old, son of a wealthy retired manufacturer, was sentenced to thirty days for operating an automobile while intoxicated. The mother and sister of the young man were in court, and when Justice Herman announced he stood committed without the alternative of a fine, the mother fainted and was carried from the courtroom."

Such accounts are printed every day in the papers, and yet some people who make claim to decency in citizenship sneer at the idea of legally closing the factories that turn out drunkards.

WHY THE SALOON MAN HATES BILLY SUNDAY

Over in Paterson, New Jersey, in Billy Sunday's last campaign, a newspaper man tells the story of a woman who, in one of the meetings, ran down the aisle to the altar in the tabernacle. She had a bundle under her arms which she handed to Mr. Sunday. It contained a bed quilt which she had pieced and quilted with her own hands. And she cried aloud so that a great multitude heard her: "My husband never drew a sober breath for five years. You converted him, and he is working and he hasn't touched liquor for five weeks."

"Bully for him," answered Sunday.

"Yes, and we have family prayers night and morning," she continued.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," replied Sunday.

You can not blame the saloon men for hating Billy Sunday when he does things like that, hundreds of times

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over, in every revival campaign. They would not be true to their business if they did not hate him.

But think of a business like that being allowed to live in a Christian land.

\$989,000 SAVED IN ONE MONTH

During the month of February, 1916, in the city of Seattle, with a population of 360,000 souls, 4,270 of her citizens availed themselves of their legal right to purchase liquors amounting in the aggregate to \$11,000 worth. With the breweries and saloons open the average liquor bill of Seattle was \$1,000,000 a month. So Seattle saved her citizens under the Prohibition law \$989,000, which went to buy clothing and groceries and furniture and food and into the savings banks for a rainy day. That is the kind of thing National Prohibition will do for every city in the land!

MARYLAND'S ROLL OF DISHONOR

The proud old State of Maryland has hatched a brood of Judases, that cause her good citizens great shame. These men were elected to the Legislature on their assurance that they would stand for the State-wide Prohibition bill, and then when they came into their place of power they, like Judas, betrayed their Lord and forfeited their honor. These men should be pilloried in every pulpit in Maryland. A great man once said, "Great scoundrels make great texts for great sermons." These men, because of the trust they betrayed, are great scoundrels and should be held up to the shame and ignominy they deserve. They have committed the crime of Judas, but lack his keen sense of shame, or not one of them would be unchanged.

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A SHRINKAGE WHICH MEANS BLESSING

Even in our modern Babylon, supposed to be free from Prohibition fears, estates depending on income from breweries are pronounced to be risky and shrinkage is becoming painful. An appraiser of the estate of Joseph Liebman, who died in 1913, said recently in his report: "I am not unmindful of the fact that in the past the company has earned large profits. There is, however, evidence in the record before me, and other evidence of which I take judicial notice, that there is a strong Prohibition movement all over the world, that excise taxes both in this and in neighboring States have been constantly increasing, and that local option must necessarily affect to a large extent the future profits of this company."

Every such shrinkage means the enlargement of the income of hundreds and thousands of working men whose waste and folly have contributed to the brewer's wealth.

MAKING A NEW RECORD

The simon pure brand of Prohibition on in Georgia is working what would have seemed miracles if prophesied before the State went dry. Take this note from a recent paper: "The State of Georgia's new Prohibition laws are establishing numerous records of various kinds in the city of Atlanta, but perhaps none are more remarkable and significant than the record of arrests by the police and cases tried by the Recorder. From 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, May 29th, until 4 on the morning of May 30th, not a single arrest was made, which was a record without a parallel since Atlanta began to keep a police docket."

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How demoralizing to the police of a big city to go a whole day without a single prisoner! No wonder the liquor people are stirred up over the failure of Prohibition in Georgia.

THE DEVIL'S TWIST

That alcoholic drinking and social immorality go hand in hand is constantly being illustrated. The head of the Illinois Training School for Nurses recently gave this testimony: "During the past year 400 illegitimate babies were born in the county hospital—36 out of each 100 born there. Since November of last year 53 girls under 20 years of age in the surgical ward for operations resulting from social diseases attributed their troubles to the combination of liquor and dance halls. The stories the girls tell us almost always begin in the same way. They went out for a good time at a dance hall, met some man, were plied with liquor—and then they had to come to us. I plead for the girls between fifteen and twenty. Disgrace and disease are the results to them of the sale of liquor at dances.

It is strange that men who are themselves fathers of daughters whom they love devotedly will give their support to a traffic that works such ruin among young girls.

THE SORROWFUL CASE OF THE SHIRKERS

In a great national crisis, when destiny hangs in the balance, the happiest men are those who dare all and throw themselves unreservedly into the battle for the right.

Sir Robertson MacNicolll illustrates this in a most in-

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teresting manner in discussing the situation in regard to enlistments in the English army. He says that those who have volunteered and gone out to the battle, often after long perplexities and ponderings, seem to enjoy a singular rest of heart. This is the universal testimony of those who have met the men while they have been home on furlough or have seen them in hospitals. They are exhilarated with the assurance that they have done their utmost. They have been in the trenches, they have been under fire, they have given all they have to give. These men are at peace—so blest is duty and so happy are those who take the high road.

On the other hand, those who ought to go and in their hearts know it, are the most miserable of men. I am not speaking of cowards, or those in whom the sense of honor is dead. I am speaking of shirkers.

In every time of national peril there are shirkers to be found all over the country. They are often honorable men, but they shrink from the great sacrifice. There is so much to detain them. There are so many ties to break. There are so many plausible reasons for holding back, so many passable excuses for keeping clear of the fight. But they have no peace day or night. If they were to tell the truth they would say: "Sir, at my heart there was a kind of fighting that would not let me sleep."

Now I am sure that we have among our ministers and laymen in America to-day something very like this in regard to our great Prohibition campaign. There are, I am persuaded, many men of power and influence whose judgments and consciences are with us. They abominate the saloon as the source of every foul thing and yet for social or business reasons they have been shirking

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their full duty in an open enlistment that would not only bring great support to the cause but bring great joy and inspiration to their own Christian service.

National Prohibition will leap to triumph if all the men who have been shirking their duty will now volunteer to fight the battle to a finish.

WHEN THE STARS COME OUT

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the great English editor, heard a story of Henry Ward Beecher as a child, from which he draws an inspiring and comforting lesson of good cheer in the midst of the hard struggles of life.

Lyman Beecher's family observed the Sabbath after the strict old New England manner, from Saturday night until Sunday night. On Sunday night, however, the children of the Beecher family were allowed to begin playing as soon as three stars came out. Dr. Nicoll says, in comment on this: "We should begin to be happy as soon as we can, not waiting for a great noon-tide, not waiting even for a heaven crowded with stars. Let us make the most of the little we have, be happy as soon and as much and as long as possible. Let us begin to rejoice as soon as three stars come out."

This is a good suggestion for the faithful men and women all over America who have borne the burden and heat of the day for the last thirty or forty years of the temperance campaign. It is time for us to throw up our hats and begin to play! Through the long vigil there has often not been much cause for rejoicing, but now what a glorious sky stretches over our hearts! But a year ago there were only nine stars shining, and now twenty-four blaze forth their Prohibition light in our

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heavens. And there will be more, please God, before the year is passed. It is a time for gladness—a time to thank God and take courage.

THE SELFISHNESS AND TREASON OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

The absolute disloyalty and selfishness of the people engaged in the liquor business was never more strikingly illustrated than in the fearful crisis in which England finds herself through the drunkenness of working men in the great factories where guns and ammunition are being produced for her armies.

The press and the leading public men of England are practically a unit in their approval of Lloyd-George's famous statement that the use of liquor in English workshops is as dangerous an enemy to England as are Germany and Austria; and yet thus far their hands are tied in the presence of the enemy by the influence of powerful citizens, many of whom are members of the English nobility, who are owners of the breweries and distilleries.

Mr. Lloyd-George made a masterly appeal one day to employers and working men in Manchester, in which he declared that the enemy would have long since been driven out of Belgium and France but for the lack of equipment in the way of munitions. But none of these things move the brewer or distiller, whose financial paunch has been swelled by the infamous trade in strong drink. The liquor traffic has no heart, no conscience, no enlightened patriotic sentiment: it has only a paunch in which to greedily gorge the ill-gotten gains that come from the degradation of individuals, the spoliation of

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homes, and the peril and possible ruin of the nation. To such a traffic there is nothing to which appeal can be made. The bludgeon of the law that batters the beastly carcass to death under absolute Prohibition is the only relief against such an enemy of society and civilization.

THE SLUMP IN BOOZE

Collier's Weekly calls attention to the fact that, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, of New York city: "Production of whisky in Kentucky in January was 1,980,000 gallons, against 6,102,452 gallons in January, 1914; production in Pennsylvania was 1,073,808 gallons in January, against 1,552,445 a year ago, and in Maryland 506,919 gallons, against 918,582 last year. Whisky bottled in bond in January was 691,508 gallons compared with 928,187 in January, 1914. The decrease in Kentucky's production of whisky amounts to 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.; in Pennsylvania it is about 23 per cent.; in Maryland more than 40 per cent."

These figures, and many other figures which are available from different parts of the country, show that the distillers are looking ahead and are very sure that the demand for whisky will fall off more rapidly in the future than it has in the past. These men are spending large sums of money to advertise their business wherever they can get a paper that will print their stuff, making bold claims that Prohibition does not prohibit. But it is all stuff. Wherever they can find a sucker they are unloading their stock, and all the time they are curtailing their production, and discounting their own funeral. Nobody sees more clearly than the intelligent leaders of the liquor business that the judg-

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ment day for the brewery and the distillery and the saloon is at hand. A few years more and these names will fall into "innocuous desuetude," and be recalled only as relics of the past.

LET US SEE THE END OF THE FIGHT

Dan Poling, my fellow Oregonian, tells this touching story concerning his little son whom he was compelled not long ago to take to a surgeon for a painful operation. As the wee lad realized that he must submit to the ordeal and the anesthetic was about to be administered by the attendant, he put his arms around his father's neck and pleaded, "Daddy, you'll stay through, won't you?" The father promised, but as the surgeon began the performance of his task, the father found it almost more than he could endure to watch by the bedside of the little sufferer, but, mindful of his promise, he remained. When a little later the child opened his eyes and looked up into the father's face, his first words were, "Daddy, did you stay through?" "And wo be it to me," replied Mr. Poling, "had I failed to keep faith with the lad." To stay through in the great work in which we are engaged, to stay through until this land is without a saloon or a brewery or a distillery, until the people of America and of the world are sober, this is our high privilege, our stupendous opportunity.

THE FLAW

Dan Crawford says that in the south of Africa there is a certain kind of civilization advancing, the civilization that brings drink, gambling and all the rest with it.

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“It was down that way,” he states, “that I was starting out for England, down by the railway head, where I and my black friends bade each other good-by. Oh, how they looked at that railway! Then they asked me to explain to them about some of the things belonging to your so-called civilization. So I began gushing about all your wonderful civilization. How they looked and listened as I went on telling them of automobiles, submarines, aeroplanes, and everything else, trying to draw a wondering look from them. I noticed one man with an uncomfortable look in his eyes. I could see he was waiting for me the way a cat waits for a rat. Finally he said, as I stopt: ‘Are you finished?’ And then he punctured my tire with a bang. I will never forget it. He said: ‘To be better off is not to be better.’ ”

Even if it were true, which it is not, that a town would be better off financially with saloons than without them, the fact would still remain that for everything worth while in personal and home life it would be a poorer, meaner town because of them.

A SALOON-KEEPER'S PALACE TOMB

Three years ago Bartholomew Shea, a rich liquor seller in Philadelphia, died, and in his will left instructions that \$110,000 of his estate should be used to build a marble mausoleum in Holy Cross Cemetery.

The heirs were unwilling to give up so large a slice of the inheritance to a resting-place for the saloon-keeper's bones and so have been lawing about it for three years. A few days ago a compromise was made and \$74,050 are to be used to build of granite and Tennessee

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marble an exact replica of the famous temple of Theseus in ancient Greece. And there, at last, the saloon-keeper's body shall crumble back to dust.

It is impossible to reflect on a saloon-keeper's grave costing \$74,000 without wondering how many men have been beggared and gone hungry and slept in a pauper's grave to help build it. We wonder how many women have toiled over the washtub, with aching backs and aching hearts, that this saloon-keeper might have a marble palace to rot in at the last. We wonder how many orphan children have grown up among strangers without a father's instruction, and without a mother's tender guidance, that the blood money might pile up high enough to build this \$74,000 tomb for a saloon-keeper who fattened on the tears and breaking hearts and diseased bodies of men and women and children whom his business debauched!

That this man might have a home of granite and marble in which to decay, after his evil and useless days are ended, scores of families have gone homeless and multitudes become waifs and tramps.

How long, O Lord, how long will Christian men and women stand for things like that!

THE DEVIL'S CATACOMBS

I saw this epigram the other day:

"Wine cellars are the devil's catacombs."

Thank God some of these catacombs get cleaned out now and then! When Gen. John B. Henderson died, his wife and son had the liquors brought forth and poured in the gutter. Thank heaven for every such a

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revelation of an aroused conscience. What one woman did for one cellar all the women of the land will help do for a nation some of these days—give it a general cleaning up.

THE SALOON SOCIAL

A good deal is made out of the fact that the saloon is a social center for homeless men. And there can be no question that a great many men make their first visits to the saloon through the social instinct. Most men began to drink intoxicating liquor in the same way. They have no appetite for it; indeed, to most men it is repulsive at first, and they drink it simply to please a friend or to appear sociable.

Now, it is all right to have a social center, but why sell poison? Men can be as truly sociable without the alcohol as with it. It is not necessary to quicken into action a man's baser nature in order that he may find joy in conversation with his friends. This saloon social is much overworked.

THE GREATEST VICTORY OF ALL

David Lloyd-George, the Welshman of his generation, by all odds the greatest personality brought to the front in Great Britain by the war, made this most extraordinary statement the other day, expressing his hope that England would be convinced that success in war depended largely upon removing the drag on its efficiency caused by drink. And the great man added that no possible victory won in the war could equal a victory over drink, which would prove the crowning triumph of all. That supreme victory of modern civiliza-

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tion is within our reach if we can summon all the Christian forces of America to one great strong pull all together.

THE CHANGING SCENERY UNDER PROHIBITION

Miss Anna Gordon, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, returning from an extended trip through the Northwest, says: "Perhaps the most interesting sights during my whole trip were the transformed breweries in Idaho and Colorado. When I was taken for an automobile drive in Pocatello, I asked that I might see the big brewery that is now a soft drink establishment, and which is doing a good business. The temperance people of Idaho, however, are alive to the fact that the soft drinks will bear watching and are constantly on their guard. In Boise, also, I saw a cold storage plant which had formerly been a brewery, and while in Denver I looked upon the million-dollar brewery changed into a malted milk factory. Every one of these places is doing a fine business, employing as many, if not more, men than formerly, and supplying the public with useful and necessary commodities in place of poison beverages."

Still greater transformations are just ahead.

'SALOON LOSING STANDING IN COURT

In a Chicago Court occurred an incident which shows how judges are beginning to hold saloon-keepers responsible for the destitution caused by liquor in the families of their patrons. A saloon-keeper had tied up a drinker's wages because he owed a whisky bill of \$15. The wife appeared before the judge with this complaint: "We

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have no food in the house, Judge, and no money to buy it with. Can't something be done so my husband can get his pay?"

The judge released the husband's wages and ordered a warrant for the arrest of the saloon-keeper on a charge of disorderly conduct.

It is certainly beginning to be a rocky road to Dublin for the saloon, and it's going to get worse and worse until there will be no road at all.

NO LONGER A PLACE IN THE SUN

A while ago the German Emperor was credited with saying by way of apology for German aggressiveness that "Germany wanted her place in the sun."

Dr. James R. Joy, the brilliant editor of the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, takes advantage of that phrase in a significant manner in a very striking editorial note:

"Since the first of January more than twenty newspapers have joined the large number which no longer accept advertisements of liquors. In every city and town where the local newspaper still carries liquor advertising the Sunday-school should next Sunday, the day of the temperance lesson, pass formal resolutions asking the publisher to exclude such matter from his columns, out of consideration for the young people, and for the conservation of the morals and health of the community.

"In Alabama the new law forbidding the publication of liquor advertisements in the newspapers of the State has been confirmed by a decision of the highest courts. On June 10th the Supreme Court held the law constitutional in all details. The court further held

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that its decision abrogated all contracts for liquor advertising, and prevented any agencies or firms from holding the newspapers responsible for damages resulting from the cancellation of contracts.

“The liquor business has had its place in the sun long enough.”

Yes, and now comes Donald Ross, president of the Bill Posters' and Distributors' Protective Association, to testify before Federal Judge Landis in Chicago in a suit brought by the Government against the bill posters as a combination in restraint of trade, and he says the directors voted recently to eliminate all liquor ads and that advertisements of intoxicating liquors will be seen on the billboards of the country no more.

THE TRUE LIBERTY

When the saloon is at last destroyed and drunkenness with all its train of disease and crime and sorrow has ceased out of the earth, then will come the great freedom of which Walt Whitman dreamed and sang:

TO LIBERTY

Turn, O Liberty,
Turn from lands retrospective recording proofs of the
Past.
From the singers that sing the trailing glories of the
Past.
From the chants of the feudal world, the triumphs of
kings, slavery, caste,
Turn to the world, the triumphs reserv'd and to come—
give up that backward world,
Leave to the singers of hitherto, give them the trailing
Past!

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Then turn, and be not alarm'd. O Liberty—turn your
 undying face

To where the Future, greater than all the Past,
Is swiftly, surely preparing for you!"

Every stroke for national Prohibition hastens that
great day.

THE FOUNTAIN OF EVILS

There can be no doubt that the saloon is the origin of more evils than any other institution on earth. If it were the center and foundation of drunkenness alone, that would be enough to condemn it as the mightiest evil of the centuries, but when we reflect that drunkenness is only one expression of its horrible result in society its enormity grows on us. Experts in these questions assure us that at least 25 per cent. of poverty is due to it; 37 per cent. of pauperism; 45 per cent. of child destitution; 25 per cent. of insanity; 55 per cent. of crimes, and 19 per cent. of divorce. The Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker, in his new book entitled "Shall I Drink?" brings out this horrible statement as a result of careful scientific investigation, that 55 per cent. of the children of drinking parents die in childhood, while only 23 per cent. of the children of parents who are total abstainers die.

DEVIL'S SLAUGHTER-HOUSE

No truer line was ever penned than the saying "The retail grogshop is the devil's slaughter-house."

I knew personally one retail saloon in a small country town. I knew and loved one family of whom the husband and father patronized that small retail saloon. He died a drunkard. His son, led into bad company

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through the father's drunkenness, went to the penitentiary. The wife and mother went crazy because of the trouble and shame, and the daughter was ruined by a scoundrel the father brought home with him from the saloon.

Behold the wholesale slaughter of one saloon in that family. It sent the four, one to the insane asylum, one to the penitentiary, one to a house of prostitution, and the other directly to a drunkard's grave. And yet some people cry "fanatic" when we would shut the saloon that works this slaughter.

A BIG PRICE FOR A DRINK

Lombroso, the great Italian authority, has left behind as one of his contributions to the sum of human knowledge his mature opinion that alcohol is one of the chief curtailers of human life. Here is this eminent scientist's deliberate conclusion:

"The young man of twenty who drinks has a probable life of fifteen years before him, the abstainer one of forty-four years."

What a price for a drink.

SCHOOLS AND PROHIBITION

Ever since the devil helped the liquor people devise the high license scheme the cry has been that we must have revenue from saloons to take care of the expense of our public schools.

Here is what former Governor Hodges says about the situation in Kansas where they have had no revenue from saloons for thirty-two years:

"We spent \$13,500,000 last year to run 415,000

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schools; that kept 15,000 teachers busy for about nine months. The salaries of the men teachers have increased from \$44 to \$80.50 a month in the last ten years; the salaries of the women have doubled. All the weak school districts have State aid, and we have no schools which have less than a seven-month term. We have an endowment fund for the common schools of \$9,250,000."

LINCOLN KEEPING A SOLDIER OUT OF A SALOON

Dr. John Talmadge Bergen is responsible for the story that some years ago, at a Lincoln meeting among some old soldiers of a Michigan city, one of the veterans present related this striking incident: "We have heard what Lincoln has done for all of us; I want to tell what he did for me. I was a private in one of the Western regiments that arrived first in Washington after the call for 75,000. We were marching through the city amid great crowds of cheering people, and then, after going into camp, were given leave to see the town. Like many other of our boys, the saloon or tavern was the first thing we hit. With my comrade I was just about to go into the door of one of these places when a hand was laid upon my arm, and looking up, there was President Lincoln from his great height above me, a mere lad, regarding me with those kindly eyes and pleasant smile. I almost dropt with surprize and bashfulness, but he held out his hand, and as took it he shook hands in strong Western fashion, and said, 'I don't like to see our uniform going into these places.' That was all he said. He turned immediately and walked away; and we passed on. We would not have gone into that tavern for all the wealth of Washington City. And this is what

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Abraham Lincoln did then and there for me. He fixt me so that whenever I go near a saloon and in any way think of entering, his words and face come back to me. That experience has been a means of salvation to my life. To-day I hate the saloon, and have hated it ever since I heard those words from that great man."

SAVE THE BOYS

No one can overestimate the importance of the boyhood which swarms in our big towns and cities. The modern moving-picture show brings every living happening of good or ill within reach of the eyes of the humblest boys of the street. This adds much to the perplexity of the boy problem in our day. But if we banish the saloon we have gone a long way on the road to purifying the air of the street and done much to simplify the great problem of the boys.

These boys of the street are going to be the rulers of to-morrow and the day after. Do not forget their needs and their interests when you come to vote this fall.

PUTTING ON THE RIGHT LABEL

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the famous evangelist, relates that after an earnest sermon by a distinguished minister, dealing plainly and pointedly with sin, one of the church officers came to the study of the pastor and expressed himself somewhat as follows: "We do not want you to talk as plainly as you did about sin, because if our boys and girls hear you talking so much about sin they will more easily become sinners. Call it a mistake if you will, but do not speak so plainly about sin." The pastor took down a small bottle of strychnine, marked

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'Poison,' and showed it to his visitor, saying, 'I see what you want me to do. You want me to change the label. Now, suppose I take this label off and substitute another, saying, 'Essence of Peppermint,' do you not see what happens? The milder you make your label the more dangerous you make your poison.'" Jeroboam changed the label and the more easily led Israel into the sin of idolatry. Sin is the same deadly poison, whatever label you put on it, but the milder you make the label the more likely people are to be beguiled.

Alcoholic drinks have deceived multitudes because of false labels. In some States now the skull and cross-bones with the word "Poison" go on the bottle, even from the drug store. Death's head belongs over the "stuff" until it has found its final grave.

FARMERS AND THE WOMEN

The National Grange has unqualifiedly and emphatically endorsed woman suffrage. Among the State Granges which have done the same are California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Michigan, New York, New Jersey, Oregon, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Vermont and Washington.

That is a splendid roll of honor. May the glorious list be rapidly extended! Every saloon in the land is blighting woman; therefore, let the women vote!

COURAGE, BROTHER!

Dr. Joy, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, who is making that great journal more than ever a watchful power in the temperance cause, has this editorial utter-

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ance which is like a drink of cold water on a thirsty day to every war-worn soldier for Prohibition:

"The friends of great causes which are disappointingly slow in their apparent rate of progress may pluck up courage by pondering the suddenness with which the idea of national independence ripened in the American colonies. Thomas Jefferson wrote: 'Before the 19th of April, 1775, I never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from the mother country,' and in March of that year Benjamin Franklin said: 'No American, drunk or sober, thinks of such a thing as independence.' Yet in less than two years American independence had been declared, and within ten it was one of the facts of history."

GIVE THE HOME A CHANCE

In one of his sermons during a recent campaign, that redoubtable warrior, Billy Sunday, took a fall out of the saloon as an enemy of the home. He said: "The normal way to get rid of drunkards is to stop raising drunkards. I don't know what you'll do in Pennsylvania, for your Legislature looks as if it was soaked and pickled in alcohol. If you men haven't decency enough to enact laws to protect the homes, then give the women a chance to vote, and they'll do it. If I remember rightly, we had a war in this country once because of taxation without representation.

"Nine-tenths of the opposition to woman suffrage crawls and wriggles out of the breweries and distilleries. They know that when the women go to the polls and drop a ballot, it will be the doom of the grogshop. It makes me sick to see some weasel-eyed, drunken, whisky-

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soaked degenerate depositing a ballot and keeping clean women away. The nation that refuses to grant the requests and calls of women to protect the homes from the forces that are eating out their vitals is doomed, whether it is this or any other nation."

'The saloon is the deadliest enemy of the American home.

Kill the saloon and give the home a real chance to show what it can do!

A PARALYZER NOT A "BRACER"

The old idea, still clung to by many victims of drink, was that a moderate amount of alcohol made a wholesome stimulant, and would build up overtired nerves and rejuvenate a man's physical and mental powers. But the best science of to-day repudiates that idea completely. The old idea was that a drink of liquor in the morning was a "bracer" for the burdens of the day, but the best medical men tell us now that there is no truth in this. It is not really a "bracer" at all. It is not a stimulant except for a moment; it is not a necessary medicine and, indeed, the science of to-day assures us that men have been and are deceived about alcohol along these lines. As a recent writer puts it: "Even in most moderate quantities, alcohol paralyzes all the faculties of body, mind and soul."

A BIGGER FOOL THAN A DOG

A little skye-terrier dog had been taught to take a paper bag in his mouth and go to the restaurant after his dinner. He would go to the door and scratch outside until he was admitted. Then he would trot downstairs,

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deposit the bag on the floor, wait patiently until some meat or a bone was placed in it, and return with it to his master. One day, in order to fool the dog, the restaurant-keeper put raw apple peelings in the bag instead of meat and twisted up the top as usual. The terrier did not notice the trick until he had reached the outside door, when he suddenly dropt the bag on the floor, tore it open, and found out that he had been fooled. He then could not be induced to touch it until some meat had been placed in the bag in plain sight; then he took up his dinner and trotted off.

How much wiser that dog than the drunkard who allows himself to be fooled over and over by the lying promises of strong drink!

THE DRY DIAMOND

In Billy Sunday's baseball days, not so very long ago, the baseball field was one of the wettest spots in the country, but the baseball diamond has surely gone dry.

Hugh S. Fullerton, the Chicago sporting editor, in a contribution to *Farm and Fireside*, has shown why the non-drinking player is now desired in preference to even one who drinks very little. His figures, based on eleven years of observation, show that the temperate players are those who lead in pitching, hitting, fielding and base running. Conspicuous examples are Ty Cobb, Christy Mathewson and Eddie Collins. In the last five years, in the big leagues, the leaders have all been men noted for their sobriety.

Mr. Fullerton kept tab of the records and batting averages of thirty-two moderate drinkers and twenty-four players who did not drink. After eleven years only

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two of the original thirty-two drinking players are on the diamond, while eight of the twenty-four non-drinkers are still playing. Furthermore, only five of the drinkers are prosperous as opposed to fourteen of the non-drinkers. Six of the beer contingent are down and out, eight are dead and one is missing—but only three of the non-drinkers are either dead or ruined. The non-drinkers have won more games and pitched more games, stolen more bases and kept up a better batting average, altho at the beginning of the eleven years the drinkers surpassed them.

THE PASSING OF THE JOY-RIDER

One of the pleasing side features of Prohibition in the many new States that went dry with the opening of 1916 is the passing of the joy-rider and the drunken chauffeur. As Prohibition comes in the drunken and dangerous joy-rider goes out. In Portland, Ore., one of the big coast cities that has recently gone dry, the police report that traffic accidents have well-nigh ceased and that the night-rider and the joy-rider have disappeared. In February there was only one arrest for drunken driving of an automobile, while the last month the saloons were open there were thirteen, and two citizens were killed by them. Who is so blind as not to see the benefit of such a change in a city?

PROHIBITION ON THE DIAMOND

Ty Cobb was asked by a friend last summer to take a drink with him, but replied, "No, I don't use it. It dims my batting eye, and you know they prest me hard last season to keep out ahead."

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Hugh Jennings, leader of the Detroit Tigers, wrote for the sporting page of a daily paper the following: "There is a mistaken notion in the minds of some people that a manager does not care what his players do off the diamond, so they give a good account of themselves in the game. That is nonsense. A manager can go to bed with the chickens and tell next morning which of his players were out late the night before. The team that has a few 'lushers' on its roster seldom gets a high place in the race."

A Philadelphia newspaper man says of Connie Mack and his famous "\$100,000 infield:" "McInnis is a tee-totaler. Collins never touches liquor. Barry is a total abstainer. Baker has become 'Home-Run' Baker with out ever taking a drink. Stay—Connie Mack, himself, the discoverer and trainer of the '\$100,000 infield' uses no intoxicants whatever. Baseball is more than a game. It is a highly specialized and heavily capitalized business. It demands above all things efficiency. And where the wise Mr. Mack wants flawless work, where he must have absolute dependability and keen-witted intelligence, he places his reliance upon men who keep their blood cool and their heads clear."

So it is that sport as well as business swells the tides that sweep toward Prohibition.

PROHIBITION AND HOME MISSIONS

Many devout church people who are deeply interested in missionary work are slow to see the inseparable connection between Prohibition of the saloon and all phases of Christian mission activity. The *Spokesman-Review*, of Spokane, Wash., prints an article from

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Charles West, the agency farmer on the Cœur d'Alene Indian reservation, which illustrates this fact. Mr. West says: "Not a single Indian has been in the agency jail since that date, altho formerly hardly a day passed that the policeman detailed as jailer did not arrest from two to six Indians. Prior to the closing of the saloons in Tekoa, the agency farmer could with difficulty get a hearing among the younger Indians, altho he was backed by the chief and prominent members of the tribe. Since the dry law went into effect he has organized one farmers' club and resuscitated the one he had, which was scarcely more than a club on paper, and both are well attended. Under the old *régime*, if the farmer wished to give advice relative to agriculture, he must first corner his Indian and compel him to listen. Indeed, he gave most of his farming instructions to the prisoners in the agency jail. Now he has more calls for individual instruction than time allows him to answer. None are quicker to appreciate the benefits accruing from the absence of bootleggers than the young Indians themselves. A prominent Indian, who knows his people well, remarked at the last meeting of the farmers' club: 'If the bootleggers can be kept away till the leases now in force expire, every able-bodied Indian on the reservation will farm his own land.' Their ambition has increased as they see hopes of a dry reservation. Under the guidance of their agent, M. D. Colgrove, they have organized a fair association with a full quota of officers. A deal has been made with the village of Plummer whereby Plummer is to furnish the buildings and ground and the Indians are to make the fair. Nearly \$1,000 has already been subscribed to carry out this agreement."

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It is easy to see that in this case the banishment of liquor was worth more than a large increase in missionary funds and service for the moral and religious improvement of these Indians.

A LIQUOR DEALER'S CONVERSION

Up in Superior, Wis., a saloon-keeper is reported to have slipped into one of the campaign meetings where he was so impressed by the address that he went away saying to his friends: "Boys, I can't stand it—I can't stand it! It's all true. I've got a little fellow of my own, and so help me God, I am going to quit the business, and I will vote dry Tuesday. I will vote dry. I am done—done with it all. I can't stand it any longer."

It is a wonder that any man with children of his own can ever stand it to engage in the miserable death-dealing business.

WE ARE STEADILY KNOCKING

We all have our blue days in working for reform. There are days when things look discouraging. There are branches which grow nearer the ground as the great tree goes upward. There are eddies which apparently turn the current the other way. But if you will paste these facts on a card over your mantel and look at it in such an hour, you will be able to thank God and take courage.

The sale of spirituous liquors for the year ending June 30, 1915, was 14,983,323 gallons less than for the year ending June 30, 1914.

The sale of fermented liquors (beer, etc.) was 6,358,-

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774 barrels less during the year ending June 30, 1915, than in the year ending June 30, 1914.

The revenue from spirit and allied taxes was \$14,478,477.94 smaller for the fiscal year 1915 than for the fiscal year 1914. There was an increase in the revenue taxes on beer of \$12,247,434.27, due to the addition of 50 cents per barrel to the tax of 1915. But for this increase in the tax, the revenue from this source would show a decrease of \$6,358,743.50.

The number of retail liquor dealers decreased by 12,295; the number of wholesale liquor dealers decreased by 672; the number of wholesale dealers in malt liquors decreased by 1,233, and the decrease in the number of retail dealers in malt liquors will bring a total decrease of nearly 17,000 liquor dealers during the year.

Clarence True Wilson well says:

“The South has long been considered the home of Prohibition, and there is no doubt that the policy has won that entire section of the country, but there is at least a great deal of ground for saying that the West is now more enthusiastic in favor of Prohibition than the South. Particularly is this true of the Northwest. Business men, professional men and politicians alike do not hesitate to declare their conviction that the system of licensing the liquor trade does not pay. It is a safe prophecy that the entire West will be dry within the next few years.”

THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY

The finest song or poem written lately on The March of Prohibition is this poem, read by Dr. J. E. Wray, pastor of the Lakeland Methodist Church, at the session of

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the Florida Conference, on the reading of the temperance report:

I don't know who wrote it, but it is a worthy piece of work, and tho it has been widely printed, I am sure all my readers will be glad to see this one stanza of it printed here:

“Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at
last,
For the miracle has happened, and the olden days are
past.
That which ‘made Milwaukee famous’ does not foam in
Tennessee,
And the lid in old Missouri is as tight-locked as can be;
And the ‘comic-paper colonel’ and his cronies may well
sigh,
For the mint is waving gayly, and old Florida’s going
dry.”

Thank God! old Florida’s going dry.

HUNGER AND THE SALOON

A successful worker among the unfortunate in one of our great Eastern cities recently said:

“If I want to convert a man to a belief in Prohibition I am not sure that I would take him to a temperance lecture, or present him with a treatise on the evils of the alcohol habit, commendable as are these methods, but I would invite him to go with me on some bitterly cold night, when the thermometer registered 10 or 15 degrees below zero, down to one of the city’s municipal lodging-houses, to see the long line of wretched homeless, foodless creatures, waiting for admittance.” Thus spoke one who is deeply interested in the question

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of unemployment. To be sure, not all of the men who make up these unhappy processions are devotees of John Barleycorn, but by far the larger proportion would confess that drink had much to do with their downfall. Social service workers in New York city one winter questioned the men who came to these places for shelter and help as to the cause of their unfortunate condition, and it is said that out of 1,482 men interviewed, 1,292, or 90 per cent., admitted that they were addicted to the liquor habit, and more than one-half of these confessed to being excessive drinkers.

Every one of the new Prohibition cities tells the same story of the thinning and disappearing army of vagrants under the new *régime* of sobriety—Hurry National Prohibition.

THE NEW LIQUOR CRY

The new appeal of the liquor gang, long anticipated by the temperance leaders, is now beginning to resound: "Pay us for our losses through Prohibition."

The first appeal is from the editorial brain of a discredited Missourian who has been proven a libeler and slanderer of temperance leaders. The editor of the *Central Christian Advocate* comments on his appeal: "As to the merits of the argument, there are none. There can not be an argument, no matter how flimsy. We all know what the saloon is. That settles it. The courts themselves settled that. And with finality. And the awakened conscience of the land has long since approved the verdict of the courts. And the whisky trade knows it. It will not be said to be a part of any one's liberty as recognized by the supreme law of that land

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that he shall be allowed to introduce into commerce among the States any element that will be confessedly injurious to public morals, is the language of the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking on this issue. The right to sell intoxicating liquors is not a natural right, or a property or personal right, says another verdict. The natural relation of the saloon to society is that of a nuisance. Society can, and society should, abate the nuisance. The saloon is contrary to the public welfare. The people who embark in the business know all that before they buy their fixtures and their kegs and cases of the toxic (poisoned) drinks. They gamble with the awakening will of the people. How long will the people tolerate us? That is the only question. The case has no legal standing. Certainly it has no moral standing. In fact, it has no standing of any kind. It is flat on its back. No one will be deceived by anybody on this point."

THE PASSING OF THE "OWL" CAR

What might be appropriately called the by-products of Prohibition are very interesting themes for reflection. In Seattle, for instance, our largest dry city, the "owl" car will probably soon be only a memory.

Some "owl" cars have been dropt entirely, while others will go earlier than in the past. Officials of the Seattle Traction Company stated recently that "since the dry law went into effect the patronage of late outgoing cars had dropt off 30 to 40 per cent., which necessitated the cutting down of late car service."

Evidently numbers of suburban residents have concluded that as business in general closes at six o'clock

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P. M. and there are no longer any saloons requiring their presence, there is no real need of their remaining in town until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning. Possibly they now enjoy the novel sensation of an evening at home with their families. To some it must be a decidedly new experience, and, let us hope, a happy one.

LIFE WORTH LIVING UNDER PROHIBITION

One of the most interesting wayside results of Prohibition in the new dry States is the great reduction in the number of suicides. In the first year of Prohibition in Birmingham, Ala., there was a reduction of twenty-one, and in the first three months of Prohibition in Denver, which had had a high record of such deaths, there was not a single case.

Evidently life becomes more worth living under Prohibition.

POOR OLD MISSOURI

I saw the story the other day of a drinking, shiftless farmer in Idaho who was so disgusted at not being able to get his regular booze under Idaho Prohibition that he boarded the train, declaring he would go back to "God's country" where a man could drink what he wanted to. Early the next morning he got off at Green River, Wyoming, to get a bottle of whisky, but it was Sunday, and "nothing doing." All day long he crossed Colorado and Kansas, dry as the desert of Sahara, and not until he reached Missouri was any liquor refreshment possible.

But Missouri will not be willing always to be the goat. Some of these days the new era will dawn there.

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FOR A YOUNG MAN'S MANTEL

Here are some reflections that every young man should keep before him :

Young man, would you excel in athletics?

Alcohol weakens the body.

Would you keep your mental powers unimpaired?

Alcohol steals the brain power.

Would you have pure blood?

Alcohol injures the blood.

Would you have steady nerves?

Alcohol paralyzes the nerves.

Would you have a sound heart?

Alcohol wears out the heart.

Would you have powerful muscles?

Alcohol makes flabby muscles.

Would you ward off disease?

Alcohol weakens the power of resistance.

Would you have long life?

Alcohol snaps the thread of life.

GERMAN EMPEROR WARNING HIS SOLDIERS AGAINST BEER

The German Emperor has had a very impressive pamphlet, prepared by German physicians, entitled, "Alcohol and the Power of Resistance," spread among his soldiers throughout the entire army. In this warning by Germans for Germans we find this paragraph:

"There is no justification for calling beer 'liquid bread'; a glass of heavy beer costing twenty-five pfennigs has no more nourishment than a piece of cheese costing one pfennig. Almost all excesses and disturbances in

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the army are traced to drink. . . . It is mostly beer that causes the mischief. Beer is not the harmless drink it is supposed to be."

NOT A GOOD PLAYFELLOW

No scientists are giving the drink a black eye with more promptness and despatch these days than the German doctors. Prof. E. Kraepelin says: "Alcohol has seemed to us a nice plaything or even an amiable friend. To-day, however, we know that the jolly comrade, for the price of one hour of exhilaration, cheats us out of our self-respect, that it brings to ruin every being and every nation that yields to it."

The whole world is rapidly finding out that the drink never plays fair.

BEER AND STUPIDITY

Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, in a recent article in the *American Magazine*, on beer, says: "The most sinister thing about beer is its apparent harmlessness. Whisky, wine, gin, brandy and other so-called 'hard drinks' long hid behind the Biblical bulwark, '. . . for the stomach's sake.' At last science and common sense combined to prove that they have no peculiar medicinal value, and practically no food value. Then beer picked up the fallen banner. The 'food values' of beer and ale have been proclaimed so widely and entertainingly that the average person fatuously believes in them. Besides, beer is supposedly the beverage of that truly neutral country lying between sobriety and inebriety. It is the cup of compromise. 'I can drink beer all night without feeling it,' is a common enough remark.

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“But CAN you?

“Modern scientific research has shown that, contrary to general belief, beer is proportionately much more noxious than are wines or liquors. The Bremen Anti-Alcohol Congress, a conclave of many of the most famous physicians in Europe, concluded that, while liquor makes a man brutal and dulls his judgment, an adequate amount of beer makes him slow-witted and abolishes judgment. While wine or brandy, in sufficient quantity, makes a man crazy, beer tends to make him stupid.”

ONE BY ONE

All the truly great and good men of our day, if they live long enough, come over on the side of Prohibition.

It took President Eliot of Harvard a long time, but he arrived, and now comes that truly great soul, Dr. Lyman Abbott, into the ranks.

In the *Outlook* of recent date, Dr. Abbott answers in “An Open Letter” a communication from the secretary of the “Ohio Temperance League,” asking for a letter that could be used against Prohibition in Ohio.

The letter could not have been a source of joy to the wets who sought it. Dr. Abbott having previously written to another party that he was “not in favor of State-wide Prohibition, except where a State-wide public sentiment for Prohibition already exists,” it was doubtless expected that the Doctor would take his usual stand against Prohibition and in favor of regulation. But he seems to have experienced a change of mind. He says: “In common with most Americans, I have believed in the regulation, not prohibition, of the liquor traffic. But the action of liquor dealers has made regulation impos-

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sible. . . . The great majority covertly disregard or openly defy all attempt in the community to impose special regulations upon them."

He then specifies: The law forbids "sales to minors"; to "habitual drunkards"; "sales at certain hours"; "sales on Sundays"; "sales except with meals"; "except by hotels"; but all these restrictions are widely disregarded, and the American people "are coming to the conclusion, tho slowly, that the American saloon is not only a local nuisance, but a national calamity, and are resolved to abolish it!"

Thank God for Dr. Abbott in the Prohibition ranks!

THE FATHER'S SIN IN THE SON'S EYES

The *New York Christian Advocate* has this strong paragraph: "'My sin looked at me out of the eyes of my son,' were the words which fell from the lips of a man who had seen his son for the first time under the influence of liquor. He never knew the full tragedy of his over-indulgence until it became the indulgence of the boy whom he looked upon with all a father's pride and love. The saddest thing about the tragedies which came to affect the domestic life of David was that in a sense they were reflections of his own wrongdoing. Old sins came back to leer upon him in the deeds of some of his children. The poison which had been taken out of his own blood reappeared in the untamed and fiery energy of certain of his sons. In one of the stories of a powerful English writer a complacent and respected citizen is boasting of the fact that he has been able to survive the sowing of wild oats. He had his fling as a young man, and later he was able to make a place for himself in the

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life of the community. While he is speaking his son comes in, a son who will carry to the grave the weakness he has inherited from his father. That half-imbecile son is the answer to the father's complacent words."

No wonder that many men who have been spared the reaping of the wild oats crop in themselves are working to shut the saloon to save their children.

WHATEVER THE WEATHER

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, hits the spot in these lines that every worker for reform will find helpful if he but ponder them long enough to catch their spirit:

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in the tree,
An' the fruit on the stim o' the bough," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the spring, wid its green an' gold.
An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold;
An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling face,
As ye sit at yer hearth, like an owld fireplace,
An' toast the toes o' yer sowl," says he—
'Whatever the weather may be,' says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

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THERE'S POWER IN THE WOMAN'S BALLOT

An editor in Waukegan, Ill., writing of the recent local option election in that city, paints this picturesque description of the day:

“The women must be given the most credit. They at least rolled up a splendid majority among their number. There were old women; young women; mothers with babes in their arms; women who left the washtub where they have been chained through drunkenness of a husband; women who have seen sons go down to a drunkard's grave, and many other kinds of women, all working for the abolition of the greatest curse to womankind—the American drinking saloon.”

THEY HEARD FROM HIM

Dr. A. S. Abernethy, of Greensboro, N. C., received a while ago a circular letter from an Ohio distillery making him a special offer on liquors. The doctor did not reply, and soon received a second letter expressing wonder that they “had not heard from him,” and wished to know why. To this the doctor replied: “You say that you can not understand why you did not hear from me. Yes, and I, too, am surprized that you have not heard from me. I have used your rye whisky in the past, and I have used the red rye whisky of other distillers of your kind, and I am surprized that they have not all heard from me.

“You should have heard from me when I drew a fortune of \$30,000 out of the banks and wasted it in riotous living, reveling with other unfortunate men under the demoniac alchemy and spell of your vile decoction. You should have heard from me when I threw away a repu-

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tation equal to that of any young man in America for the privilege of making an outcast and wreck of myself drinking your vile whisky.

“I will admit, I have been remiss in not letting you hear from me long before this time. I should have written you with a pen made from the plumage plucked from the bird of paradise that I drove from my contented and happy home; I should have penned you in my heart’s blood on the occasion of the burial of my gray-haired mother, whose heart I broke by my conduct while under the awful influence of your poisonous stuff. I should have kept you informed. I should have ‘reported progress.’ When I woke to the sad realization that from a man carrying degrees and titles of honor from the greatest universities and started well up the ladder of recognition as the author of more than nineteen historical works, I had fallen into mental, moral, physical and financial bankruptcy, I should have called on you. I should have wended my way into your richly decorated private office in Dayton, the walls of which are crimsoned with the blood of thousands of human wrecks, and there demanded of you that you give me the reward of my faithful vassalage to your destructive, demoralizing, disease-making, mind-wrecking business.

“But if I have been remiss in letting you hear from me, remember that you will hear from me in the future. I am now a preacher of the gospel, and I am making it my business to let not only you, but every other manufacturer of the liquid damnation, know that I am being heard from. You made your appeal to me as man to man, and it is because you are not a man and because your infernal business unmans men that I am fighting it to the bitter end with all the reconsecrated powers left

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in the former man that your demoralizing dope could not destroy.

“You speak of talking as man to man. Why, you would not dare stand before a man and insult his manliness with the proposition to unsteady his nerves, disorder his digestion, disturb his heart action, muddle his mind, demoralize his demeanor, abuse his activity and cloud his conscience with the use of your material. You urge me to stop and consider; and it is because I have stopt and considered that I am eternally and everlastingly the sworn enemy of your nefarious business so long as I shall hereafter be permitted to live.”

“GRIN AND SHAKE AND SAY ‘HULLO’”

Some nameless writer has given a good hint to us in these homely lines. If we follow the advice we will add much good cheer to many a fellow pilgrim who is carrying a load too heavy for his shoulders:

“W’en you see a man in wo
Walk right up and say ‘Hullo!’
Say ‘Hullo!’ and ‘How d’ye do?’
‘How’s the world a-using you?’
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your han’ down with a whack;
Walk right up, an’ don’t go slow,
Grin and shake an’ say ‘Hullo!’

“Is he clothed in rags? O, sho!
Walk right up an’ say ‘Hullo!’
Rags is but a cotton roll
Just for wrappin’ up a soul;

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An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale and hearty 'How d'ye do?'
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up an' say 'Hullo!'

"When big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away,
Jest the same as you an' me—
Lonesome ships upon a sea.
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog,
Let yer speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry 'Hullo!'

"Say 'Hullo!' an' 'How d'ye do?'
Other folks are good as you.
W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, and say 'Hullo!' "

BEER AND THE HOLE IN A DOUGHNUT

Dr. Wiley some time ago very effectually disposed of the status of salicylic acid and preservatives, and even the most enthusiastic exponents of "food in beer" will hardly urge the use of hop resin as an article of diet.

As regards the recent claims that lecithin, or "nerve fat," has been discovered in beer, Dr. Edwin F. Bowers says: "This is interesting, if true. If it has—despite all the painstaking negative analyses of many genera-

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tions of chemists—it is quite safe to estimate that the total amount contained in four carloads of beer might approximate the quantity concealed about the person of one vigorous fresh egg. Which would give it a nutritional value almost as high as that of the hole in a doughnut.

“This leaves us a few grains of proteid and a small amount of sugar as the ‘food’ in beer. If the tissues are supplied with a liberal amount of water—altho no one claims water as a food *per se*—life can be sustained for a very considerable time. Dr. Tanner fasted for forty days. Perhaps some beer-encouraged expert might do even better. He might if he could rid the beer of its 4 or 5 per cent. alcohol content—a content that in the absence of other food to attack would prey upon the tissues like a myriad of infinitesimal teeth. But if he did, the genial draft would no longer be beer.”

GET A TRANSFER

There is a wonderful power in good cheer. The strongest intellect is mightily reinforced by carrying an atmosphere of good cheer and kindness. Nothing is ever gained by giving over to sullen spirits or fretfulness.

These jingling little lines will do us all good if we catch their spirit of hopefulness:

If you are on a gloomy line,
Get a transfer.
If you're inclined to fret and pine,
Get a transfer.
Get off the track of doubt and gloom;
Get on a sunshine train; there's room.
Get a transfer.

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If you are on the worry train,

Get a transfer.

You must not stay there and complain;

Get a transfer.

The cheerful cars are passing through,

And there's lots of room for you.

Get a transfer.

If you are on the grouchy track,

Get a transfer.

Just take a happy special back;

Get a transfer.

Jump on the train and pull the rope

That lands you soon at station Hope.

Get a transfer.

THE BOOTLEGGER'S WAIL

"Never in the wide world can we secure a verdict in our favor with the court-room half-filled with women," is the pitiful wail of a scoundrel caught bootlegging in one of the new Prohibition States. God bless the good women and give more power to their elbows until the saloon shall have to face them at the jury-box and the ballot-box. Then the saloon will only curse and gasp and die!

THE SEMI-BARBAROUS STATES

That scholarly and refined organ of wet culture known as the *Brewers' Journal*, in its issue of March 1st, says that "Prohibition is possible only in localities where the population is still semi-barbarous, steeped in prejudice, superstition and credulity." Now the people of Maine, Kansas, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, North

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Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, West Virginia, Colorado, Arizona, Washington, Oregon, Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Virginia, Idaho and South Carolina can understand just the sort of people they are. And the prospect is good that another large group of States will fall from grace and culture in the *Brewers' Journal's* eyes.

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE

One of the most significant things I have seen for a year showing the trend of events is the statement of the *Boston Transcript*, after a thorough investigation by a skilled observer, that Prohibition is more of an issue than preparedness, the tariff, or the foreign policy of President Wilson's administration. It sums up the statement by saying: "While just now each State is fighting its own battles, the question is approaching a national issue." The *Transcript* is the able and aristocratic mouthpiece of the inner circle of the Boston Brahmins.

A GOVERNOR WORTH HAVING

How the liquor men up in Michigan must adore Governor Ferris! Just read this advice sent to his home town in a recent election: "Can the wets point to one valuable or decent thing that Mecosta County has lost by being dry? In my hundreds of personal interviews with prisoners, 70 per cent. voluntarily admit excessive use of intoxicating liquors. A large number of prisoners say, 'Drunkenness led to my downfall.' What wide-awake citizen wishes to take a chance of injuring his neighbor by encouraging the maintenance of the saloon?"

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Fellow citizens, when and where has the saloon founded a school, a church, or any other institution for the uplift of humanity? Where is the man or woman who gives credit to the saloon for his motive, for his inspiration to render splendid service to his family, his city and his State? Vote dry; in other words, vote for your mother, your wife, your children, for the American home. Safety First."

CONGRESS ASKED TO INTERFERE

Nothing is sacred to the liquor traffic. Bills have recently been introduced into Congress to protect the clean old name of "Quaker" from the silly and infamous onslaughts of the brewers and distillers who are advertising "Quaker" beer and "Quaker" whisky. It is, of course, not astonishing that the people who slander the names of Lincoln and Washington and Franklin and even the holy name of Christ to advance their business should seek to smirch the wholesome name of the Quaker.

ONE BY ONE THEY SEE THE LIGHT

The two papers in Georgia which above all others have bitterly fought Prohibition are beginning to see a new light in the sky. This striking editorial in the *Macon Telegraph* puts the change in an interesting setting: "*The Augusta Chronicle* in a lengthy editorial has come out, as we take it, flat-footed for Prohibition by amendment to the national constitution. While the *Telegraph* can not see it that way we are not exactly surprised. There is no gainsaying the weight of the present sentiment against the sale of alcoholic liquors and malted beverages. The *Telegraph* has no issue to make with

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the statement that National Prohibition will surely prohibit. That goes without saying. It will do that. But for that matter, the State laws are beginning to do it now. The main thing—the thing, in fact, that has made such legislation possible—is the awakened conscience of the individual to the fact that he doesn't want it for himself, that efficiency demands he use it in the greatest moderation, if at all, that self-respect commands him to keep his mind clear and his body functioning smoothly. Alcohol in the slightest excess permits of none of these. Men are letting up on drinking because they have been educated in the schools as children, because their employers have drilled it into them, because the practise of athletics, even among the middle-aged, has preached an eloquent message against indulgence, to the effect that he is the best who drinks not at all. They are learning fast that as much pleasure can be had by full-blooded men without John Barleycorn as with him."

WHISKY AT THE WHEEL

How keenly this editorial note in the *Kansas City Star* searches out the open secret of a hundred accidents in American towns every day in the year: "The three young men who rode in the death-car Saturday night that ran into the crowd of young people at Fifteenth and Troost Streets, have been captured. But the driver of the car still is at liberty. It was whisky that sat at the wheel and committed the murder. It was whisky that sent the car on its mad way after two of the young folks had been killed and others injured. Whisky still is free and unrestrained. It was out bright and early this morning looking for other young men to act as its agents and ride with it on another death mission."

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GROCERIES OR BEER, WHICH?

The *Minneapolis Journal* is responsible for the statement that the Great Northern Railroad, during the last wet year in Itasca County, Minnesota, shipped in seventy-nine tons of beer and in the first dry year no beer at all, but an increase of seventy-nine tons of groceries. Since the scientists tell us that you have to drink thirty-one and a half tons of beer to get one ton of food, that was some change for one station.

ON THE RUN

An agent for a big brewer recently said to a temperance friend: "Frankly, I think there are two things that are hurrying National Prohibition: the great new efficiency basis in the industrial world—men of capital and men of the laboring class have come to see that John Barleycorn does not pay in dollars and cents; and secondly, the enfranchisement of the women of the United States. If the big corporations do not put us out of business before long, the women's ballot will, dead sure."

Yes, and there are a score of other things; yes, hundreds of them. Every new dry city and town is adding to the explosion of all the old lies of the wets about the disaster worked by Prohibition.

Prohibition is making good!

MAD DOG OF CIVILIZATION

This happened the other day down in Nogales, Ariz. A gang of Villa rooters looted a licensed saloon and one of them, half drunk with licensed whisky, took an American soldier for a target. The other tipsy Mexicans did

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likewise. The American soldiers replied with their rifles. The fight was on. When the trouble was over and a census of the casualties was taken, one American was found dead, two wounded, and forty Mexicans were reported dead. The Mexicans licensed the saloon. This is what they got. That sort of thing is what alcohol is for, and alcohol made good. The Mexican liquor men thought they were making some money out of it. Maybe they did, but the dead and wounded had no profit in it. A mad dog could not have done one-twentieth of the mischief alcohol did.

A town that is not ready to license mad dogs should in all logical consistency refuse to license a saloon.

CALIFORNIA AND THE WATER WAGON

David Starr Jordan, for a generation at the head of the great Stanford University, in prophesying that California will vote dry in November, utters some remarkable testimony in regard to the days when San Francisco was dry in contrast with the wet days which followed. When asked:

“How will Prohibition be received in San Francisco?” he replied:

“It is no new thing there. Our metropolis was dry for three months following the earthquake and no crime or disorder of any kind was known. About the only thing we had to watch was the tendency of the boys to dig into the ashes of the jewelry stores and pick up melted gold. But from the day they reopened the saloons, a murder a night for three months showed what makes crime. Saloon closing will work the same way again.”

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THE SALOON BUILT "ON THE SINS OF MEN AND THE TEARS OF WOMEN"

A business that can only live and prosper by luring men into sin and wringing tears from the broken hearts of the women can not continue permanently in any save a devil's world. As the editor of the *Toledo Blade* said a while ago in the amendment campaign in Ohio: "There has never been, nor can there ever be, any sound argument in favor of the liquor traffic. Every consideration of morality and justice and decency and efficiency, of individual happiness and of national progress, demands the destruction of the constant lure and the eternal menace of the saloon. It is an institution reared on the sins of men and the tears of women. For a century it has been the most corrupt and corrupting influence in American politics. Its sinister hand has molded party policies and meddled in governmental affairs. It has fed and fattened on the humble and the great. And it is coming to the end of its chapter."

A CLERICAL LIQUOR HERO

The editor of the *National Liquor Dealers' Journal* has at last found a preacher whom he delights to honor. Tho he is a minister of one of the churches of Pittsburgh, Pa., he is reported in the daily papers to have declared to a company of other preachers that, tho a total abstainer, he does not believe in Prohibition, but proposes to proceed according to the old familiar lines of "moral suasion." The *Liquor Dealers' Journal* waxes eloquent over this "find" and says: "Rev. Mr. — in his conclusion is strictly in line with that good, brilliant and

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bold divine, old Dr. Chalmers, one of the pioneers of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Chalmers preached the gospel of 'reform within' as the real and lasting step to moral and social betterment. He plainly declared in one of the best of his many economic essays that without [unless] people changed their dispositions and desires they could not be reformed by law nor by force of any kind. This is the sound gospel of permanent reform.'

The *Journal* knows very well that every earnest temperance minister in the land is doing this very work which he praises, but it is only when we propose to turn off the liquor faucet to make our "moral suasion" work effective, that the liquor gang gets scared. These fellows, like the Pittsburgh preacher, only play into the hands of the devil for notoriety's sake. No man with sense enough to get through a theological school these days can be blind to the meaning of the praise he is receiving from the liquor papers.

DRINK THAT GETS THE MAN

The little brown men over in the land of cherry blossom are a shrewd, keen lot of fellows, and they are thinking and studying much these days as to what their future attitude toward liquor shall be. They put it pretty pat in these lines:

“At the punch bowl's brink,
Let the thirsty think
What they see in Japan:
'First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man!' ”

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CITIES, TOO, ARE GOING DRY

There are 204 cities in the United States of over 30,000 population, and of these about one-fifth, or one-fourth, are now under Prohibition. Of the smaller towns the ratio runs the other way, as more than three-fourths of them are dry and less than one-fourth wet. Five years ago you could count the larger class of cities that were dry on your fingers, but they are coming fast to-day. The present year will add many more to the growing list and white-haired men are now expecting to live to see the day when from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate not a single saloon shall remain to shame American honor or tempt American citizenship.

LINCOLN THE PROHIBITIONIST

In these days, when the brewers are spreading their infamous lies about Abraham Lincoln, it is well to keep often before the minds of the public this remarkable paragraph uttered by the great emancipator:

“And when the victory shall be complete, when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth, how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to have been the birthplace and cradle of both these revolutions, that shall have ended in that victory.”

STOP THE BANKING DEPARTMENT OF THE SALOON

I saw printed in a newspaper recently a facsimile of a check issued by a manufacturing establishment, upon the face of which in bold type were printed the words: “Void if cashed in the saloon.” The paper printing it declared that it worked well and urged others to try it. That is all right. We should urge everything that will

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break a single chain that holds any man in bondage to the saloon, but how much better to do away with the saloon bank entirely. That old war-horse, Dr. Theodore Cuyler, used to call saloons "Banks for losing, where every depositor gains a loss."

NOVEL DRINKING ON DECLINE

Those of us who were brought up on Charles Dickens' novels fifty years ago, remember how on every other page somebody took a drink, and sometimes even more frequently. These frequently indulged drinks ran all the way from "a pint of bitter" to pineapple punch. And all this occurs in fine books like the one which preserves for us that amiable and great-hearted saint, Mr. Pickwick. The *Detroit News* calls attention to the wonderful change which has come over English novels in more recent days: "Only a cursory survey of current English novels—and of one's friends, too, for that matter—reveals the fact that the hard-drinking man, both as a character in fiction and as a person of importance and power in the real world, is passing. That this is so was brought home vividly by a recently published article from the pen of Arnold Bennett. In his comment on England's present economical situation Mr. Bennett describes his attempt to get a glass of soda and milk at a London public house. Even we in America know that London's drink traffic is now in the grip of severe official restrictions. Bennett saw 'near Piccadilly Circus the entrance to a bar and determined to go in.' Of course, he never got in, but the amusing and valuable part of the experience is Bennett's confession that he has probably been in a bar not more than a dozen times in his

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life, and so far as he can remember has never bought an alcoholic drink at a bar. Yet the man speaking is one of England's half dozen most eminent novelists—the greatest of them all, some think. And if one runs over in his mind some of the famous Bennett novels—'Old Wives' Tales,' the Clayhanger trilogy, 'Denry, the Audacious,' 'Buried Alive,' 'The Price of Love'—one can not recollect a drinking scene. Bennett writes realistic novels of English life, novels filled with the minutiae of the life of the people, yet rum has no place in his detailed examination of the motives of his characters; it simply doesn't exist for Bennett. And Americans in at least twenty-four States this year find it simply doesn't exist for them, either. How uneasy must be the shades of Omar and Tom Moore!"

HOW TO SHELLAC YOUR KIDNEYS

A distinguished physician, Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, recently wrote about beer as follows: "We used to think that we got all the 'resin' with which we varnished our kidney cells from the pitch lining of the beer barrels. But now we know that we get our kidney shellac from the hops in the beer. In addition to their deleterious effect upon the kidneys, these secretions act powerfully and disastrously upon the nervous system. Now, the hop belongs to the hemp group, and is closely related to Indian hemp. On the female blossoms of Indian hemp, as on the female blossoms of hops, we find glands holding a narcotic, sticky, bitter-tasting substance, which is the active element of hashish. Hashish is used largely by the various Mohammedan peoples of West and South Africa and in the Malay Archipelago for narcotic pur-

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poses. In the intermediary stage—before complete stupefaction sets in—these hemp habitués become dangerously violent, even to running amuck with a huge crooked-bladed dagger, stabbing and slashing, until they are mercifully killed in their tracks.”

THE LOGIC OF A BROKEN HEART

Never in all history has any nefarious gang undertaken to bribe the press of the country as the liquor dealers are seeking to do now. You may set it down as certain that at least nine out of every ten words you see in your paper these days that are friendly to the liquor traffic in any way have been paid for at advertising rates.

But not all the newspapers, big or little, are ready to take this Judas bribe. One of the Pennsylvania editors, before whom this bait was dangled by the brewers, made this pathetic and heroic reply: “I have your letter offering 20,000 lines of beer advertising, to be used in the . . . from January 1, 1916, to January 1, 1917. This would make, approximately, a quarter page, or 30 inches, each week, which, at 30 cents an inch, our authorized rate, would amount to \$9 a week, or \$450 for the year.

“This looks very good to us as to the size of the order and the revenue it would bring, but as I feel that some poor, innocent persons would have to pay not only the \$450 it would bring me, but also the cost of the beer sold and the profit on it, I am not warranted in accepting, much as I need the money.

“My home has been broken up for more than a year, due to the fact that my wife has been placed in a hospital for the insane. The physician’s diagnosis of her case is paranoia, which, the medical books say, is caused by a family taint of drunkenness, neurosia, or actual in-

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sanity. As there has been nothing like the latter two in the family history, I am led to believe that rum is the sole cause of the trouble, and now I, an innocent victim, must pay the hospital bills, conduct a wifeless home and raise a motherless daughter. My wife did not drink, but I am told that her father and her grandfather did.

"I am not a temperance crank, but I could tell you more. This is sufficient, however, to satisfy you why I do not care to do anything to foster an appetite for beer or whisky. This is the largest advertising proposition I ever had presented to me, but it is not the only one I have refused. If you have any propositions, large or small, to advertise legitimate commodities that will serve a useful purpose in life, I shall be glad to consider them."

NATIONAL HEALTH

The Congregationalist says: "The policy of Prohibition has failed to achieve among us in the past an adequate success, because wherever tried it has been only Prohibition in spots! But sanitation in spots—vaccination, quarantine, sewerage, pure water supply only here and there—such an arrangement would not give us a satisfactory improvement in public health. Nothing will do but a policy of public hygiene that is nation-wide. Just so with Prohibition, a necessity to public health, moral and physical. The liquor power can only be struck at its vital center when hit by a national law. That blow given and then scores of minor evils, caused by drink, that can not otherwise be reached will disappear."

We still believe that health in spots is better than universal sickness, but agree that National Prohibition is the ultimate and, please God, the early solution.

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THE STOCK SHOW AND THE WATER WAGON

The stock owners of Colorado were afraid that Prohibition would prove detrimental to their big annual stock show, but the first one under the dry *régime* was a record-breaker in every desirable way. The *Rocky Mountain News* said editorially that "It was demonstrated that the men, whose wise horses and cattle had always been hitched to the water wagon, thought this was a mighty good time to bring 'Mollie and the baby' to Denver, and therefore it was the 'biggest show ever,' " the railroads reporting 25 per cent. more business than in any previous show, while the stores where women buy things just laughed with trade, and booze wasn't in it.

THE RAVAGING DEMON

Charles C. Burleigh puts the every-day ravages of the saloon in America in picturesque but truthful imagery in these stirring poetic lines:

"My native land! amid thy cabin homes.
Amid thy palaces a demon roams,
Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his wrath,
He crushes thousands in his fiery path;
Stalks through our cities unabashed and throws
Into the cup of sorrows bitter woes;
Gives to pangs of grief an added smart,
With keenest anguish wrings the breaking heart,
Drags the proud spirit from its envied height
And breathes on fondest hopes a killing blight.
Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and the pall
And the graves thicken where his footseps fall."

Surely, a ravaging demon of that sort needs the electric chair of National Prohibition!

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"A CRIMINAL WASTE"

Who says drinking liquor is a criminal waste? The preacher? The college professor? The good woman? Oh, yes; they all say it, but not this time. It is a saloon-keeper who advertises his saloon for sale at a bargain. He says he is sure National Prohibition is coming, "not so much as a result of feverish and hysterical agitation, but as a result of the majority of the voters of the country making up their minds that boozing is a criminal waste of time and money, and booze a nuisance and a dangerous drug." He sees the end of the liquor business as a legalized traffic and advises all the men with money invested in it "to get out while the getting out is good." That is what a Kansas City, Mo., saloon-keeper says.

LET US ALONE

Who says that? The thief, the burglar, the smuggler, the forger, the murderer, every kind of criminal asks simply to be let alone. We expect it of these people, but there is another class who say it more frequently, and that is the saloon-keeping gang.

Every liquor paper has anathemas to hurl at the meddling preachers and the gadabout meddling women, and they cry out, "Why can not these meddlers let us alone!" The answer is very easy. The saloon will not let us alone. The *Kansas City Star* says in a recent editorial: "The saloon will not let the home alone; it will not let the church alone; it will not let the rural neighborhood alone. Into the peaceful precincts of the home, the church, the farm it pushes its immoral influence. Law enforcement and the conduct of elections are its special prey. Its dollars are given recklessly to corrupt the law

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and to debauch the election. Truly it will not let us alone. It has forced the people to fight it for the protection of every principle and every institution they hold in respect.”

REFUSE THEIR OWN MEDICINE

When Portland, Ore., was within a few weeks of going dry, Fred H. Rothchild, one of the big liquor dealers, moved his liquor saloons to San Francisco, but bought a fine home for his family in Portland. He preferred a dry city to live in.

One of the finest homes on the Pacific coast is owned by Busch, the big beer man. Is it in a wet town? No indeed! It is in Pasadena, a town as dry as a bone. And when some other wet people undertook to make Pasadena wet, this same Busch bristled up like a bulldog when his home territory is invaded and fought alongside of the preachers to keep Pasadena dry.

No, sir. They do not like to take their own medicine! It is for revenue only.

LESS LIQUOR; MORE BREAD

Mr. Gordon Smith, a widely known baker of Mobile, Ala., declares, in a letter to the *Northwestern Miller*, that the spread of Prohibition throughout the country will be of benefit to the baker, because it will increase the production of bread. In the course of his letter he says: “We have the tightest Prohibition law ever put on the statute books of any State. This law aims to stop the sale of liquors, and, if it does, the poorer classes will have more money for bread.” Speaking of his own experi-

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ence as a baker carrying on a very large bread business, he says: "Bread consumption is very good; in fact, we are doing a much nicer business than at the same time last year. Alabama is thoroughly dry."

The editor, commenting on this letter, says: "Whatever individual views may be as to the effectiveness of absolute Prohibition laws in promoting temperance, and however opinions may differ as to the desirability of such laws, at least it will be conceded that the Prohibition wave is sweeping over the United States in a manner that is resistless, and the prospects are that within a few years national legislation will be passed which will practically put liquor manufacturers out of business.

"The truth is that the people have grown tired of temporizing with excessive drinking, and are disgusted at the general failure of attempts to regulate the liquor traffic. In Southern States, like Alabama, for instance, the effect of intemperance upon the negro population has been such as to force the whites, in self-protection, to pass strictly prohibitive laws. In the North, also, the prevalence of crime owing its chief cause to alcohol has moved public opinion strongly. The result is a general and apparently an overwhelming movement to settle the whole question, once and for all, by adopting stringent anti-liquor laws.

"The war also has had a strong influence upon American sentiment in this direction. The example of Russia and France and the serious predicament in which England finds herself because of her inability to prohibit or even materially to reduce excessive drinking of alcoholic liquors, have all imprest the people of the United States with a sense of national danger, and the determination is undoubtedly strong to put an end to a grow-

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ing evil before it has reached such strength that in time of great stress and necessity it can not be taken off.

“Whether this popular demand be wise or otherwise, it is quite certain that it is bound to prevail, and it is clearly evident that the business of making and selling alcoholic liquors in the United States is doomed to early extinction. If the result, among other things, should be to increase the consumption of bread, as Mr. Gordon Smith believes it will, the bakers of the country will have no reason to complain, altho many of them, doubtless, are not in favor of Prohibition.

“If the breweries should be turned into bakeries, while it might increase the competition, it would doubtless contribute materially to public happiness and prosperity. Americans do not eat as much bread as they should, and if Prohibition succeeds, as it seems certain to, bakers will have a practical opportunity to determine by the consumption of bread whether this national tendency is due to the habit of drinking or otherwise.”

ORPHANS AND DRINK

Jean Webster in her fascinating novel, “Dear Enemy,” has for her heroine the attractive and adorable Sally McBride, a society girl, who finds herself at the head of an orphan asylum, and through a sympathetic study of the ancestry of her little charges, comes to have a vigorous hatred of the liquor evil. The occasion of her breaking her engagement with a successful politician, a member of Congress, is her disapproval of his social drinking habits. “Since I came to this orphan asylum,” she explains in her letter releasing him from the engagement, “I am extremely touchy on the subject of drink;

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you would be, too, if you had seen what I have seen. Several of my chicks are the sad result of alcoholic parents and they are never going to have a fair chance all their lives. You can't look about a place like this without 'aye keeping up a terrible thinking.' "

BREWERY WASTE IN ENGLAND

Mr. Alfred Booth, at the head of the Cunard Steamship Company, made a great speech at a business meeting in Liverpool, in the course of which he said: "The most glaring example of a form of consumption which we could perfectly well dispense with is the drink traffic. I am not thinking now of the temperance side of the question. Important tho that is, we have got far beyond that. I am thinking of the demand which the trade makes upon the services of our ships, our railways and carts, and of our labor. Thirty thousand tons a week of barley and other produce are brought into this country for the brewing and distilling trades! Think of the demand which this makes on the depleted resources of our mercantile marine. Then all this stuff, together with the larger quantity which is grown at home, has to be carted and hauled by rail to the brewery or distillery. Then it has to be brought back again and distributed to the consumer. In addition to this, 6,000 miners are kept permanently employed in getting coal, and 36,000 tons of coal have to be sent every week to these breweries and distilleries. Taken in the aggregate, the services absorbed by this trade are on a gigantic scale, and the net result of it all is a decrease in national efficiency. I say in all seriousness that, if we are to maintain our armies in the field, we shall before long have to choose between bread and beer."

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IT GIVES ONE AND TAKES TEN

Physicians all around the world are coming to a quickened sense of their duty to warn the public of the deceptive character of the effects of alcoholic drinks on the drinker. The old idea that a man can brace up his waning strength permanently by narcotic stimulant is at last exploded. There never was any more sense to it than there would be for a farmer to expect a whip to take the place of oats in the care of his horses.

Dr. W. A. Chapple, a member of the British Parliament, recently said: "Wine is a mocker. It promises what it does not give. It gives one and takes ten. But this is its primary deception. Its secondary deception is the crave for more than it ultimately engenders. Like morphine, it creates a craving for itself."

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, HOLDS UP CLEAN HANDS

The *Christian Herald* of New York city calls glad and grateful attention to the fact that at last Trinity Church, New York, no longer has a saloon on its hands. This improvement in the condition of the church property was pointed out recently by Miss Emily W. Dinwiddie, in a report to the Trinity Parish, which is included in the Year Book. The report states that the ground lease that had been running for forty years on one block of houses expired last year, and the parish bought the buildings, refused renewal of the lease and ousted the saloon. And the Trinity Corporation did that which it has long desired—divorced itself from all relationship to the saloon, which is the acknowledged enemy

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of all for which the Church stands. The assessed valuation of Trinity's property, not including property used exclusively for church or religious purposes, is now \$15,-403,700. The Trinity Parish, in refusing to renew the old saloon licenses, is keeping pace with the rapid march of temperance public sentiment, and setting a good example to those persons of wealth who rent their property to be used for immoral and criminal purposes. The action of the parish calls to mind these words: "Your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." (Isa. 28:18.)

SALOON WRECKAGE

Some months ago a former business man who had been employed at a salary of \$5,000 a year, but who had been wrecked by strong drink, wandered into Willard Hall in Chicago, asking for help, for food and lodging. The leader urged him to become a Christian. He answered, "No! God has no use for a man like me." But the leader said: "He loves you and He has great use for the man you can be." He finally yielded and is becoming a valuable citizen. It is a blest work to reclaim and make salvage of these wrecked lives. Let the good work go on. But how important that we stop the wreckers from their wicked and desperate work of wrecking men like that!

A BUSINESS MAN'S WARNING

Andrew Carnegie gives his word of warning to the young men of America who wish to succeed in business, in these stirring words: "I am not a temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you

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what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any other temptation likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform, but from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule."

Why not shut the places that flaunt this deadly lure?

"OLD MAN BOOZE" AND THE DIAMOND

Connie Mack, the trainer of the greatest baseball team in the world, three times world champions, said in *McClure's Magazine*: "All the umpires together haven't put as many ball players out of the game as has Old Man Booze!"

But some boys who tipple never expect to booze. They say that light drinking is harmless. This, too, is the claim of the saloon man. Listen to Connie Mack: "Keep in mind that steady—'moderate'—drinking gets a ball player in the end, just as sure as boozing. Alcohol slows a man down inevitably, and slowing down is the reason for the shelving of by far the majority of players. If you estimate a clever player's years in baseball at fifteen, why, 'moderate' drinking will cut off from three to five years—a third of his life on the diamond."

Again he says: "I wouldn't bother with a youngster who drinks. That's my fixt policy."

When his team returned home after winning the last world championship, the city fathers of Philadelphia gave them a banquet. In a speech, one of the team said: "Not a man in the '\$100,000 infield' had ever known the taste of liquor." What athletes we are going to have some of these days when the saloon is dead!

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THE WHOLESOME TRANSFORMATION

I was up in South Dakota in August and a friend told me about a brewer in that State who, believing that the State will go dry next year, has already built a big bakery adjoining his brewery and is building up a large bread business and when State-wide Prohibition comes he will just add the old beer plant to the new bread business. The same kind of changes are going on in States that have already voted dry. Most of the breweries in Colorado are perfecting plans for new lines of business. The Coors in Golden is increasing its output of beautiful pottery made from a local clay and is experimenting with its malt for the manufacture of malted milk. Neef Brothers of Denver are making a new temperance drink, named "malt-brew," guaranteed to contain no alcohol. The stockholders of the brewery located at Bellingham, Washington, say it is their present intention to turn their plant into a cold storage and creamery establishment for storing eggs and manufacturing cheese, butter and condensed milk. One building will be used as an ice plant. That kind of transformation must make the angels smile.

THE SALOON DEFENSE FUND

Dr. James R. Joy, the brilliant editor of the *Christian Advocate*, never loses a chance to hit the liquor traffic straight between the eyes. This editorial which follows ought to open the eyes of a good many people: "There is never a meeting of the liquor interest that does not utter a wail at the manner in which certain groups of people in this country are being 'bled' by the enemies of the saloon, to build up enormous campaign funds, or,

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worse yet, to pamper the horde of speakers and salaried workers of temperance reform. Nothing, however, that has yet been brought out has led the people of the churches to regret their investment. "But there is 'another side' which it might be well to hear. Where, for example, do the liquor dealers get the funds for their counter campaigns? First of all, the liquor drinker pays a percentage of the 'defense fund' which is figured into the price of every glass. Next, the subsidiary trades are held up. The glass-blower, the demijohn potter, the cork importer, the bar hardware man—all these are terrified into contribution. Even the blacksmith who shoes the brewers' big horses, and the motor-truck maker who is taking his place, have to lose a percentage of their bills. The shaving goes to swell the defense fund, to which it is said every saloon in the land pays monthly toll."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SALOON

Dr. Frederick Lynch, in the *Christian Work*, has a striking article entitled "To Banish Evil It Must Be Replaced by Good," in which are many suggestions worthy of careful study. Among other suggestive things he says:

1. The saloon furnishes companionship. It is a club. The town or church must furnish equally attractive rooms for its citizens and emphasize companionship without the evil things of the saloon.

2. The saloon furnishes music. People love music. It is an inevitable thing in the city saloon. Nothing has done more in New York to keep people out of the saloon than the free music provided by the city. The great

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popular concerts given by *The Globe* in New York last week, at which many thousands were present, are an index of what cities might do. In some towns in Europe there are five bands supported by the town which play every night.

3. The saloon offers its rooms free to any committee or organization that wants to use them. This is why they are used so much by the labor unions. Why should not the churches offer free rooms?

4. Half the people who go to saloons go there because there is nowhere else to go. If the Christian people of every community would see that there were light, cozy, attractive places where books, papers and magazines abounded; where there were gymnasiums and baths; where there were all sorts of amusements; where soft drinks could be bought; where there were classes for all who wanted them—all these things as conspicuous as is the saloon, as free from restrictions, as inviting, as omnipresent, a great beginning would be made.

THE WORLD MOVES

Maria H. Gordon recently called attention to the fact that only twenty-one years ago an eminent professor at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York city, in a lecture to students, recommended alcohol for practically all acute and infectious diseases. Any teacher who would give such instruction to-day would be hissed out of the room.

Think how far we have traveled in that twenty-one years, to have come to the day when brandy and whisky are left out of the pharmacopœia of the United States and no longer recognized as medicines at all. Let every earnest worker thank God and take courage!

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PROHIBITION SONGS IN RUSSIA

The last news from Russia is that nearly all the recent popular songs deal with the blessings brought to the people by Prohibition. M. Vaninkoff has recently published in *Novoie Vremia* thirty-three popular songs now being sung in the villages of the Pakoff. Eighteen of these songs chant the praise of the new law against vodka and the blessing it has brought to the homes of the people.

A new story from Russia also shows how it is affecting the working people. A group of working men having accumulated a little money thought they would go down to Petrograd over Sunday, thinking that surely in that great city they would be able to get liquor for a celebration. But they could not find a drop of liquor on sale anywhere and so in despair they each bought a new suit of clothes with the money they had intended to blow in, and went home sober Monday morning to their work. Such is the sad fate to which the working men of Russia are now driven.

RECRUITS FROM ANTI-SUMPTUARY CROWD

A very distinguished Protestant Episcopal clergyman said to me, the other day, that he had been brought up in that wing of the Democratic party which, from time immemorial, has always been radically opposed to all kinds of sumptuary legislation. He had inherited from his father, and imbibed, with the very air he breathed, from the opinions of his friends and comrades, a hatred and horror of Prohibition; but he said: "I have been forced to a change, and the same change is coming over a large part of the men who have believed as I have. We have been forced by the waste and shame and de-

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grading influence of the saloon to the conviction that the liquor saloon is inherently a rotting, evil sore in the community—that it is bad in its very essence—that it is an infectious, vicious contagion that nothing can cleanse or cure, and that it deserves, from every standpoint of decency and good morals, to be abated, just as a pig-sty or slaughter-house would be abated from a crowded residence section of a city. We have come to the conclusion that the liquor saloon is a nasty, evil-smelling, poison nuisance, and to the abatement of that nuisance thousands of men, who like myself have stood on the other side, are now coming over to State-wide and Nation-wide Prohibition.”

DOWN HILL WITHOUT A BRAKE

When the brake gives way on an automobile, it often rushes to destruction. A man is in a still more dangerous condition when strong drink has destroyed his power of restraint, which is the safety brake in the human organism. Dr. Edward Vipont Brown, one of the most eminent of English doctors, recently wrote: “The physiologist has always laid great stress upon what he calls ‘inhibition.’ The word inhibition means restraint. It is the brake you put on your bicycle to prevent its running away with you down hill. Without this power of inhibition, we should all be mere creatures of impulse and slaves of passion. . . . And this is why the modest and reticent man becomes, under the influence of alcohol, pushing, offensive and loquacious. It is not that alcohol has stimulated his brain. It is that it has paralyzed his power of self-control.”

In other words, it has destroyed the brake and turned

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him loose to run wild. We often say of some seemingly brave deed done by a man under the influence of liquor that it was "Dutch courage." The story is told of an amateur mountain climber who told his friend that whenever he had a crevasse to jump he took a drink of spirits and would then jump like a bird. "You should say rather," answered the wise veteran climber, "you jumped like a fool."

DRINKING TO FAILURE

Said a member of a church near Philadelphia the other day: "I was talking to a colored man whom I was examining for insurance. The colored people are in the habit of using words they do not fully understand the meaning of, and as a result they invariably misplace them. I asked him, 'Do you drink alcoholic liquors?' The darkey answered, 'No, I can't say I does; and I can't say I doesn't. But I never done drink to success.'"

And no one else drinks to success. The current of drink is never toward success, but failure.

THE MANLY MAN

I have come across this beautiful poem on "The Manly Man." Surely this is the man we all want to see growing and developing in town and country everywhere, but wherever the saloon blight falls such breeding of manhood is impossible. Let us shut the door of the business that prevents the dream of the poet from coming true:

The world has room for the manly man with the spirit of
manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who smiles when his eyes
keep back the tear;

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It loves the man who, when things go wrong, can take
his place and stand
With his face to the fight and his eyes to the light, and
toil with a willing hand.
The manly man is the country's need, and the moment's
need, forsooth,
With a heart that beats to the pulsing tread of the allied
leagues of truth;
The world is his, and it waits for him and it leaps to hear
the ring
Of the blows he strikes and the wheels he turns and the
hammers he dares to swing;
It likes the forward look in his face, the poise of his noble
head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will and the sweep
of his dauntless tread.
Hurrah for the manly man who comes with sunlight on
his face,
And the strength to do and the will to dare, and the
courage to find his place!
The world delights in the manly man, and the weak and
evil flee
When the manly man goes forth to hold his own on land
or sea!

LIQUOR AS A SUBSTITUTE

Henry J. Allen, the brilliant Wichita, Kansas, editor, quoting from a circular sent out by the brewers which says "Beer may be substituted for bread," goes on to say: "Frequently it is also substituted for shoes, and school books, and clothes, and meat, and house rent, and furniture. In fact, a liberal use of it will make a substitute for everything except the grave."

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IN THE QUICKSANDS

Two children, Emma Pentecost, eight, and her sister Marie, six years of age, ran into a quicksand near Hoboken, N. J., the other night and were saved from death by the father. They had all been visiting friends, and were returning home after dark. The girls were running a little distance ahead of their father, and blundered into the ooze, and each step to extricate themselves only plunged them deeper in the mire. They screamed for help, and their father ran to their rescue. He found them with their shoulders, neck and head only above the quicksands, and after a long and desperate struggle he got them out, but not until he had sunken to his own hips, coming near to the loss of his own life.

The liquor saloon spreads the danger of moral quicksands in every town and community where it exists. How strange and wicked that we should license for money the deliberate ruin not only of boys and girls, but of men and women, in these deadly quicksands.

LITTLE TASTE OF PROHIBITION

I was speaking the other night for National Prohibition in the town of California, Mo. I was introduced by the mayor, who, after some pleasant personal remarks, said:

"Perhaps Dr. Banks would be interested in knowing that two years ago we voted out our saloons and some of the business men even said the grass would grow in our streets and that half the houses would be to let, but business was never so good; all the buildings that were occupied by saloons are filled with decent, helpful busi-

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nesses and there is not either a vacant business or dwelling house in our town to-day."

Then he went on to say that in the last nine months before the saloons were voted out, sixty-five of their own citizens were arrested and fined for drunkenness, and in the first nine months after the saloons were gone only nine were arrested and only four of them were their own, five being arrested and put off the train who belonged in wet towns. He also stated, as the people cheered his statement, that a score or more of his friends who seemed on a fast toboggan for ruin through drink had, since the saloons were gone, straightened up and were living soberly and happily without it.

Such testimonies give us courage to continue the good fight until the grog-shop is banished.

NOT "PRETTY SOON" BUT NOW

Ex-President Taft is out in a strange article on woman suffrage in which he favors it "pretty soon," but not now. There are a good many people convinced of the righteousness of Prohibition who expect to help it "pretty soon," but are not helping now. This little poem illustrates and emphasises the folly of such a position:

"I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there, in that land somewhere,
The Land of Pretty Soon.

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“There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.
And oh, this place while it seems so near
Is farther away than the moon;
Tho our purpose is there, yet we never get there—
The Land of Pretty Soon.

“The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon.
O let us beware of that land down there—
The Land of Pretty Soon.”

THE PROHIBITION WAVE

“When a flock of curlews,” says a recent writer, “fly from Nova Scotia to South America, twenty-five hundred miles in three days, it is a remarkable example of quick transition. The birds were not blown there by accident through the vagaries of a gale of wind. They set out for South America, and every bird got there on his own wings.”

The present temperance condition is like that. The uninformed citizen looks on in amazement and sees nine great States go for Prohibition in a single year, and thinks it the work of some unexplained political earthquake—but it is not so. These States and others that will soon be with them started out for Prohibition years

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ago and the agitation and education that have been going on all these years, given added force by an economic wave that has been rising for a long time, are coming to their own. National Prohibition has been on the way for over fifty years and it is now nearly due.

ONLY VAST COOPERATION CAN FIGHT LIQUOR SUCCESSFULLY

The saloon is only on the scout line of the liquor traffic. The liquor traffic is a vast combination backed by enormous capital. It has all the power of cooperation, the key to modern affairs. An individual can do nothing against such a force. This is no war to be decided by a duel between some temperance David and a liquor Goliath.

Millions of men and millions of money must be combined by the Anti-Saloon League from the great Christian and patriotic hosts of America to fight and win this mightiest battle in the history of civilization.

A GOOD WORKING CREED

Howard A. Walters gives a good working creed for earnest soldiers of the common good in these simple lines:

“I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.”

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NATIONAL PROHIBITION AND MISSIONS

I know a number of good and generous people who decline to contribute to the Anti-Saloon League because they give largely to foreign missions, but that seems to me very shortsighted. In my judgment, the greatest help that could possibly come to foreign missions, greater than the doubling of their present income, would be the triumph of National Prohibition in the United States.

For instance, at the present time over 55 per cent. of the liquor entering Africa goes from Boston, Mass. Recently a schooner sailed from Boston with 700,000 gallons of New England rum on board. Bottles of rum in crates were lashed on the deck. Every seaman was compelled to sign a total abstinence pledge before signing articles for the voyage. Boston, from which missionaries have been sent out for over a hundred years, now in this year of grace is sending out what Lyman Beecher called "liquid damnation." This is the same city that sent out Adoniram Judson and his fellow missionaries to enlighten the heathen. The United States sent to the four British colonies in Africa during the year 1912 1,032,658 gallons of rum. In the same year, Germany sent 1,010,759 gallons of gin and 389,377 gallons of rum, and Holland sent 2,562,136 gallons of gin and 136,975 gallons of rum. In five years, from 1907 to 1912, there were sent into those four colonies 35,680,078 gallons of intoxicating liquor. These figures do not include the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, Cape Colony, or the Portuguese, French and Spanish colonies.

If to those countries already enumerated we add India, China, Japan, Ceylon, the New Hebrides and the Fiji Islands, we have the remarkable spectacle of the so-called Christian nations pouring something like 100,000,000

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gallons of rum and other intoxicating liquors in five years into countries where Christian missionaries are preaching the Gospel and trying to save souls! What wonder that Mohammedans, Brahmans and Buddhists—all total abstainers—should cast an eye of suspicion and distrust upon a religion which winks at the debasement of the people it is trying to save?

Let us hasten to put Uncle Sam out of this accursed business.

LICENSING A SALOON TO DEFEAT GOD

William H. Ridgway, writing in the *Sunday-School Times* on the text, "The Kingdom of God Is Within You," illustrates it this way: "Do you believe that? A mysterious something is inside this bundle of tissues and bones. This thing we call us, this soul of ours, is a wonder, an enigma, a problem, an awe, a—— And just here Al Jackson called me up to come to the mill and speak to the 'down-and-outs.' A labor famine is on. The Lukens Company has brought the converts from the Inasmuch Mission to work in the mills. They are housed, some seventy-five of them, in an old mansion by the gate. Religious services are held nightly. I spoke there. One of the 'bums' played the organ—an expert jeweler and a victim of drink; working in the steel mills like the rest of the 'down-and-outs.' When testimonies were asked for he gave his with a shining, glorified face. He has been a Christian three weeks. Working daily in a steel plant in midsummer heat at hardest kind of labor. He says these are three of the happiest weeks of his life. No one who looked into his clean and beaming face doubted it."

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And yet the United States Government deliberately licenses saloons to furnish devil-water to drive the "Kingdom of God" out of the hearts of men like that, and replace it with the most devilish passions and appetites known to hell. It is time this iniquity stopt, and it is going to stop!

SLOGANS FOR SUFFRAGE

Here are some of the slogans which appeared in the great woman suffrage parade in Chicago:

"For the safety of the nation, let the women have the vote,

For the hand that rocks the cradle will never rock the boat."

Plenty of Argument but No Reasons Against Suffrage.

Which Party Will Have the Honor of Adopting Us?

First, Ridicule. Then Rights, Last Respect.

Ask Dad! He knows. Mother Told Him.

Boats for Women!

Certified Mentally, Morally and Physically Fit. Why Not Politically?

We've Tried Tandem. Let's Try Team Work.

Government Should Know No Sex.

A Republic That Is Half Free Can Not Endure.

The United States Means Us as Well as You.

Why Can't I Ask for Myself, John?

Women, the De-Voted Mothers of Our Country.

The Big Stick We Want is the Ballot.

Woman suffrage is coming and with overwhelming reinforcements for Prohibition. God hasten the march to victory!

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THE NEW HIAWATHA

Here are some lines, the author of which I do not know, written in the rhythm of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," that ought to catch the attention of every voter in the land:

"Stop and think, O Christian voter,
Can you stand as a promoter
Of a traffic so destructive,
Blighting everything productive
And to every vice seductive,
Bearing only saddest sorrow
On its tide to-day, to-morrow,
While you pray 'Thy kingdom come
And Thy will on earth be done?' "

BEWARE OF SALOON MANUFACTURED "FACTS"

Prof. John A. Nicholls, writing in the *Union Signal*, calls attention again to the bare-faced lying of the present liquor propaganda, which is going on: "Under the head of 'Prisoners,' the alleged 'Facts' of the drink-dealers present a so-called comparison of wet and dry States. This is another attempt to deceive. It represents the rate of prisoners actually incarcerated, utterly ignoring the parole systems of the different States. It mentions Kansas as having a rate per 100,000 of 91.1 and Nebraska only 55.1. The rate of commitment to prison in the two States named was as follows: Nebraska, 482 per 100,000 population; Kansas, 196 per 100,000 population. The United States Census report shows that Nebraska, with nearly 500,000 less population than Kansas, committed 5,888 delinquents in 1910, while Kansas committed 3,594. It has been well said that 'Figures

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will not lie, but liars will figure.' Beware of drink-manufactured 'Facts.' If the inferences conveyed by the liquor literature are correct, then woe to any State that comes under the blight of Prohibition. Churches will decrease in membership, school attendance will fall off, crime will increase and general prosperity will cease. And yet Maine, surrounded by license territory, has today 238,586 depositors in her savings banks, with deposits of \$97,423,088.63 and no legal dramshops. In other words, Maine, with a population of 742,371, has one depositor in the savings bank for every three and a quarter persons, including men, women and children."

A VERY "LIBERAL LEAGUE"

The saloon crowd no longer dares appeal to the people under their own colors, and so they have all sorts of new masquerades—"The Liberal League" is quite popular with them. One of the leaders of this organization at the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' convention in his appeal said: "I am here in the interest of the Liberal League. I will explain, for the benefit of those who do not understand it, exactly what it is. I will try to give you in a short, concise way, what it means and what it is. The Liberal League was born and bred in Hamilton County, Cincinnati, Ohio, about two years ago. It is composed of all the employees of the wholesale whisky houses, distilleries, breweries, allied trades, and anybody whose sympathies lie with us. This league eliminates entirely politics, religion and fraternalism. For this reason it is the bulwark of our organization that no man can bring up any subject for discussion in any of our meetings except anti-Prohibition. No matter who he

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may be, no matter what prestige he carries, no matter what influence he may have, we stick to anti-Prohibition. The moment we get into any entanglements with politics, religion, unionism, or any kind of fraternalism, the bulwark of our organization is gone. (Applause.) We owe to that the success of our organization during the past two years, and we have met with success in that way."

And that is the lying fake with which they hope to fool people.

TRADE FOLLOWING THE FLAG

Dr. Hammill says that it is our proud American boast that "Trade follows the flag." One branch of trade usually manages to keep a little ahead of the flag. And it is often true that the first American flag unfurled to the breeze in a new country is over some shack which houses a liquor saloon. This is used against the missionary in heathen lands. When the Mohammedan goes in, the wineshop goes out. What a shame that the coming in of a Christian nation like ours should mean the sodden rule of the saloon!

A CONGRESSMAN'S STRONG WORDS

It would be well if the utterance of Congressman Francis O. Lindquist could be committed to memory by every young citizen of America! "If there were an institution of any kind in our land that began deliberately to cut off the left hand of every man who came within its walls, there would be a unanimous action by Congress in five minutes to imprison and punish its organizers. Such an atrocity would not be tolerated. But this could not be compared with the atrocities of the liquor organ-

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izations. The loss of a hand is not to be compared with the loss of the mind. For liquor steals the mind, weakens the will, and so completely demoralizes a man and robs not only the pocketbook and the home, but also destroys the very temple of the soul. It destroys character, and that which destroys character will eventually destroy this nation. If we wish to have a nation of strong men to carry out the ideals of the great founders of America, there is only one action to take, and that is to abolish once and forever this great curse of the liquor traffic which is contrary to every fundamental principle of our Government."

TIME TO SHUT THE FACTORY

There is still in existence an Egyptian papyrus of the date of 3,500 years before the Christian era, which contains the following caution: "My son, do not linger in the wine-shop or drink too much wine. It causeth thee to utter words regarding thy neighbor which thou rememberest not. Thou fallest upon the ground, thy limbs become weak as those of a child. One cometh to trade with thee and findeth thee so. Then they say, 'Take away the fellow, for he is drunk.' " This is believed to be the oldest temperance lecture in existence.

CONSERVATION COULD GO NO FARTHER

Here is an editorial in the *Oregon Voter*. The editor has been looking on at the enforcement of Prohibition in an Idaho town and reports: "Prohibition has transformed Wallace, Idaho. Until Prohibition came, the city was a typical mining camp. Drunken men were in the streets. The saloons got the pay checks. Women un-

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attended were unsafe abroad at night. The contrast today is startling. Business streets are crowded every evening, but what a difference in the crowd! Wives and families are with their husbands and fathers. Stores and moving-picture houses are patronized. Women are not jostled by reeling ruffians or shocked by maudlin blasphemy. Savings bank deposits are increasing. Weekly bills are being paid to merchants. Clothing and furniture stores are doing a brisk business. Homes and families are being drest up. School children have good, stout shoes. And the mine operators report improvements in efficiency. Monday morning finds workmen in good condition, heads clear, and punctual. Accidents are fewer. 'Safety first' rules are observed."

And then he closes with this paragraph: "No, dear reader, this not an argument for Prohibition. We are opposed to the principle. But we are very much impressed by the facts we meet where Prohibition is enforced rigidly, very much impressed." Isn't that funny?

PREPARING FOR A BETTER DAY

An Oregon newspaper tells of Municipal Judge Stevenson's plan to prepare habitual drunkards for the coming of Prohibition, due to arrive, in Oregon January 1. He had two such unfortunate victims of the liquor habit up before him on the old charge of drunkenness recently and sentenced them both to imprisonment until the Prohibition law went into effect. In doing so, the Judge is reported to have declared that to be the policy he would follow in like cases hereafter.

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LIQUOR A DISEASE BREEDER

W. J. V. Deacon, Registrar of Kansas Vital Statistics Bureau, was called on by Samuel L. Rogers, director of the United States Bureau of the Census, at the close of 1915, to give a reason for the extraordinary healthfulness of Kansas, whose returns showed a death-rate of only 9.8 per thousand population, which is the lowest in the Union. Mr. Deacon replied, in substance, that Kansas has the lowest death-rate because the people of the State do not drink liquor; because they have money enough to live right, and because they have the intelligence to read of the conditions that made for short lives and know how to dodge them.

Somehow the whisky States do not show up well in health competitions.

AND NOW COMES JAPAN

Japan is getting ready to clothe herself still more perfectly in the garb of the latest Western civilization by giving sake the grand bounce. Sake to Japan is what vodka is to Russia, absinthe to France or John Barley-corn to the United States. At the Baltimore Hotel, in Kansas City, Mo., the other day, I met Prof. T. Sakurai, professor in the School of Technology at Youerawa in Japan. He has been sent on a mission in Kansas to study at first-hand the effects of Prohibition on the human animal. He has been saturating himself with the wonderful showing, economically and morally, which Kansas makes to the student of affairs. Professor Sakurai says that Japan is approaching a point where she must make a decision as to her course and that in his opinion "Prohibition is the coming question of the century."

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DO YOUR PART

A poet sings very tenderly :

“There’s never a rose in all the world but makes some
green spray sweeter,
There’s never a wind in all the sky but makes some bird
fly fleeter ;
There’s never a star but brings to heaven some silver
radiance tender,
And never a rosy cloud but helps to crown the sunset
splendor.
No robin but may thrill some heart, his dream-like glad-
ness voicing ;
God gives us all some small, sweet way to set the world
rejoicing.”

To live in that spirit is to be truly alive.

Every blow we strike to shut the saloon will help to
soothe the heartaches of the world.

IT'LL GET YE!

Fred Emerson Brooks, the poet of the sagebrush
plains and the high and breezy places where the air is
good for clear vision, puts it straight in this little song :

“If you make a friend of liquor
It’ll get ye !
And the more you drink the quicker
It’ll get ye !
Make no boast of being strong
Just to jolly self along ;
Every toper proves you wrong—
It’ll get ye !

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“There’s a demon in the bottle—
It’ll get ye!
It has never failed to throttle—
It’ll get ye!
It will wreck your life career,
Poison those whom you hold dear—
Bring you all the hell that’s here—
It’ll get ye!”

THE CALL TO PUBLIC SPIRIT

The call to an informal dinner to be held in Grand Rapids, Mich., to discuss what business men should do to help carry Michigan for State-wide Prohibition, puts the whole question of the busy man of the financial world in a nutshell in these clear-cut words: “We have plenty to do attending to our own business, but surely this is a part of our own business. If it is going to improve the conditions of the men in our employ, increase the dividends of our stockholders and cleanse the social life of our city and State, what more important job can we tackle?”

THE DEVIL’S WAY TO ESCAPE WEARINESS

Many a good man and many a woman, too, have been led to take strong drink at night in order to banish the sense of fatigue and weariness. They are overworked and the tired nerves sound their faithful alarm, and instead of realizing that it is nature’s call to rest, the weary man or woman silences the alarm clock by drink, thus doing the greatest harm to the body.

Dr. W. Pfaff, a prominent German physician, commenting on this common occurrence, says: “The feeling

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of weariness is the safety-valve of our organism which protects it from over-exertion. Whatever deadens this feeling is like an engineer who weighs down the safety-valve of his engine to get more work out of it. . . . The fact that after a day's hard exertion a man feels his fatigue less in the evening after taking his usual 'moderate' tho non-intoxicating quantity of alcohol should be set over against the fact that the next morning on rising he feels more fatigued than when he went to bed."

THE SALOON DESTROYING THE PRODUCT OF THE COLLEGE

Not long ago a man who is a graduate of Oxford, England, a near relative of a famous man whose name is known and loved in literary circles wherever the English language is spoken, came into Willard Hall, Chicago, drunk.

A Christian worker conversed with him and he said: "I've two of the sweetest children and the best wife living, but I am a slave to liquor. I can't get away from drink. It's ruining me, I know, ruining my life and theirs."

Why have colleges to create men worth while and then license liquor saloons to lure them to destruction? Not a college in America or Europe but has had some of the brightest stars in its alumni brought down from the heavens in disaster through the curse of strong drink.

THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE DEVIL

Some mathematician has recently carefully figured it out that last year fifty-seven saloons were closed every twenty-four hours, or an average of a saloon-death every

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twenty-five minutes. The mortality among "the higher up" of the liquor crowd was something awful, also, last year. Every third day, on an average, a brewery or a distillery bit the dust.

If we say about the demise of good people or worthy institutions, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," I suppose it would be entirely proper to say of these deaths of the liquor traffic, "Cursed are the dead who die in the devil."

TOO BIG A FOOL TO RUN A SALOON

Dr. Edwin I. Stearns is responsible for the statement that one of the reasons given by an applicant for a saloon license who recently appeared before Judge Johnson, of the County Court of Chester County, Pennsylvania, was that he had already taken a five-year lease of the property and if he did not get his license he would be in a bad hole.

The Judge looked the saloon man sternly in the eye and asked: "Do you mean to tell me that, in the present aspect of the liquor traffic, you have taken out a five-year lease?"

The applicant said "I have."

The Judge contemptuously replied: "If you have not any more sense than that you have not sense enough to run a saloon. Application refused."

BABY ON A SALOON BAR

On day not long ago a mother came out from her New York tenement with a little baby in her arms and wended her way to a near-by saloon. She went straight up to the bar and placed the blue-eyed baby on it, saying as

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she did so: "It's you that'll have to take care of the baby now. I've done all I can to keep it, but now my money's all gone. This place has made a bum of my husband, Lem. You know you did that," she flared up at the astonished barkeeper.

She kissed the baby and went quickly out.

And yet some Christians shy at Prohibition.

CANADA GOING DRY

Canada is rapidly going dry. They are going to beat us to it. The *Toronto Globe* voices the new attitude toward the saloon in Canada: "The bar-room, of course, is a nuisance anywhere and under any circumstances. It can not justify itself. It neither produces anything of value or of profitable service to the community, nor does it stimulate its patrons to valuable production. It is an economic burden. It is a social menace. It is a moral curse. Its success is at the financial cost and the physical degeneration of those whom it serves. Under the best conditions it damages, and under the worst it irreparably destroys. Its victims are a charge on the public. Their progeny inherit its physical handicap. And all who engage in its service behind the bar are to that degree social and industrial parasites for whose maintenance others must toil. Certainly, close up every bar-room."

LET THE MOTHERS AT THEM

There is a miracle of fighting quality in motherhood. The rabbit has been counted one of the most timid and even cowardly of animals. But Mr. William Reisener of Salina, Kansas, vouches for the courage of at least one

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rabbit. He says he witnessed a battle between a snake six feet long and a mother rabbit. They fought for several minutes, the snake trying to coil its body around the rabbit while Bunny scratched and tried to injure his snakeship. The rabbit, with one extreme effort, drew away from the snake, and after a rest of a minute, started in for another fight, but at last was caught in the coils of the reptile and was squeezed to death in an instant. Mr. Reisener killed the snake with a club. He then found a nest of young rabbits which the mother was protecting as best she could, and for which she lost her life. The mother instinct in animals is very strong and beautiful.

Let us let the mothers of boys and girls loose against the saloons everywhere!

A SALOON-KEEPER WORKING FOR A DRY TOWN

At the local option election in Moberly, Mo., the remarkable feature was one of the saloon-keepers, Oswald Ratzer, making speeches for the drys. On the day before election, speaking to a crowd in the street, Ratzer said: "I want to tell you, men, that I'm broke. Prosperity does not attend saloon-keepers. Sooner or later they lose the money they have received from the misguided men who buy their booze. To-morrow night, regardless of how this election goes, I'll close my saloon and start life anew. I'm going to live right, and I can't do that if I sell booze."

Several months ago Ratzer tried to cut his throat. During his talk on the street a man in the crowd called, "Give him a razor." Ratzer, pointing his finger at the man, exclaimed: "If you drink a little of my booze you'll cut anybody's throat."

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THE RIGHT SHALL WIN

In the great wrestling match between good and evil the good shall at last come up on top. All earnest workers must face hours and days that try their courage. But let us keep our faith stayed on God.

“Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands,

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound; What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

“All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist

When eternity confirms the conception of an hour.”

THE STAIN ON “OLD GLORY”

An American woman in Manila, after the occupation of the Philippines by American troops, tells how she saw, upon one of the city streets, a saloon with an American flag floating over it, the porch festooned in red, white and blue; the bars were draped in Old Glory and

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one of the bartenders in this flag-decorated American saloon was a woman, supposed to be an American. As this lady and her friend passed down the street they could see her standing in the doorway under the Stars and Stripes, a degraded-looking woman. But she stood there smoking her cigar, cursing and swearing and inviting young men into the place. The lady recounting this story, says: "As I saw her I remembered that here was a people that knew very little about the United States. But now, as they passed down the street and saw the woman under the flag, they pointed to her as 'one of the American women.' "

What a shame that this great nation should so stain Old Glory as to permit it to be used to protect a traffic like that!

THE HOME WRECKER

A representative of the *Herald* in Chicago, who has been giving the matter careful investigation, is responsible for the statement that the saloons of Chicago wreck at least one home a day, which actually goes to pieces on the sandbar of the divorce court.

Here is the statement: "Habitual drunkenness was the only charge made in 152 divorces granted. To this charge was added one or two others in 124 divorces,—that is, drunkenness was one of the charges, the other was one of statutory grounds recognized in Illinois as sufficient cause for divorce. Drunkenness and cruelty appear more frequently than any other one combination of charges on which divorces were granted in the Superior Court last year. The writer in the *Herald* calls attention to the fact that whenever a petitioner for a divorce wanted to place more than one charge against

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the defendant, the combination of drunkenness and cruelty was used in 45.8 per cent. of the cases, and that there was foundation for the charge is inferred from the fact that the judges granted the divorces. These 276 cases were heard in the Superior Court. A hundred more were counted in the Circuit Court."

And we all know that for every such wrecked home that passes through the public disgrace of the divorce court, there are two or more other homes that are wrecked to all the God-purposed uses of a home, through the stain and slime from the saloon. Shut the saloon and save the home!

PUTTING IN OUR LEAVEN

Some one has written a little poem that would be good for us all to consider. He sings:

Use your little lump of leaven
In this hard and dreary life;
Put a little bit of heaven
Into all this toil and strife.
Make some heart a little glad
With a little word or deed;
Cheer some weary soul that's sad,
And supply some little need;
Then you'll find life worth the living,
Every day God lets you live,
And your little lump of leaven
Will grow big the more you give.

It is so hard for us to learn the great lesson that in giving blessing rather than in receiving it is the abiding secret of greatness and peace.

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A VOICE FROM THE CRIMINAL DOCK

A trusted \$6,000-a-year manager of a large business house, a man high in the social circle of his city, was arraigned in the criminal court on the charge of having robbed his employers as well as others. In the midst of the trial, with some he had defrauded as his strongest defenders, he made a clean breast of his guilt. The staggering blow came hardest on his devoted wife. The man said: "Your Honor, I want to confess my guilt and shame before your court and before the entire world. One thing I want to ask, and that is that the good Lord will give me strength to serve out the sentence which you will impose, and that I may be spared to make full restitution to those whom I have robbed." In giving the reasons for his downfall, he said: "Gadding and guzzling marked the beginning of my moral ruin; afterward the night life of the city, particularly tangoing and drinking, completed it. There are thousands of young business men whose habits are leading them along the same path I took. To them I say: 'Cut out the saloon and patronize the library.'"

Good advice, but why license a saloon to compete with the library and the home?

NO LONGER FIRST AID

Only a little while ago, whisky was universally thought to be a necessity in case of accident or snake bite, but that delirious day has gone by. One of the great railroads now employs detectives armed with cameras to take a photograph of every employee who is seen drinking liquor, and immediate discharge follows. Whisky as "first aid to the injured" has also been strictly forbidden by the chief medical examiner of this road.

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OUR TRIUMPH SURE

Some of us have known the days of scoffs and sneers and even bullets in the progress of the temperance reform during the last forty years, but we have been buoyed in our courage by the assurance that our cause was true and right and must triumph.

We are now realizing the lines of the poet who sings:

“Truth never dies. The ages come and go.

The mountains wear away; the seas retire.
Destruction lays earth’s mighty cities low;
And Empires, States and dynasties expire;
But caught and handed onward by the wise,
Truth never dies.

“Tho unreceived and scoffed at through the years;
Tho made the butt of ridicule and jest;
Tho held aloft for mockery and jeers,
Denied by those of transient power possest,
Insulted by the insolence of lies,
Truth never dies.

“It answers not. It does not take offense,
But with a mighty silence bides its time;
As some great cliff that braves the elements
And lifts through all the storms its head sublime,
It ever stands, uplifted by the wise;
And never dies.

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“As rests the Sphinx amid Egyptian sands;
As looms on high the snowy peak and crest;
As firm and patient as Gibraltar stands,
So truth, unwearied, waits the era blest
When men shall turn to it with great surprize.
Truth never dies.”

